The Saturday Evening
POST
11 '61 September 3, 1960 — 15¢

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Missouri: FOUR STATES IN ONE

How I Learned to Pinch Pennies

By ART LINKLETTER

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Oct 1, 8, 29

AMBASSAD
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BFG report to homemakers

How to give back-to-school feet some hearty encouragement

All aboard and best foot forward! B.F.Goodrich and Hood Footwear offer comfortable, washable shoes for children of all ages. All made in America with the famous "P-F" magic wedge.

THOUGH they'd never admit it, your scholars will probably be glad when school doors swing open. Especially, if they're wearing spanking new shoes or stormy weather boots!

Youngsters of all ages love easy-going "P-F" canvas shoes by B.F.Goodrich and Hood. They're a must for gym and playground, of course. And their trim, casual good looks make them just as right for classroom wear. Remember, too, that B.F.Goodrich and Hood canvas shoes offer "P-F" (for Posture Foundation) design. The famous "P-F" rigid wedge helps small fry go, go, go in extra comfort all day long.

"P-F"®

means Posture Foundation

1. The important "P-F" rigid wedge helps keep body weight on the outside border of the normal foot, decreasing foot and leg muscle strain, increasing endurance and comfort.
2 Sponge rubber cushion.

Pickings are great in snug, smart BFG and Hood weatherproof footwear, as well. All styles, all colors, all sizes! So start your ideas with what you see on this page. Then take the children shopping for back-to-school footwear at your nearest B.F.Goodrich or Hood dealer. Do it soon!

Stormy weather boots, sunshine bright! BFG and Hood cloak room line-up, top to bottom: Coaster Koroseal® boots in white; 4-buckle gaiters in black; Child's Play boots in red; rubbers in brown.

Extra comfort for gym! The "P-F" magic wedge helps youngsters play hard longer. It's exclusive in Bob Cousy basketball shoes and other BFG and Hood footwear.

For information about where to buy any BFG or Hood product, write: President, The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

B.F.Goodrich

Footwear that feels as good as it looks

HOOD

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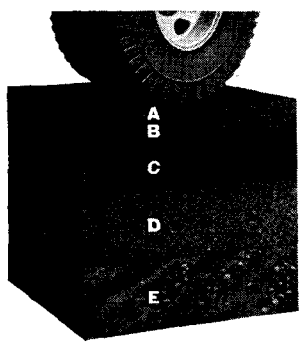
On New DEEP STRENGTH Asphalt-Paved Interstate Superhighways—

You feel safer—because you are safer!

DEEP STRENGTH CONSTRUCTION is a term used to describe advanced engineering design for new type, heavy-duty Asphalt pavement, especially developed and recommended for modern, divided 4, 6 or 8 lane Interstate and Primary Superhighways.



A
1½ in. Asphalt Surface Course

B
2½ in. Asphalt Binder Course

C
4 in. Asphalt Base Course

D
6 in. Subbase Course with Asphalt Prime Coat

E
Subgrade Soil or Improved Subgrade

On new DEEP STRENGTH Asphalt-paved Interstate Superhighways there are no annoying cross-joints to thump, thump, thump—no dangerous lane-joints to swerve your car. You can see lane markers more clearly, too, day or night. And wet or dry, their tire-gripping surface is *engineered* to give you maximum skid-resistance.

THEY LAST LONGER!

Today's new DEEP STRENGTH Asphalt pavements last longer, too. They outlast every other kind of pavement, and **it costs less to keep them up—even after 50 years or more!** No porous slab to crumble when treated with de-icing salts. No sawed-in or built-in cracks to admit damaging moisture. No brittle slab to fracture—even under the pounding of heaviest traffic. Here's smoother riding for generations!

THEY COST LESS!

They tax you less! Compared to concrete, DEEP STRENGTH Asphalt pavements provide more miles of wider roads for the taxes you pay with each gallon of gasoline you buy. For example, the famed New Jersey Turnpike (world's heaviest-traveled toll road) would have cost $5 million more if it hadn't been built with DEEP STRENGTH Asphalt pavement.

Ribbons of Velvet Smoothness . . . ASPHALT-Paved Interstate Highways

THE ASPHALT INSTITUTE

Asphalt Institute Building, College Park, Maryland

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His future starts here

Take a good look, son. Because it's all yours. Not just this shiny, new classroom. But your entire future, which will have its proper beginning here.

You see, you're among the lucky ones.

Other children will have to begin their education in overcrowded and inadequate classrooms. They will be handicapped because we have not yet built enough classrooms to meet the needs of our booming school population.

Right now there are 1,843,000 more children in our schools than the schools were built to accommodate. There is a shortage of 135,500 classrooms. And each year finds still an additional million students attending school.

In fact, by 1975—just 15 short years from now—our school population will have increased by over 50%.

Our towns and local government realize how important education is to our children. How we can't afford to deprive our future citizens, like you, of the education they rightfully deserve.

Already they are working with men and big yellow machines to provide the new classrooms and educational facilities you will need. But it's the responsibility of all of us to see this work goes on.

Preparing for our nation's future is a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

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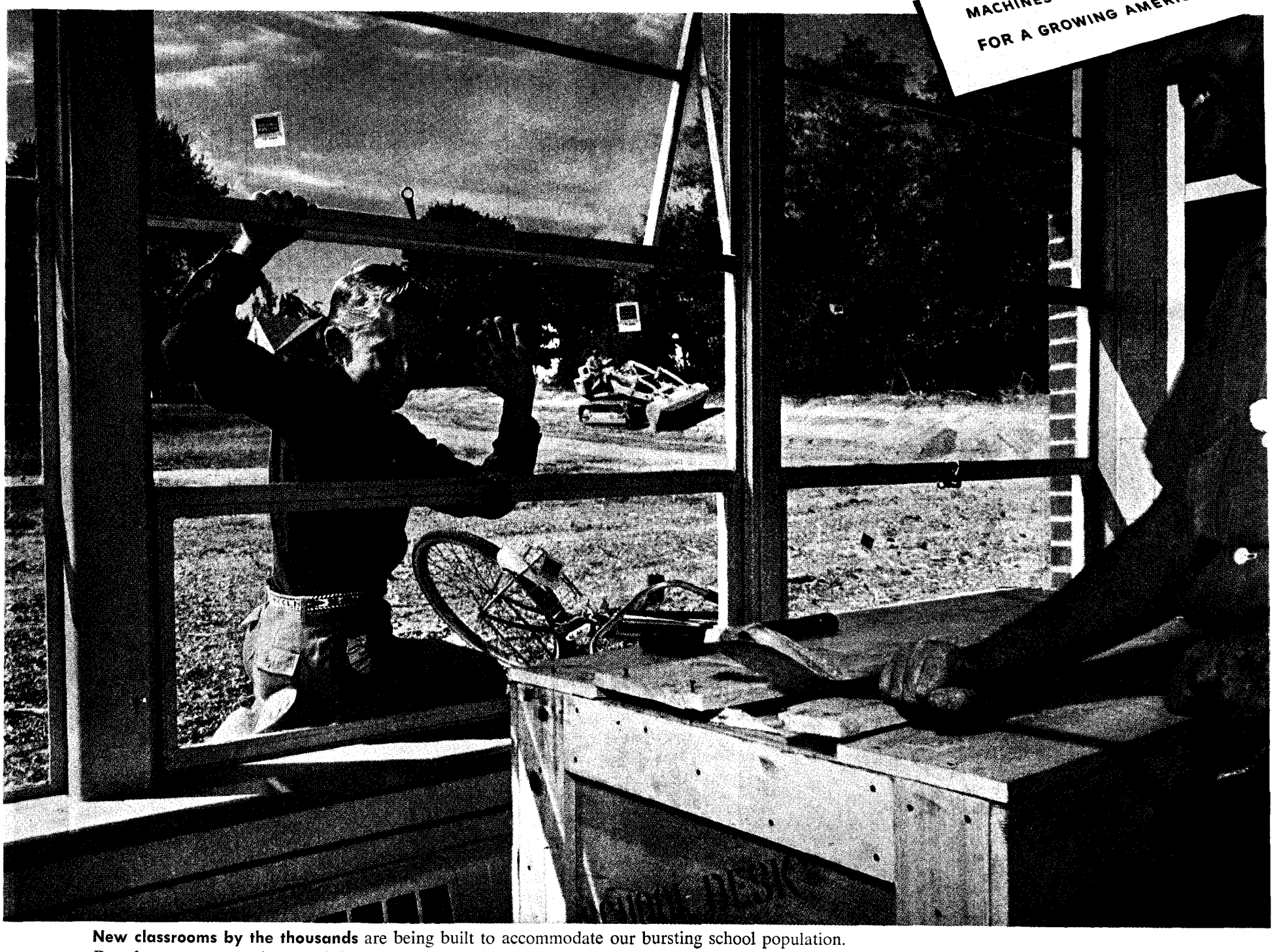

New classrooms by the thousands are being built to accommodate our bursting school population. But classrooms are only one of the needs we must meet by 1975.

Robert is 11 months old. When he is 16 our nation must have . . . tens of thousands of miles of new roads • almost double our present supply of water • double our school facilities • 20 million new homes • 20% of our present housing rebuilt • 2½ times as much oil • 60% more lumber production and double today's pulpwood production • 55% more metal ores • soil conservation on 1,159,000,000 acres • 123,300 new dams and many miles of levees • double our present hospital facilities . . . triple our electric power.

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THE COVER

Question: "Is this the right way to hold the stick, dear?" Answer: "Oh, my achin' back!" Male golfers have had to put up with this sort of thing ever since Mary, Queen of Scots, became addicted to the game more than four centuries ago. It's unlikely, of course, that our cover lady will sink many long putts with the iron she's holding. But there's nothing wrong with her approach. (See cake at left, designed to repair her husband's crestfallen expression and aching back.) Artist Dick Sargent informs us that we are in debt to his wife, Helen, whose example inspired this week's cover. Mrs. Sargent splurged on a set of golf sticks a year ago and at last count had played a total of fifty holes. The total number of swings the lady took to play those holes is not a matter of public record.

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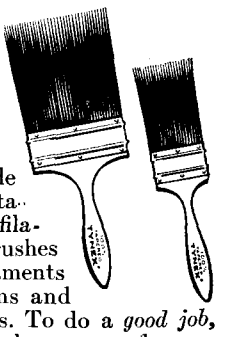

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Letters

He Vexes Texas

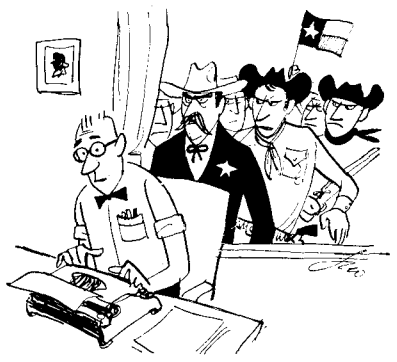
Dear Sirs:

To your prize-winning reporter, John Bartlow Martin [THE INNOCENT AND THE GUILTY: CRIME OF PASSION, July 30], I now present another prize—a map of Texas as it was before he revised it. San Antonio, far from being "set down on the hot, dry Texas plain," is in the scenic hill section of this state. . . . But when Martin shifted 215 miles northeast and put Huntsville, too, on the "vast Texas plain," that did it!

JERRY M. GARRETT
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I feel impelled to warn you to strap on both of your shooting irons and prepare to defend yourself against the posse from San Antonio which is probably just now



rounding the bend of the Delaware in your direction. . . . I refer not to the Alcorta case . . . but to Mr. Martin's inept, inaccurate and infuriating misrepresentation of the appearance of our truly fair city.

MARGARET VAN METER
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Martin was not informed as to the true conditions and standards of the Mexican population of San Antonio. I can't believe that said conditions and standards, as he so describes them, apply to more than 5 per cent of the Mexican people in San Antonio.

FRANK J. ALVARADO, *President*
Pan American Optimist Club
San Antonio, Tex.

Four Years in First Grade

Dear Sirs:

Let me commend you on the story BACKWARD BOY by Gene Coghlan [July 16]. Truth or fantasy, this is a great piece. With your permission I am going to reproduce it for all the Fellows of the Menninger School of Psychiatry. . . . I think a story like this can and will do much to inspire teachers.

KARL MENNINGER, M.D.
The Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

A truly delightful story. However, the teacher should go back to English class. On Auber's report card she wrote, "I feel very *badly* about this."

No wonder the kid was backward.

RAYMOND R. RYCHENER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Gene Coghlan grew up in St. John, N. Dak., as I did, and I well remember his sense of humor, and I wonder if he remembers the big-eyed French boy I taught there for four years in the first grade. The boy didn't learn much, but entertained us often with his good voice and quaint songs.

The second-grade teachers told me they'd demote the boy if I promoted him, so I had him in the first grade for four years.

JENNIE COMO DEMING
Troutdale, Oreg.

● *Coghlan's inspiration was not the French boy but his own prank. As janitor of a school in Wasilla, Alaska, he wrote a composition in "backward boy" style and slipped it in with the compositions of the seventh graders.* —*ED.*

Caught Smoking

Dear Sirs:

Did artist Joe De Mers read DOCTOR'S HOLIDAY [by Phyllis Duganne, July 30] before illustrating it? The doc was said to be a nonsmoker. Or is that a candy cigarette he's flaunting on page 17?

MARY CAYCE
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Joe De Mers must have been swept up in the current campaign of doctor-endorsement for cigarettes.

JOAN HART
Shelbyville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

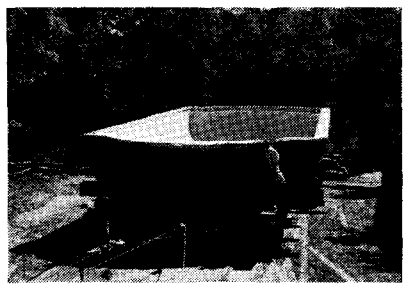
Maybe your illustrators don't like your stories well enough to read them, but I do.

RUTH HOGG
Cincinnati, Ohio

Portable Puddle

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps Mrs. Kathryn Sutton [whose house moving was shown in the July 23 FACE OF AMERICA, MOVING DAY] would be interested in knowing that she can



Swimming pool on the move.

move a swimming pool as easily as a house.

The enclosed photo [above] shows a ninety-two-ton pool shell . . . which was dug up and moved half a mile in Cleveland. Original installation cost was $13,000. Moving cost was $5000, or $8000 cheaper than a new pool.

The move took five and a half hours. . . . There was no fracture of any sort but, since we had never moved a concrete swimming pool before, the move was insured by Lloyds of London.

ROBERT A. ENGH
Paddock of California
Los Angeles, Calif.

Impossible Mishap

Dear Sirs:

I am greatly disturbed after reading William Sambrot's story entitled NINE DAYS TO DIE, which appeared in the July 9 issue. . . . While his quite gruesome and ghoulish accounting of Mr. Vitali's last days on this earth is, in most cases, technically correct, his use of radioactive waste as the lethal instrument is ridiculous.

J. S. CORBETT
Nuclear Engineering Co., Inc.
Newark, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The truth is that the circumstances leading up to the accident and the accident itself could never occur. Atomic experiments are never performed as haphazardously as the story implies. Radioactive materials as hazardous as those described would not be transported, but would be allowed to "cool" in a safe place before being shipped. Materials which are shipped are packaged very carefully and transported under meticulously planned and controlled conditions and in accordance with ICC regulations.

The Commission's overriding concern for public health and safety is, we believe, reflected in such exact and effective control that only three deaths from overexposure to radiation have occurred in the United States since the nation's atomic program began in February, 1940. This has been regarded as a remarkable record for safety in any new and untried major industry. There has never, incidentally, been a major accident involving Commission-transported radioactive material.

DUNCAN CLARK, *Director*
Office of Public Information
U.S. Atomic Energy Commission
Washington, D.C.

Loretta's Daughter

Dear Sirs:

When Frances Hendrickson queried you in the July 16 LETTERS about Loretta Young's daughter and grandchild, you replied: "No daughter, no grandchild, but, as the article said, two sons." I am enclosing [a newspaper clipping which mentions] Miss Young's daughter, identified as Judy Lewis. Since most of what I know I read in the papers and *The Post*, which one of you do I believe?

MRS. LEE BRODERICK
Pittsburgh, Pa.

● *We overlooked Miss Young's adopted daughter, who has indeed presented her with a grandchild. A quick look in* Who's Who *would have prevented this goof.* —*ED.*

Fun on Fruit Juice

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading Peg Bracken's article, LET'S EAT AND RUN, in the July 30 *Post*. Where has Miss Bracken been all her life if that is the kind of dinner party she is used to? . . . Perhaps it all boils down to the kind of social set one is "in" with. Maybe it comes down to the cocktail-drinking crowd versus the non-cocktail-drinking crowd. Our friends happen to be those who do not go in much for alcoholic drinks. . . . The guests arrive on time with a sparkle in their eyes that means they know they will have as

good a time and as delicious a dinner as they anticipate. Sometimes the hostess serves a glass of fruit juice or tomato juice in the living room, sometimes not.

After dinner, our appetites plentifully satisfied with savory food, we know we have a pleasant evening ahead of us.

At one friend's home the hostess, a musician, treats us to an hour of beautiful organ music in addition to our visiting. At another home the host sets up his telescope and gives us varying views of the moon, stars, planets, and even some of the galaxies millions of light years away. . . . And then after a wonderful time together, as midnight draws near we decide it's time to go home, although we've all had so much fun we are loathe to part. And because we are all completely sober, everyone is capable of driving home on the right side of the street. And no one wakes the next morning with a hangover.

If Miss Bracken is sincere about being "fed up," or perhaps I should say *unfed*, with her type of dinner party, she might try making a new set of friends.

IONA S. HISER
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

When your taste buds have blossomed and all gone to seed,

And your stomach's stopped growling in hopes of a feed,

The hostess, now sporting an off-center grin,

Indistinctly announces, "Dinner's served. Stagger in."

GLADYS R. JOHNSON
Onarga, Ill.

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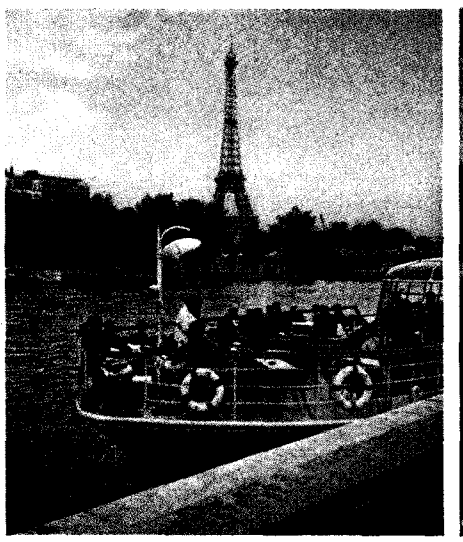

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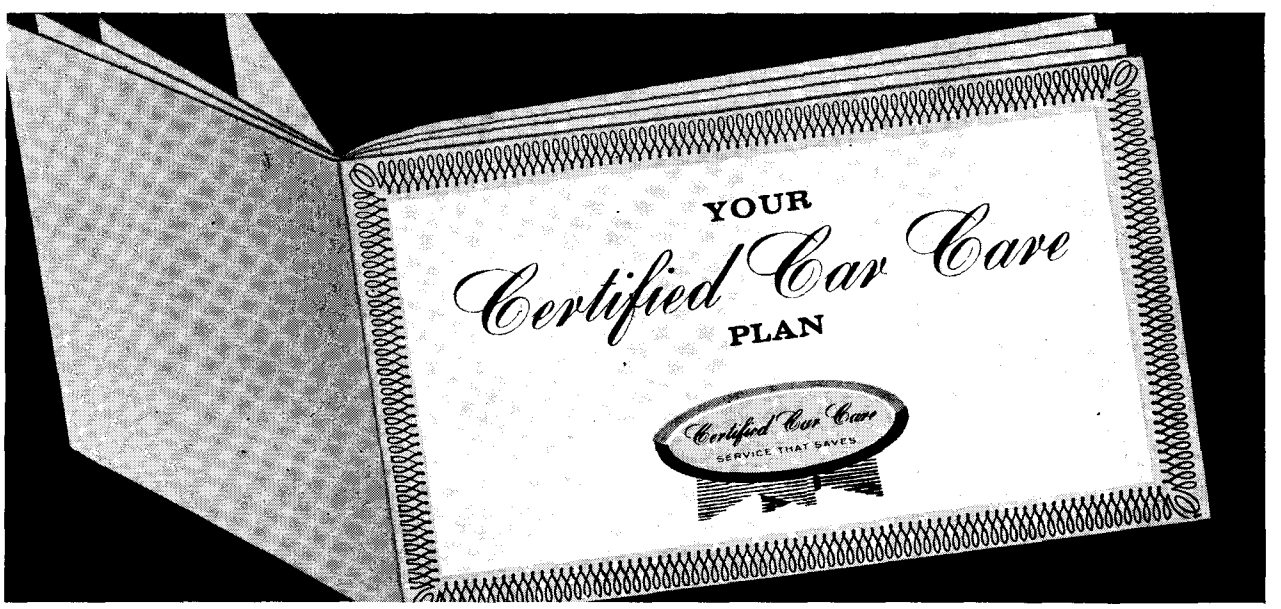
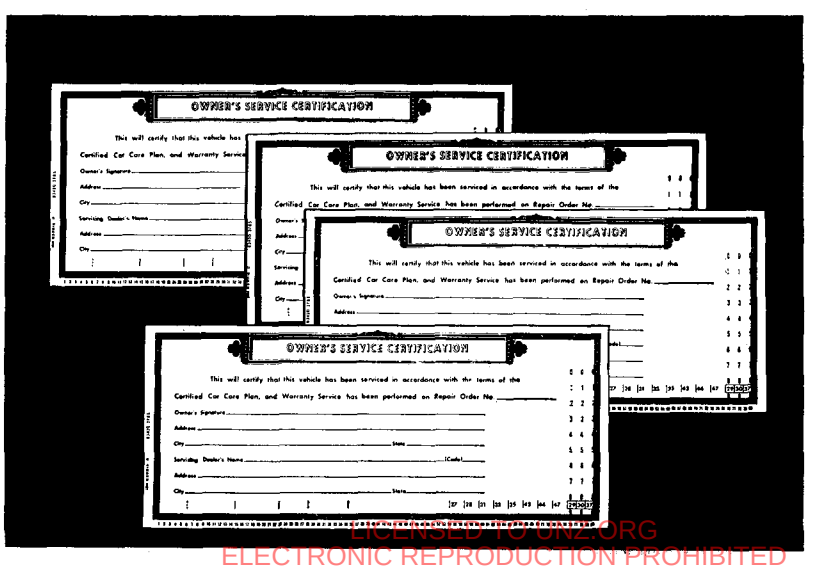


THIS SPELLS IT OUT—You get this book of certificates when you buy a 1960 car from Chrysler Corporation. Each certificate tells you exactly when to bring your car in, and tells you exactly what services your dealer will perform. (Note: your dealer signs each certificate, so you always have a record.)

The Chrysler Corporation engineers who designed the cars set down these services. In effect, it gives your car the same care they give their own. It's the nearest thing yet to a guarantee of trouble-free driving. And Certified Car Care costs no more than you're probably paying now for hit-or-miss maintenance.

THIS SPEEDS UP THE JOB—With your new car, your dealer gives you several IBM cards. Whenever you have a warranty claim, just give him one of these cards. (Any authorized dealer anywhere will honor them.) This is his green light to go ahead and give you the required service. It cuts red tape and delay and puts a personal history of your car on file at the factory.



New Certified Car Care will protect eve dollar you invest in your next new c by giving it the same kind of repa saving service the Chrysler Corporati engineers give their own

Every American with a brand-new car is a little l a kid with a toy.

But even the first gleam of pride can't obscu that streak of practicality in all of us. And any n car owner will be glad to know that now there's easy answer to this dollars and cents question: "H can I best protect my investment?"

Certified Car Care is a new program designed answer that question for any man who buys a 19 Chrysler Corporation car.

It started with our engineers

This program was laid out by the engineers w designed the cars to give your car the same lor term care they give their own.

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Your part is all spelled out

And Certified Car Care doesn't stop when yc drive home in your new car. Your dealer will giv you a book of certificates that lays down a schedu of maintenance for your car as you drive it throug the years.

Not just rules of thumb, this schedule tells yo just what service your car should have and wher And it makes your dealer duty bound to give yo that service. It's the closest thing yet to a guarante of trouble-free driving.

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Editorials

Obsolete Laws Bar Useful Men From National Service

In a recent speech President Eisenhower made two statements which seemed to Prof. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., of Harvard, so inconsistent that he shot off a letter to *The New York Times*.

The President's first statement was this: "Most leaders from private life who enter the public service do so at a substantial sacrifice in the earning power of their productive years. . . . These . . . sacrifices are . . . accepted" but when they "become . . . unendurable from the family standpoint, we find another cause for the loss of talent in government. . . . Citizens should not, invariably, be required to divest themselves of investments accumulated over a lifetime to qualify for public service. . . . We need to review carefully the conflict-of-interest restrictions."

Later in his address the President said: "Freedom is imperiled where peoples, worshiping material success, have become emptied of idealism."

Wrote Professor Schlesinger: "That is, businessmen, who through their worship of material success have become so emptied of idealism that they are unwilling to serve their country at financial sacrifice, should nonetheless be given special deals to induce them to make their services available to the cause of freedom."

But that is far different from what the President said. Professor Schlesinger instantly assumed that the President was talking about businessmen. Yet the conflict-of-interest laws also entangle professional men and women—lawyers, engineers and, astonishingly, thousands of scientists. Three weeks before Professor Schlesinger wrote his letter, the American Association for the Advancement of Science spoke up on this matter.

"There is . . . concern over the position of scientists with regard to the conflict-of-interest laws," said the association in its magazine, *Science*. The relevant laws are a group of seven poorly defined, vaguely interpreted statutes which . . . prohibit anyone working for the Government from having a financial interest in any group having dealings with the Government." They often prevent "the services of an outstanding man because of the unreasonable financial sacrifices he would have to make. . . . Nowhere is the situation more touchy than in the case of scientific personnel."

Directly or indirectly, by means of contracts, temporary jobs, and part-time work, "the Government . . . 'employs' in some fashion a very large fraction of the leading scientists in the country. . . . The institution or corporation with which the scientist is associated very probably is receiving a share of the more than $5,000,000,000 the Government spends annually on scientific work. . . . The situation is . . . absolutely unavoidable." Many of these scientists "will also be serving . . . as consultants to one or more other corporations or institutions which, again, are doing business with the Government." And large numbers of scientists also "own stock . . . in . . . research corporations."

The scientists' organization fears there will be a great scandal if some of "the several thousand scientists advising the Government" are shown to have put their pocketbooks above the national interest. Yet "the risk . . . is trivial compared to the risks to the national security" if the present laws were strictly enforced.

Take a different sort of case, a fantastic one. Edward K. Mills Jr. is not a villainous businessman. He is a lawyer. For three and a half years he held a high office in the Government. He resigned last December. In March the President called him back to be a member of the Federal Communications Commission. But two months later he had to ask the President to withdraw his nomination.

Long ago Mills's father and uncle set up a family trust fund, of which Mills is one of the life beneficiaries. The fund owns stock in two communications companies—General Electric and Westinghouse. Mills's share of the income from that stock is $1300 a year. The trustee is a bank. It says that sale of the stock would be unfair to the other beneficiaries. So it refuses to sell the offending securities. Mills told the Department of Justice that he was willing to assign his $1300 a year to charity during his membership on the FCC. But the department said that wouldn't do. Mills has a "financial interest" in G.E. and Westinghouse and he can't get rid of it. So the law bars him from being an FCC member.

It ought to be plain that the conflict-of-interest laws need revising.

Khrushchev Has a Long Record of Persecution of Soviet Jews

By DR. BELA FABIAN

Few people know that in the Soviet Union under Nikita Khrushchev Jews must carry passes with the word "Yevrei" (Jew) stamped on them, a serious handicap in employment and in other respects. Khrushchev has a long-standing record of anti-Semitism. When, after the Nazi withdrawal in 1944, Khrushchev became the Prime Minister of the Ukraine and the First Secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party, his rule was marked by anti-Semitic incidents.

Leon Leneman, the editor of a Polish newspaper in Moscow at that time, in his book, *La Tragédie des Juifs en URRS*, published in 1958 in Paris, relates an incident that happened in Kiev, in April, 1944. A half-drunk Ukrainian officer was enraged by the sight of a handsomely decorated Jewish officer. He threw himself at the officer and started to tear off his medals. The Jewish officer pulled out his gun in self-defense and shot the Ukrainian.

The incident might have blown over, had not a state funeral been held for the Ukrainian. This was the signal for a veritable wave of pogroms in Kiev, in the course of which the wife and child of the Jewish officer were massacred, a number of Jewish homes broken into and looted, their inhabitants brutally beaten or killed.

The no-longer-existent Anti-Fascist Jewish Committee in Moscow was alerted, and its leader, Solomon Mikhoels, a dramatic actor, appealed to the commissars to persuade Stalin to stop the pogroms. The Kremlin was eager to maintain friendly relations with its Western Allies, especially the United States. Malenkov was promptly dispatched to Kiev. After an investigation behind closed doors Malenkov put an end to the anti-Semitic riots by hanging some pogromchiks in the public square.

As Prime Minister of the Ukraine, Khrushchev did all that he could to prevent the Jews, who had fled from the Nazis during the invasion, from returning to their homes. "We don't need Jews in the Ukraine," he told a high-ranking Communist Party member, a Jewish woman who had been living in Moscow, after her return to Kiev in 1944.

J. B. Salsberg, a former leading member of Canada's Communist Party, wrote about a two-hour interview with Premier Khrushchev in August, 1956. "He, Khrushchev, agreed with Stalin that the Crimea, which had been depopulated at the war's end, should not be turned into a Jewish colonization center, because, in case of war, it would be turned into a base for attacking the U.S.S.R."

Under Khrushchev, Jews cannot be civil servants or army officers and are not admitted to military schools or to training schools for teachers or diplomats. Only a very few are admitted to Russian universities and none at all to those of the Ukraine. Jews are excluded from the medical faculties of the universities. Gradually they are dismissed from administrative jobs in industrial plants. More and more synagogues are closed, private prayer meetings are banned, and the acts of hoodlums who burn down or desecrate synagogues go unpunished.

Today, anti-Semitism is part of the official party program in the Soviet Union. Khrushchev, however, wants the world to believe that the real persecutor of the Jews is democratic West Germany.

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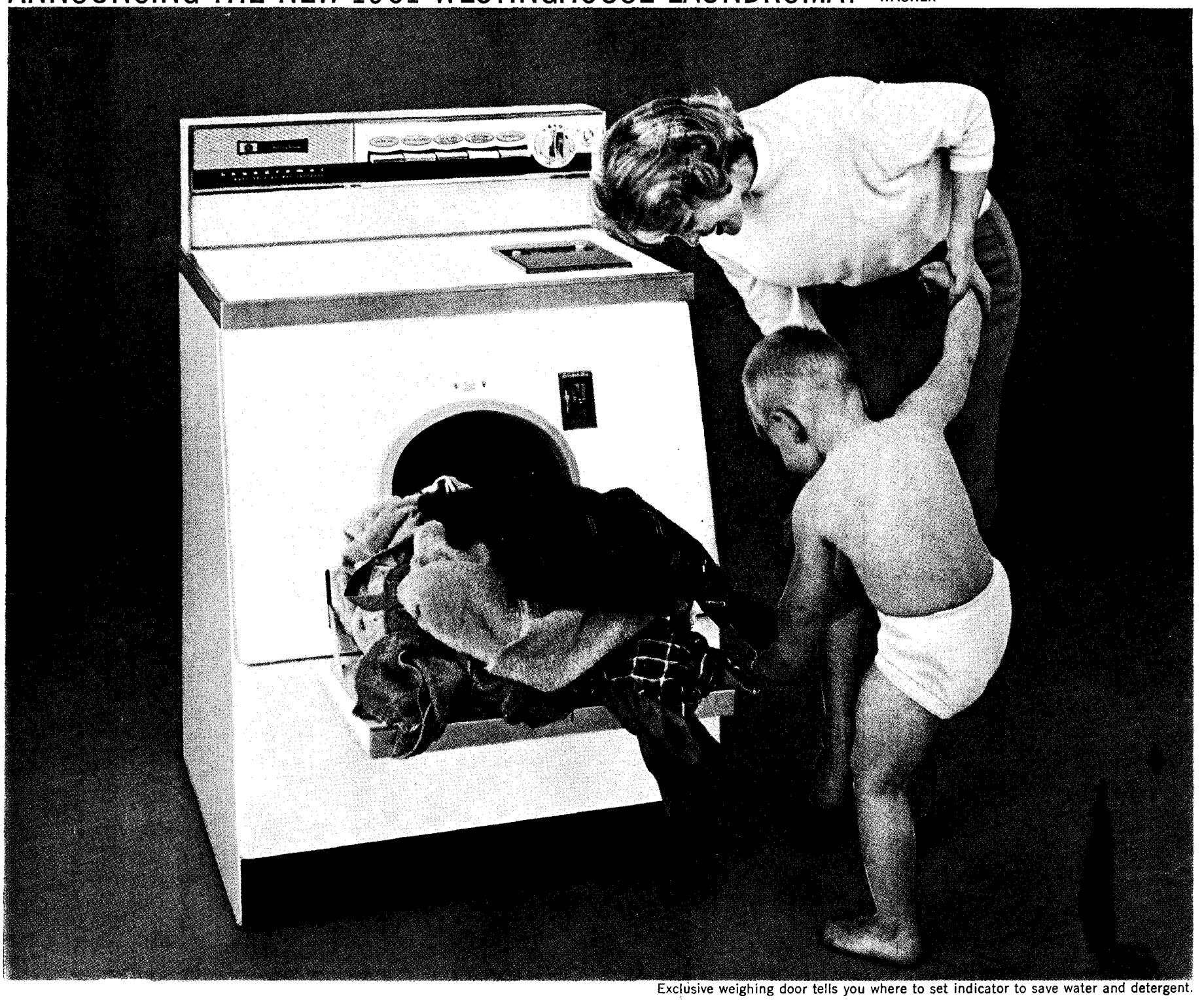

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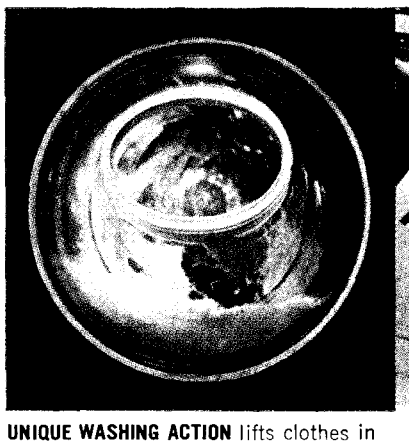

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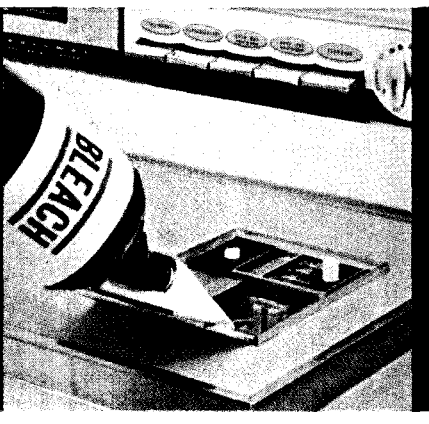

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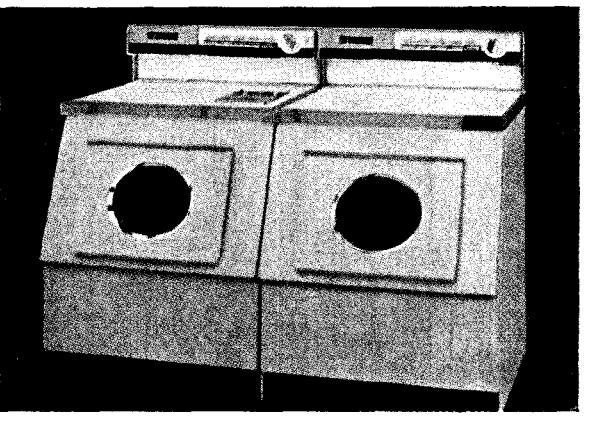

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The Saturday Evening

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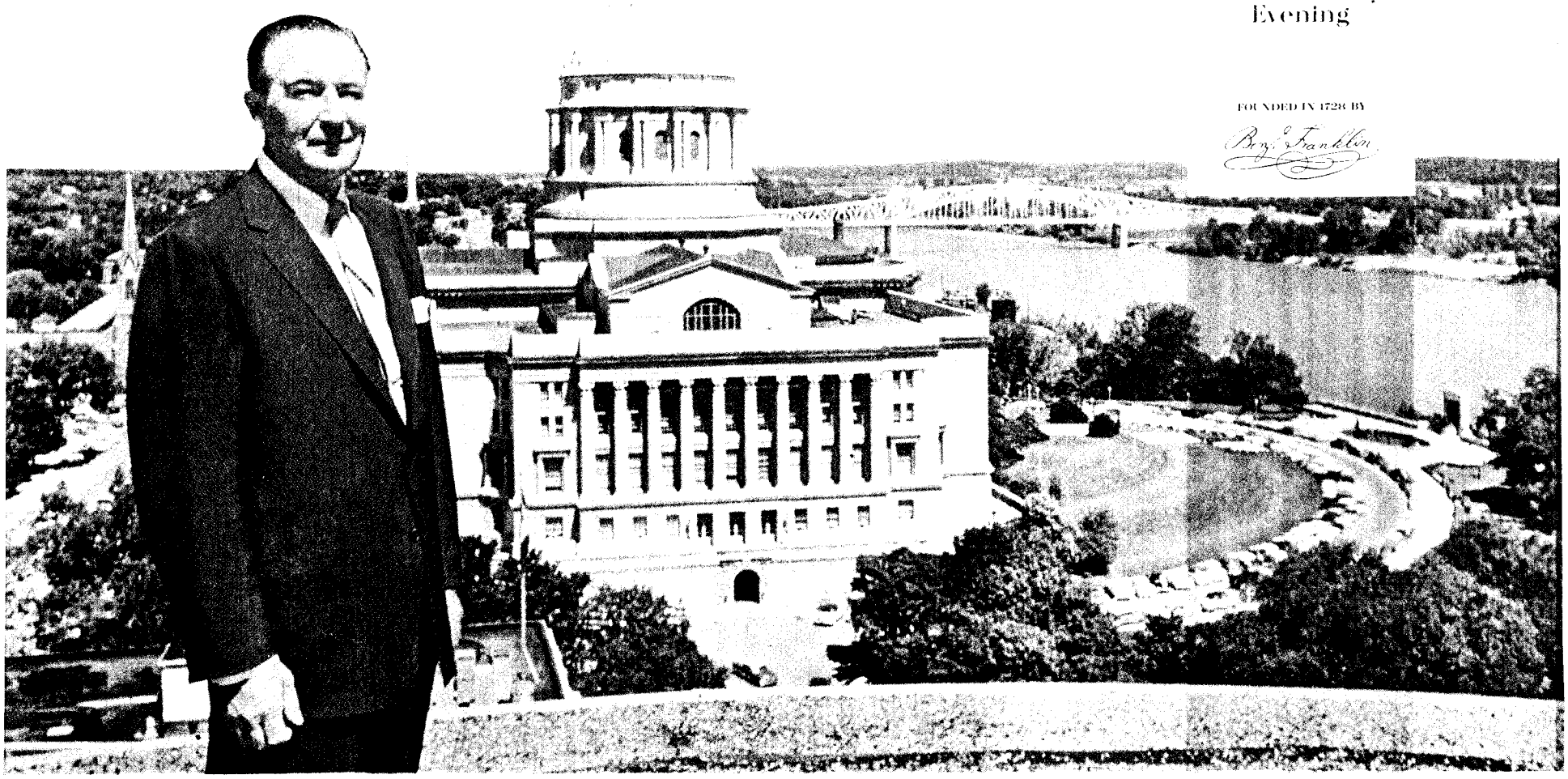

Jefferson City: Gov. James T. Blair Jr. in front of the capitol, which was known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the heyday of political boss Tom Pendergast.

MISSOURI: Four States in One

By ROUL TUNLEY

Sophisticated St. Louis, brash Kansas City, leisurely "Little Dixie" and the quaint Ozark backwoods—all these manage to live together, sometimes tumultuously.

In Missouri, the state that likes to be called the "Mother of the West," things have changed. Mother has grown up. She's a lot more sophisticated. And as the oldest state completely west of the Mississippi, she's grown a little tired.

Basically, however, she's still mother. She's still stubborn, hospitable, independent, shrewd and, at times, beautiful. Above all, she's still mixed up.

"No state has been mixed up so long—and so profitably—as Missouri," declared a native son recently.

As other Missourians will testify, the state has practically made a career of confusion, and has done very well by it. As far back as Civil War days, Missouri couldn't decide whether to be Northern or Southern. A slave state, it finally ended up in the Northern—and winning—camp, but only after a bitter struggle. Today a visitor is surprised to find Missouri's north is Southern and Democratic by tradition, while the south is Northern and Republican.

A crazy quilt of divergent nationalities, Missouri thrives on paradox. For example:

1. A college football game will bring out thousands of fluttering Confederate flags, and yet the state has never had any trouble with integration.

2. The ultraconservative St. Louisans long ago accepted the liberal newspaper, the *Post-Dispatch*.

3. Missouri beatniks can't be classified with other beatniks. They have a disconcerting prairie wholesomeness. Beatniks from other parts of the country contemptuously call them "wheatniks."

4. The most influential man for years in Kansas City (Missouri) has been the *Star*'s celebrated editor, Roy Roberts. Yet this man was born and educated in the state of Kansas and *still* lives there.

These confusing strains in the state make it bewildering for the out-of-state visitor. But what is more surprising is that it seems to be equally bewildering to the natives. Why else would they constantly insist on being "shown"?

Certainly this quality of caution and skepticism has run through the state since long before 1898 when the famous song *I'm From Missouri and You've Got to Show Me* tipped the world off as to the state's personality. And it's almost as true today as it was then.

As a result of this quizzical attitude, conversation with a Missourian can be a little difficult. An offhand remark like "It's a nice day" can plunge him into what seems like an agonizing appraisal before venturing an answer.

Missouri mules still help Ozark farmers wring a living from their marginal land.

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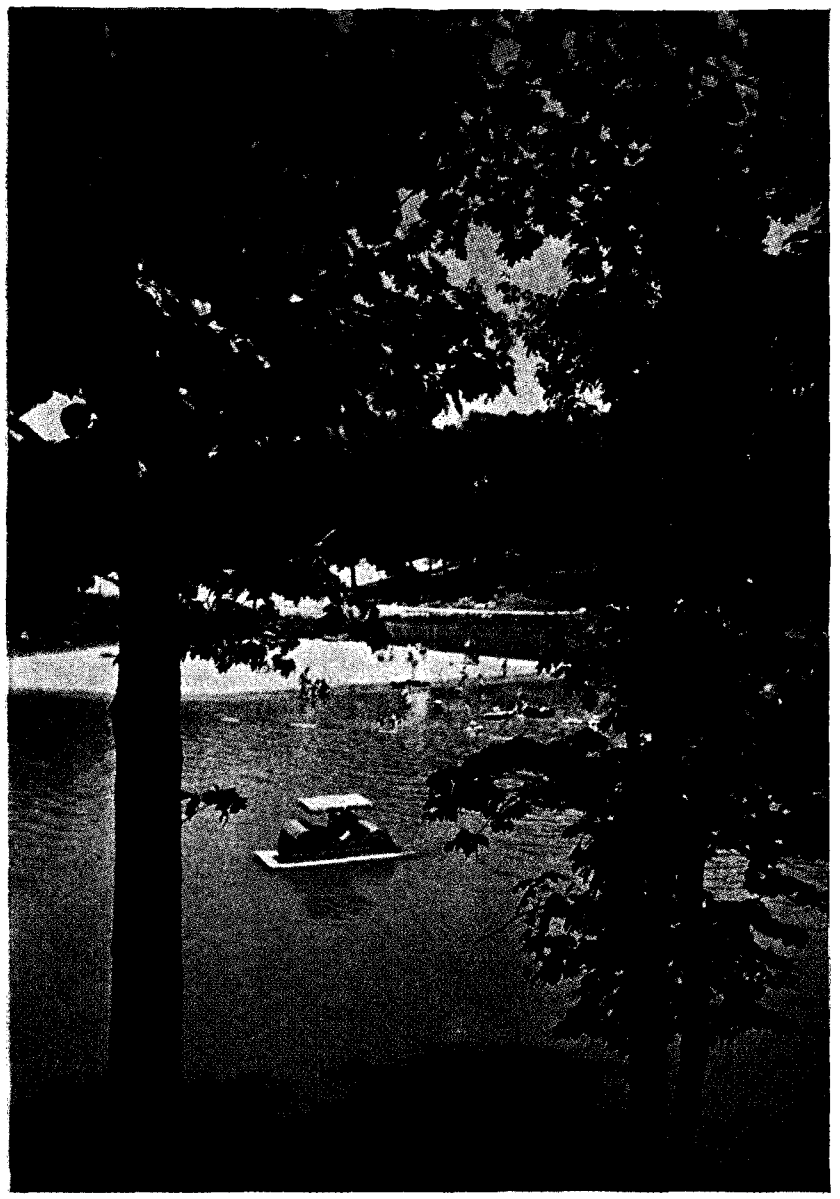
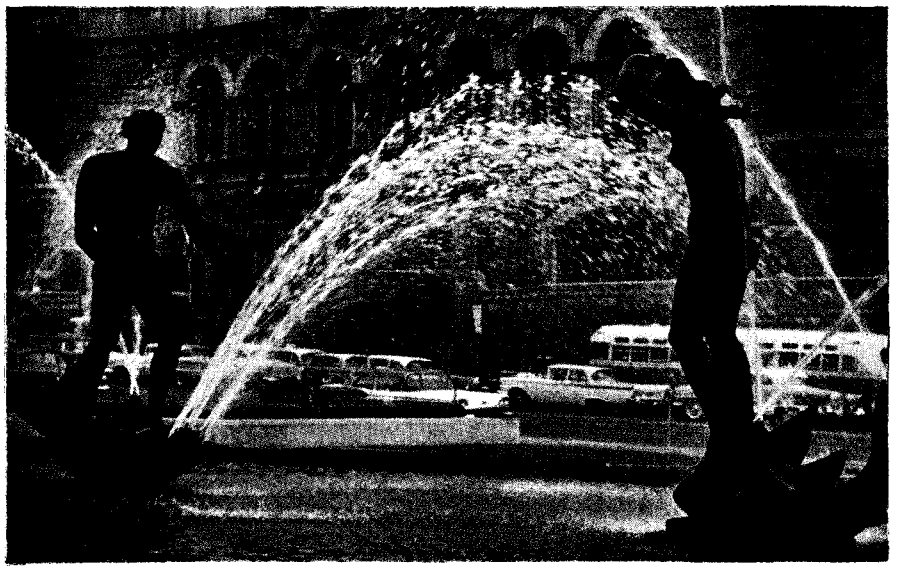
Photographs by Bill Shrout



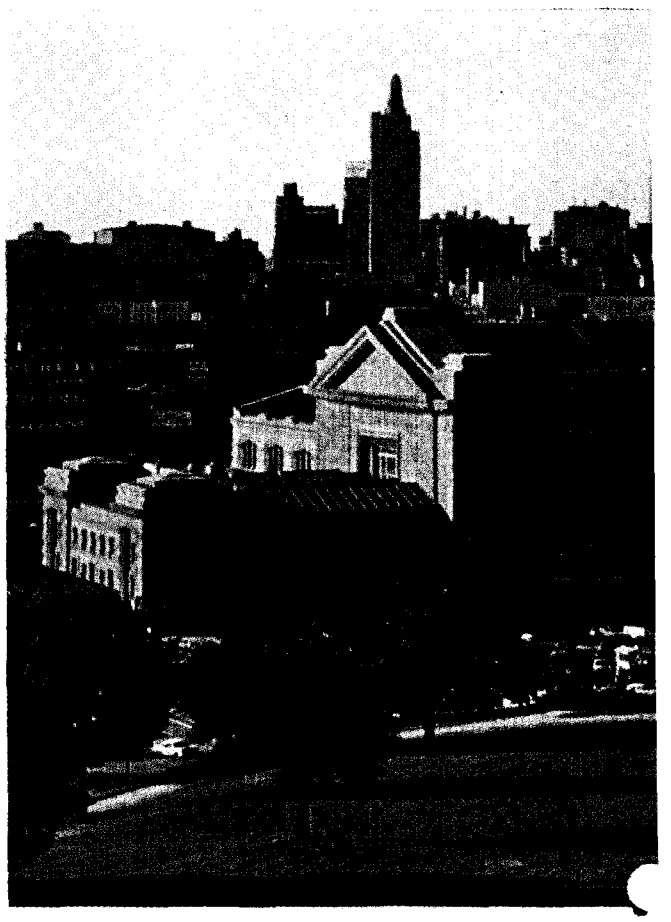
Recently created artificial lakes have enhanced the state's tourist industry. The Lake of the Ozarks near Jefferson City provides beaches and pedal-boat cruises.

Missouri still exploits the ghost of Jesse James. This house in St. Joseph lures tourists. So does the nearby old Pony Express barn which is now a museum.



Nude figures by sculptor Carl Milles in the fountain, *Wedding of the Waters*, once shocked some St. Louisans. At rear, Union Station, noted for its ugliness.

Confederate flags and ante-bellum architecture are found in the "Little Dixie" region north of the Missouri River. Here horse racing, hunt breakfasts and other aristocratic Southern traditions are a way of life.



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The state's most celebrated Republican is Roy Roberts, president of *The Kansas City Star*.

On the Democratic side, Missouri boasts an ex-President. Here tourists visit Harry Truman's home in Independence.

Not long ago some Chicago tourists in the Ozarks noticed that their guide had an Oriental reluctance to answer a direct question with "Yes" or "No." They determined to get the better of him. Spying a herd of coal-black Angus on the banks of a stream, one of the tourists remarked, "Those animals sure are black, aren't they?" The guide was silent a long while before coming up with an answer. Finally he said, "On this side!"

Many people in the state today believe that the "show me" trait in the Missouri character has been encouraged far too long. "Missourians have waited so long to be shown," declared an official of the state Chamber of Commerce who preferred to remain anonymous, "that they've been left behind by the rest of the country." And the chamber, which would like a little more snap to the state's reflexes, has come up with some interesting figures to prove their argument.

At the turn of the century, they point out, Missouri was the fifth state in the nation, both in population and in industry and manufacturing. Today it is thirteenth!

"The rate of increase of a state's population offers one reliable index of its economic vigor," said a recent chamber report. "And for the last ten years the rate of increase in Missouri's population has been considerably less than half as great as the nation as a whole."

This sentiment was also echoed by the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Although the state sits close to the geographical and population centers of continental United States, has enormous mineral wealth, rich land, an abundance of water, main arteries of transportation between east and west, and a diversified labor force that offers "northern skills at southern prices," the *Globe-Democrat* editorial lamented that the "show-me" state has recently lost ground in economic competition with sister states.

"William Allen White once asked, 'What's the matter with Kansas?'" the editorial concluded. "We'd like to ask, 'What's the matter with us?'"

Many people believe that part of the fault lies in an inborn conservatism which doesn't like to try anything until it's proved beyond all doubt. Others believe it's merely a selfish reluctance to vote sufficient taxes to carry out an aggressive program of self-improvement. Certainly taxes in Missouri are among the lowest in the country. Last year the state collected only sixty-eight dollars per person in taxes, the fourth-lowest in the United States.

It also has the lowest gasoline taxes in the country—three cents a gallon—and, in the opinion of many, "the roads to prove it." While other places boast of state-wide turnpikes festooned with cloverleafs, there is still no four-lane highway across the state from St. Louis to Kansas City.

On the other hand, the defenders of Missouri insist that, although progress may not have been rapid, there still is progress. Furthermore, they insist, growth alone doesn't tell the whole story, that Missourians are not so concerned with getting big as they are with how they get big.

They point out that the state has been moving slowly ahead with a program designed to eliminate the boom-or-bust economy of other, one-industry places. And certainly there is no state that is more diversified in industry and agriculture.

"You could build a fence around Missouri," says James Idol, head of its resources-and-development department, "and behind that fence you'd have everything you needed."

One reason the state may not be progressing as fast as the rest of the country is that, in a world increasingly dependent on boosting, Missourians are not really boosters at heart. Dedicated to understatement, or preferably no statement at all, drum-beating is faintly embarrassing to them. The nearest thing the state offers in the way of boosterism is Kansas City, and even there it's not comparable to what one finds in Florida, Texas, or California.

Furthermore, it doesn't take much of a look at the state to see that things, generally speaking, are not bad. This was dramatically evident at a recent convention of the Future Farmers of America in Kansas City. The farm youngsters invaded the town carrying the famous slogan of their pioneer forebears: KANSAS CITY OR BUST! Under their banners the kids were driving shiny new Oldsmobiles, Chryslers and Lincolns.

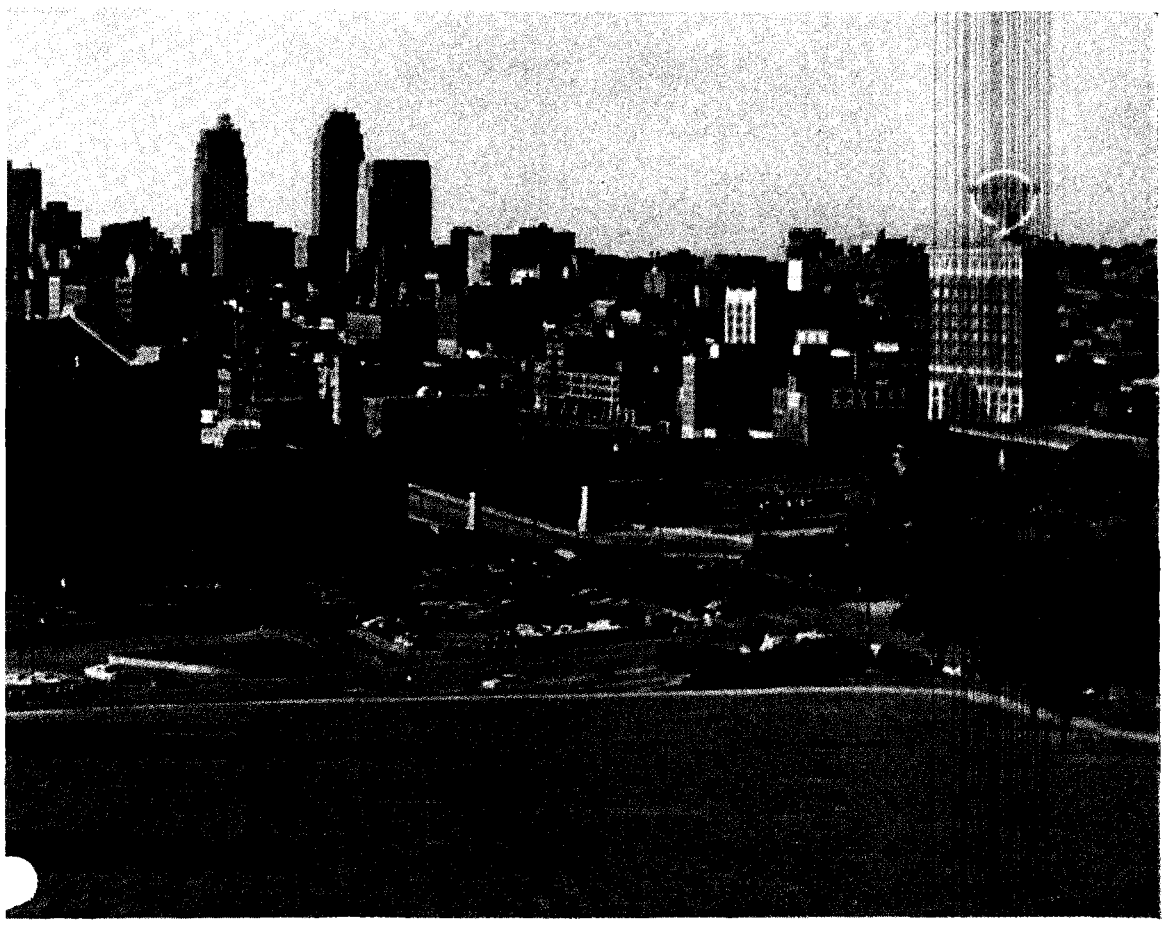
As I flew to St. Louis not long ago for my own invasion of the state, the words of an ex-boss of mine, Missourian Sumner Blossom, were still echoing in my ears. "Missouri is one of the few states that doesn't project an image," he'd said. "Mention Maine and you think of lobsters or a seacoast. Speak of Montana and you think of sheep, or Nevada and you think of slot machines. What do you think of when I say Missouri?"

I had to think. Finally I said, "Jesse James—Harry Truman—Mark Twain."

"Exactly!" he replied. "You've got to admit that's a pretty mixed-up image."

Two thousand miles later, after a circuit that took me into every corner of the state, I began to see why the image was so blurred.

I started, appropriately, in Ste. Genevieve, the first permanent settlement in Missouri. Here on the banks of the Mississippi the French founded a town in 1735 to exploit nearby lead mines. (Continued on Page 71)



Once a lusty, rip-roaring sin town, Kansas City has found respectability pays. The reformers were recently voted out of office after a rule of 14 years, but there's no sign the bad old days will return.

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Unexpectedly she reached out and placed her hand on the face of a corpse.

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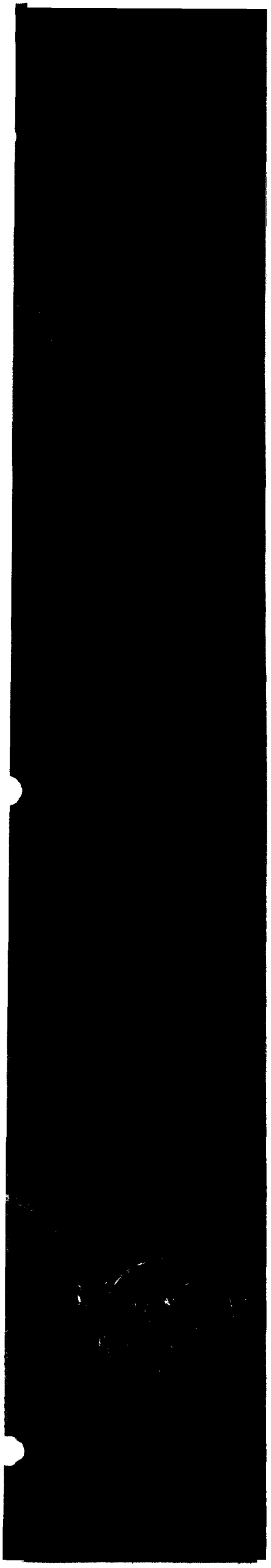

Were the contents of the cave the key to the legend of Atlantis?

The Lost Continent

By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

Atlantis? It's of more interest to poets and mystics than to archaeologists. The lost continent is only a fable. We have no proof; you're looking at the best there is. No, not me. In the case behind my desk.

A puma, you think? Have you just been to the zoo? Well, then, why do you call it a puma rather than a lion or a leopard? Yes, you're quite right. One could swear it was dug up in Peru or Ecuador. But an ivory puma is impossible. No pumas in the Old World. No elephants in the New World.

I'll tell you its history, though I warn you it is very unsatisfactory. It has no ending. You go out where you came in. You'll just say to hell with me and Jim Hawkes and all those visionary swordsmen who conquered the Americas and carefully destroyed or displaced every blessed thing they ought to have preserved for us.

But like all good stories it is really that of a man's character—a grubby little man with bad teeth and no education, who cared as little for money and as much for truth as any dedicated scholar rediscovering the past for the wages of a manual worker.

At first Jim Hawkes was not allowed in when he turned up at the side door of the museum and asked to see me. They thought he had samples in his little bag. That was what he looked like—a salesman peddling cheap pens on commission. Yet there was something honest and earthy about him which was hard to distrust. He was a real Cockney too—with the Londoner's genius for summing up doormen and minor officials and getting his own way in spite of them.

While he remembered to be on his best behavior he addressed me as "sir." When he got excited he called me "guv'nor." At that first interview he sensibly gave a thumbnail sketch of his background before coming to business, but I can't distinguish between what he said then and all I learned about him later. It's enough that he had passed twenty years of peace and war as steward on a tramp steamer, married a Portuguese wife and settled down on her little farm in the Azores. He was one of those Englishmen who consciously loathe industrial civilization. Most of them haven't the enterprise to get out until they are tied to it. But Jim Hawkes knew an opportunity when he saw one. And the sea had already accustomed him to exile.

Introductions over, he asked me if I believed in Atlantis. He used the right word. It's a matter of belief, not scholarship. I told him gently that we believed in nothing without proof.

"Here it is," he said.

He opened his bag, scattering straw all over the room, and put that ivory puma on my desk.

It was like nothing I had ever seen. So far as technique and material went it might have been a superb Persian ivory of the sixth or fifth century B.C., possibly brought to the Azores by the Carthaginians. But the style was wrong. Too realistic.

I remember thinking it odd that such a marvelous craftsman at carving ivory in the round had been unable to reproduce the strength and majesty of the lion. I know lions. In art, that is. Remind me to give you a copy of my monograph, *Treatment of the Conventional Mane.*

"It's not a lion," Jim Hawkes said. "I think it's a puma."

I made no comment I took him across to the American Section and put his ivory alongside our two pre-Inca pumas—one in stone and one in pottery. Jim Hawkes had a case.

When we were sitting down again in my office I asked him how he had got hold of such a curiosity, rather suspecting that he would tell me some unbelievable yarn to cover up the fact that he hadn't any right to it. But, no. He was eager, falling over himself to invite questions. That was why he had come.

He told me that on the island of Graciosa he had discovered a shallow cave with its entrance nearly hidden beneath subtropical vegetation. The floor—part earth, part fine, dry dust—was completely undisturbed. On a rock ledge at the back of the cave was standing the ivory puma.

He thought at first that it was a child's toy. For all I know, it may have been—though an ivory as large as a half-grown kitten argues a very high level of civilization in the nursery. Then he realized that it did not belong to our day at all, and his mind at once jumped to Atlantis.

But it would be wrong to think of him as just one of those lost-

(Continued on Page 50)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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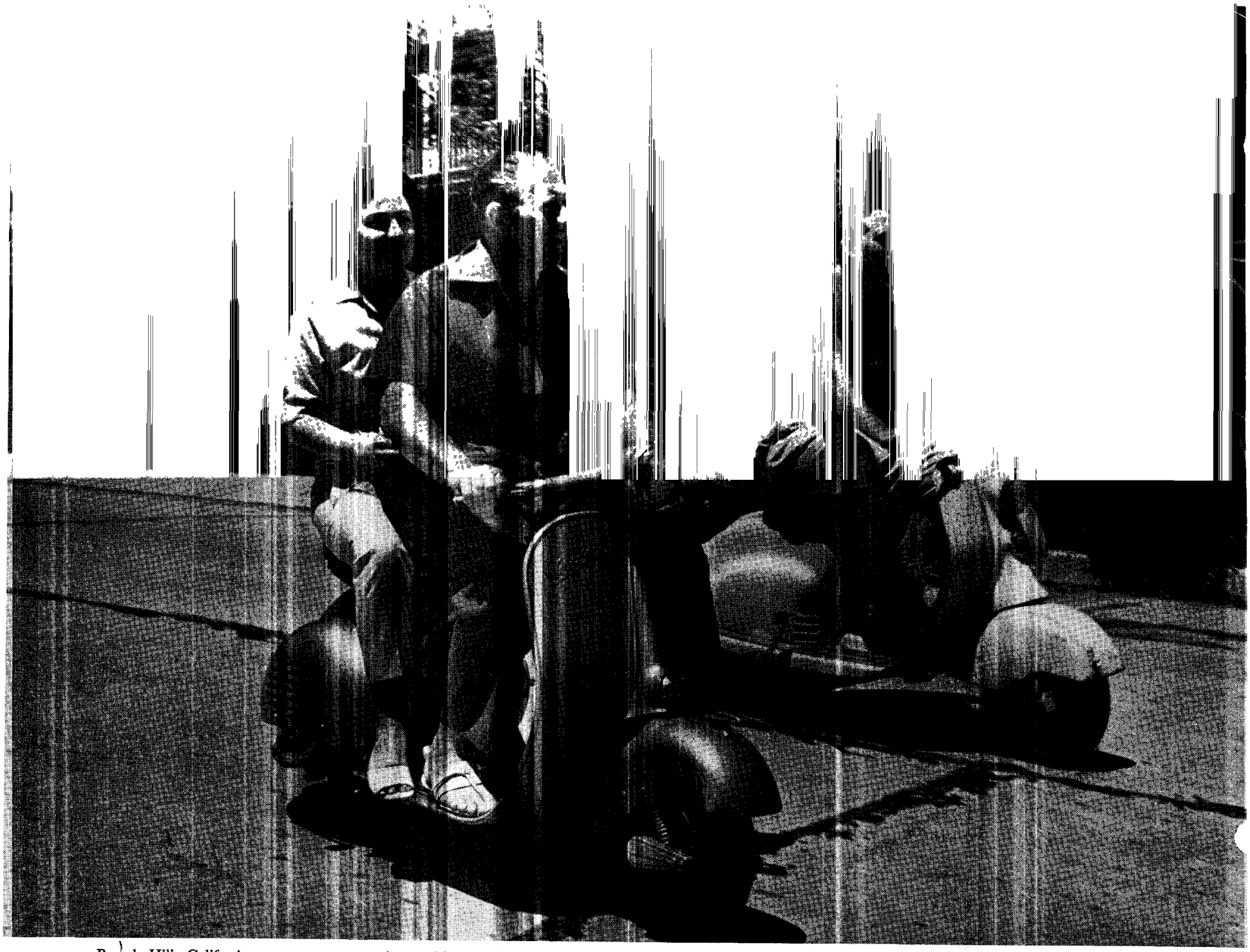

Beverly Hills, Calif.: Art on a motor-scooter jaunt with his wife, Lois, and Robert, one of their five children. A favorite Linkletter sport is to "buzz" the neighbors' driveways.

Confessions of a Happy Man

By ART LINKLETTER
as told to Dean Jennings

How I Learned to Pinch Pennies

Linkletter's early life was haunted by poverty, but he had many ingenious, sometimes hilarious, ways of making a living.

PART TWO

I was sitting around home the other afternoon, daydreaming about beautiful women, capital gains, roast beef and all the other happy ingredients of the good life. Then I looked out the window and saw the thing.

It was an old truck, noisily gear-grinding its way along our street, Mapleton Drive, in the Holmby Hills area of Los Angeles and it had an enormous sign about fifteen feet long, with crude hand-lettered characters which read, LINKLETTER IS NO GOOD!

At first I thought it was a gag dreamed up by some of the fun-loving friends who delight in ribbing me. It was the sort of stunt we had been doing for years on my show, *People Are Funny*, and occasionally I have had these jokes perpetrated on me by Danny Thomas, Bob Cummings, Jack Dempsey and other clowns who want to know if I can take it.

But when the truck turned around, showing a sign on the other side which read, LINKLETTER IS A JERK, I began to have uneasy doubts. For the next ten minutes the driver went up and down the street, and with every trip my blood pressure went up. Perhaps I was a no-good jerk to him, but I didn't want to advertise it. I finally phoned the police, and a couple of gendarmes in a squad car stopped the truck

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On an early *House Party* show (above), he impulsively opened a woman's handbag and described its contents. The stunt has become a ritual.

1952: Dawn, Art, Lois and Jack Linkletter ham it up at a Hollywood restaurant. Art is a devoted family man, but his own childhood was marred by the knowledge that his parents had rejected him.

and asked the driver, a bleary-eyed, unshaven man, what the heck was the idea. It turned out he was a psycho who, though I had never seen him before, imagined that I had plotted to get him fired from one job after another.

There was no prosecution, of course, and the man was taken to a mental hospital for treatment. Like other performers whose names are nationally known, I have had many of these unpleasant encounters with strange people—by mail, phone, wire and in person—and I always console myself, as in this case, by saying, "At least they spelled my name right."

In my profession everyone is name-conscious. The measure of success in show business is not always how much money you make, but whether your name is instantly recognized by the average movie, radio and television fan and whether people are talking about you. It is quite rewarding when Linkletters around the country, including some Linklaters, Linkloters and others who, despite the difference in spelling, say they are all in the same happy family, put the bite on me for a new car, a beach cottage, a small loan of $1000, and so on. I particularly remember one woman named Linkletter who begged for money on the phone, saying she was my sister. My wife Lois took the call and said, "I'm sorry, but Art doesn't have a sister named Linkletter."

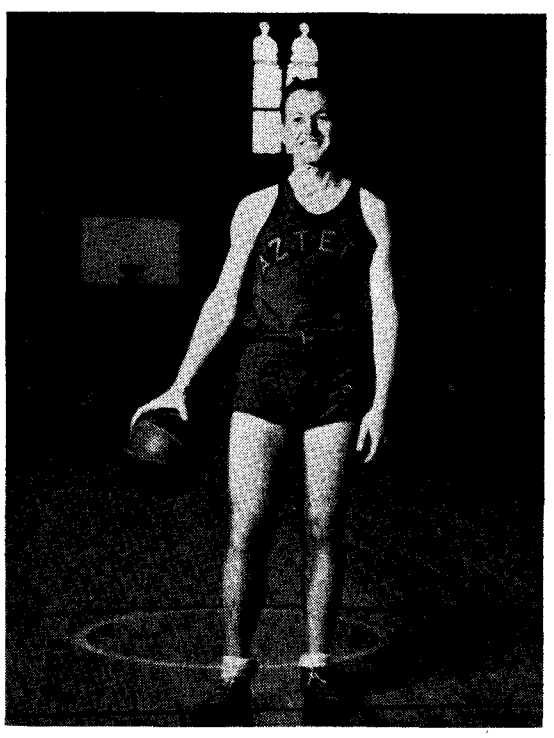
The woman was furious. "Well!" she snorted. "I never thought Art would turn down his own flesh and blood!"

Lois didn't bother to explain that I wasn't born with the name Linkletter at all. I don't talk about it usually, but it seems in order now.

Not long ago I had a letter from a woman in Texas, a very (Continued on Page 38)

Art once gave a lethargic performance because the audience was small. Jack Benny followed with a first-rate routine, and taught Art an enduring lesson.

At 8 he had already gone into business—as a child shill for an ice-cream vendor.



1931: Art, who is 6′1″, was a basketball hero and all-conference center at San Diego State College.

Art as a tall summer counselor in a Y.M.C.A. camp. Desperately lonely as a boy, he says the "Y" was "a whole new wonderful world" for him.

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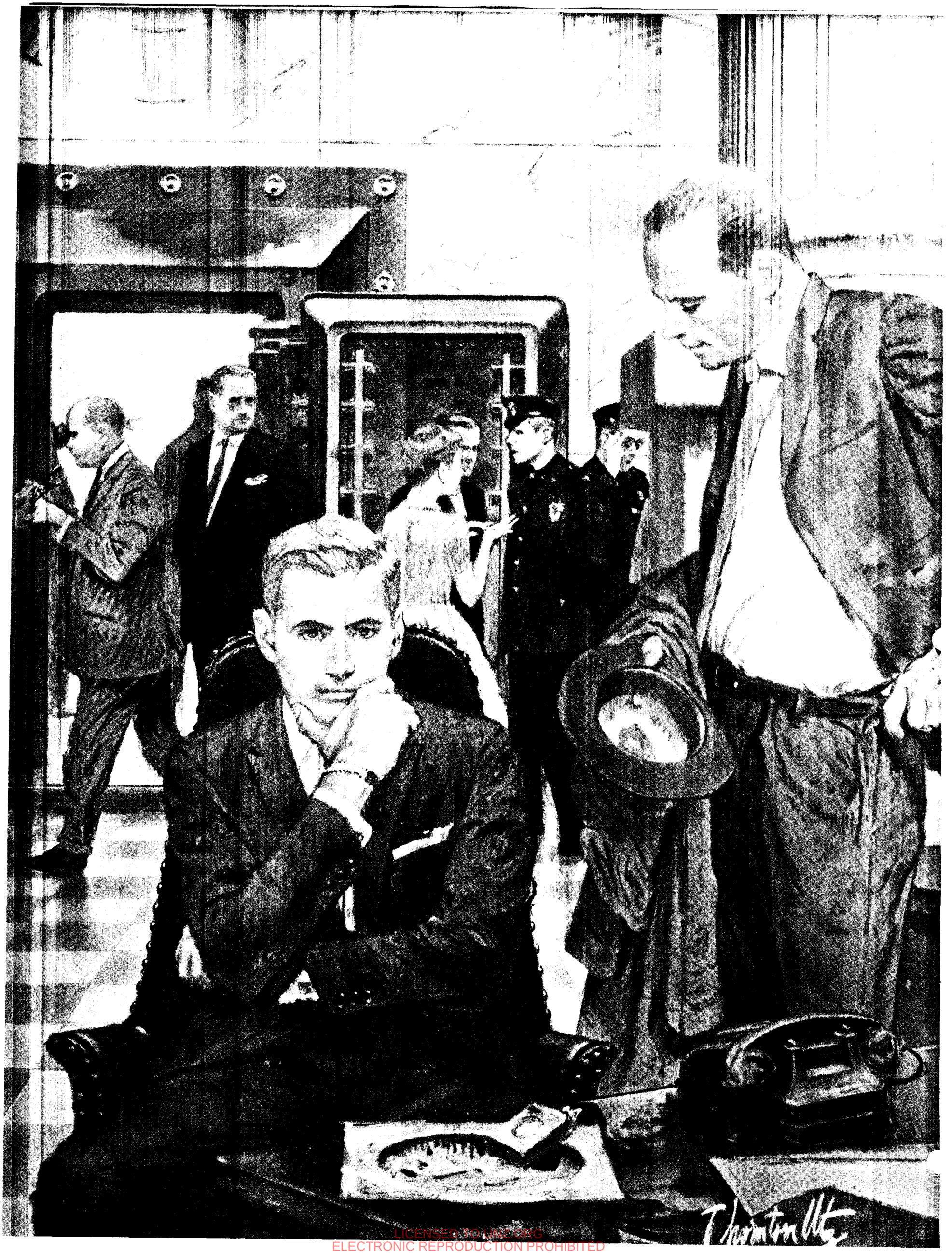

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"You discovered the money missing?" Detective Hunter asked Hadley.

Why had he been so careful to reveal the details of the crime?

The Considerate Embezzler

By LEON WARE

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

Detective Sgt. Joe Hunter dropped his hat on a desk, dug a cigarette from his pocket and lighted it. Beyond, in the crowded vault, flash bulbs flared; things had been slow, and even the chief was in on this one. Joe's eyes met those of the bank manager's pretty secretary, and he grinned sardonically.

"All the brass in there doesn't leave much room for us peasants."

"Anybody left at the police station?" she asked.

"They're almost out of film. Then I can go to work." He eyed the end of his cigarette. "A hundred thousand dollars—that's a nice round sum."

"Poor Mr. Clawson."

Joe looked at her thoughtfully. She went about her work with a deliberation that fascinated him. "Poor? With a hundred grand in twenty-dollar bills?"

"I didn't mean it that way." She slid a piece of carbon between two sheets of paper. "It's just so hard to believe. He's been here twenty-two years—sixteen of them as assistant cashier."

"Sooner or later it sticks to almost everybody's fingers."

Her eyes flashed angrily. "He's nice—quiet, hard-working and nice!"

"And stole a hundred thousand dollars."

She pressed her lips together, picked up the paper and rolled it into her typewriter. "I'll bet he wouldn't have if they hadn't promoted Mr. Hadley yesterday," she said.

Attention to every detail was a part of Joe's profession. He crushed out his cigarette. "Huh?"

He thought she wasn't going to answer for a moment. Her fingers flashed over the keyboard, paused, then she turned her head to look soberly at him. "How would you like to have the same job for sixteen years and never get anywhere, while other people were promoted over you?"

"That's an excuse for stealing a hundred grand?"

She stared at him for a long moment, then dropped her eyes and shrugged helplessly. "No." She slowly typed a few words and paused. "And then there's Mrs. Clawson."

"What about Mrs. Clawson?"

The girl didn't look at him. "It doesn't make any difference about Mrs. Clawson, does it? Or how he was treated here? Or that he never tried to climb over someone's back! All you care about is that he took some money!"

"That's right," Joe said. "It's my job to find him, *and* the money if I can."

"If you do," she snapped, "find out *why* too!"

The man behind the desk bearing the CASHIER plaque was in his mid-thirties, clean-shaven, with the thin lips and brisk manner of a man who has his eyes on the top of the ladder. He watched with some impatience as Joe carefully read the note.

"Kind of unusual, Mr. Hadley, for a thief to leave a note telling how much and from what accounts he took the money," Joe said. "Considerate."

"Considerate!" exploded Hadley. "My first day as cashier, and he does this to me! That's consideration? Why, I'd like to get my hands around the pip-squeak's neck and wring it for him."

Joe put the note into an envelope and dropped it into his pocket. "You discovered the money missing?"

"I got here a little after eight and found the vault open and the note."

"What time's the time lock set for?"

"It's supposed to be set for eight-thirty. But it wasn't. It wasn't set at all!"

"Whose job is that?" Joe asked.

(Continued on Page 68)

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ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Meaning of Mathematics

By MORRIS KLINE

Mathematics is undoubtedly one of man's greatest intellectual achievements. In addition to the knowledge which the subject itself offers, its language, processes and theories give science its organization and power. Mathematical calculations dictate engineering design. The method of mathematics has inspired social and economic thought, while mathematical thinking has fashioned styles in painting, architecture and music. Even national survival depends today upon progress in mathematics. Finally, mathematics has been a major force in molding our views of the universe and of man's place and purpose in it.

The paradox of how such an abstract body of thought can give man an ever-widening and deepening grip on the physical world and work its influences on almost all phases of our culture tantalizes the nonmathematician. We propose therefore to examine the nature of mathematics and to see why the subject possesses such astonishing effectiveness.

The distinguishing feature of mathematics is its method of reasoning. By measuring the angles of a dozen or so triangles of various shapes and sizes a person would find that the sum in any one triangle is 180 degrees. He could then conclude by inductive reasoning that the sum of the angles in every triangle is 180 degrees. One can also reason by analogy. The circle plays about the same role among curves that the sphere does among surfaces. Since the circle bounds more area than any other curve with the same perimeter, a person might conclude that the sphere bounds more volume than any other surface with the same area.

Reasoning by induction and by analogy calls for recourse to observation and even experiment to obtain the facts on which to base each argument. But the senses are limited and inaccurate. Moreover, even if the facts gathered for the purposes of induction and analogy are sound, these methods do not yield unquestionable conclusions. For example, though cows eat grass and pigs are similar to cows, it does not follow that pigs eat grass.

To avoid these sources of error, the mathematician utilizes another method of reasoning. He may have the fact that $x - 3 = 7$ and wish to find the value of x. He notes that if he adds 3 to both sides of this equation he will obtain $x = 10$. May he perform this step? He knows that equals added to equals give equals. He knows also that by adding 3 to both sides of the original equation he is adding equals to equals. Hence he concludes that the step is justified. The reasoning here is deductive. As in the present case, so in all deductive reasoning the conclusion is a logically inescapable consequence of the known facts. Hence it is as indubitable as these facts.

Since deduction yields conclusions as certain as the initial facts, the application of this process to known truths produces new ones. The latter may then be used as the premises of new deductive arguments. Every conclusion so obtained may not be significant, but the end result of ten or twenty such arguments could be. If so, it is labeled a theorem. The series of deductive arguments which lead to the theorem is the proof.

Though mathematical proof is necessarily deductive, the creative process practically never is. To foresee what to prove or what chain of deductive arguments will establish a possible result, the mathematician uses observation, measurement, intuition, imagination, induction, or even sheer trial and error. The process of discovery in mathematics is not confined to one pattern or method. Indeed, it is in part as inexplicable as the creative act in any art or science.

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Mathematics for the non-mathematical: How it works, what it does and why its abstractions enable us to conquer the physical world.

About the Author

Dr. Morris Kline, author, scientist and professor of mathematics, is director of the Division of Electromagnetic Research at New York University's Institute of Mathematical Sciences. For the past ten years his chief interest has been the relationship of geometrical optics to electromagnetic theory. Among his patents is a radio meteorological telemetering system which transmits weather information from a balloon to an automatic ground-tracking station. It is currently in use by the Armed Forces. Doctor Kline once built his own radio sets, a diversion he's abandoned because "electronics is getting too complicated for me."

The requirement that mathematical reasoning be deductive was laid down by the Greeks. The Greek mathematicians were also philosophers and as such were concerned with truths. They saw clearly that only deductive reasoning could supply certainties. By recommending mental exploration of the riches contained in some available truths, a most reasonable people carved out a new intellectual world and made reason a vital factor in western culture.

The plan to obtain truths by deduction presupposes some initial truths. These the Greeks found in the domains of number and geometrical figures. It seemed axiomatic that equals added to equals should yield equals, that the whole is greater than its parts and that two points determine a straight line. Hence mathematics was built on the axioms of number and geometry. Mathematicians as mathematicians do not reason about forces, weights, sound, light, chemical mixtures or the goal of life.

There were other reasons for the decision to concentrate on number and geometrical figures. The triangle formed by a piece of land and the triangle formed by the earth, sun and moon at any instant are both subsumed under the abstract geometrical concept of triangle. Study of the properties of this concept would yield knowledge about these two physical triangles and about hundreds of others in one swoop. What the Greeks saw, in other words, was that number, size and shape are fundamental properties. In fact, the Greeks believed that the universe was mathematically designed, and so the phenomena of nature could be understood only in terms of number and geometry.

The third feature of mathematics is its highly symbolic language. There is, however, nothing deep or complicated about this language, for it is only a shorthand and, in fact, an easier one to learn than that employed by stenographers. Such symbols as $+$ for addition, x for an unknown quantity, and x^2 for x times x, are, of course, well known. Letters are used for several purposes, and the context usually tells us what is intended. Suppose, for example, we take a famous mathematical statement which describes the result of some experiments made by Galileo about 350 years ago: The number of feet which an object falls in any given number of seconds is 16 times the square of the number of seconds it has been falling. Symbolically this statement is written as $d = 16t^2$ wherein t stands for any number of seconds and d the corresponding distance fallen in these t seconds. Thus, if an object falls for 5 seconds, simple arithmetic shows that it has fallen 400 feet.

Why is symbolism used so extensively? Brevity, precision and comprehensibility are the three major reasons. The brevity is apparent. Precision is aided because many important words of ordinary discourse are ambiguous. The word "equal," for example, can refer to equality in size, shape, political rights, intellectual abilities, or other qualities. Hence the assertion that all men are born equal is vague. As used in an expression such as $d=16t^2$, the equals sign stands for numerical equality. The comprehensibility gained through symbolism derives largely from the fact that the mind easily carries and works with symbolic expressions, but has considerable difficulty even in carrying the equivalent verbal statement.

Our discussion of the method of proof, subject matter and language of mathematics gives some indication of its nature. It is but a step from this point to see some of the sources of the power of mathematics. Number and geometrical figures, and the relationships

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His Highness and the Thrush

The king was flat broke when he met a fast-talking songbird with underworld connections.

By JOHN LATHAM TOOHEY

This is a story about a king and a girl and a certain sum of money. You've probably never heard of the king or his country—Domano, sometimes known as the Rhinestone of the Mediterranean. Domano is about the size of Central Park and is set cozily on the Mediterranean's sunny shore between two larger powers, who use it as a combination of buffer state and country club. Its somewhat different ruler is Elton the Second. He is thirty-three years old, five feet two and getting flabby.

The girl is Dodo Duncan. She is a tall blond night-club singer who slinks around the floor in a beat-up black dress, moaning about all the dreadful things that men have done to her in her short but obviously eventful life.

The sum of money is twenty-five thousand dollars.

It is one o'clock in the morning, and King Elton is sitting by himself at a ringside table in Charley's Cellar, one of Fifty-second Street's more expensive spots. There is a bottle of champagne in front of him and a gloomy look in his royal eye as he peers through the haze of cigarette smoke at Dodo, who is finishing her second turn.

Charley, the Cro-Magnon proprietor of the Cellar, is peering through the haze too, although his gaze is directed toward the king and not toward Dodo. He is wondering how much more champagne the fat little guy is good for.

Just how did the king get to Charley's Cellar? Why is that look in his eye one of gloom? This is how and why.

Domano's existence as a going concern is based upon two things—a constant male succession to its red plush throne (this need not concern us just yet), and its success as a tourist attraction. Tourists come to Domano as they would to an amusement park, milling through the steep streets of its watch-charm capital, Grahms, buying vast quantities of post cards and knickknacks, and queuing up in long lines to be guided through King Elton's castle—

(Continued on Page 42)

"You just stick with me, king," she said.

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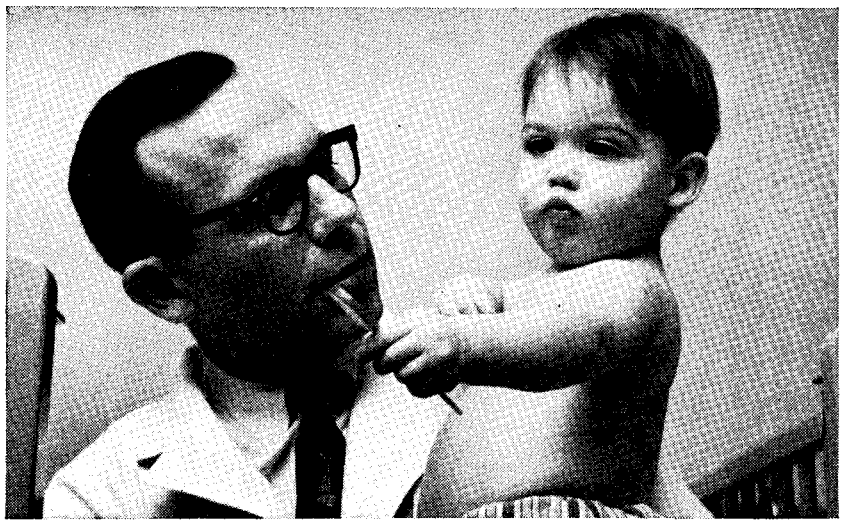

The author with one of his patients, Kenneth Greer, who developed asthma at the age of six weeks.

A Cincinnati doctor tells how his hospital enables child victims of this painful, sometimes fatal disease to breathe easily again.

By JOHN E. ALLEN M.D.

HOW WE HELP ASTHMATIC CHILDREN

Young asthmatics "help out" in the hospital kitchen. In such relaxed, tension-free surroundings, asthma attacks subside and even fussy eaters gain badly needed pounds.

Roscoe and James Tunstall, both victims of asthma, are allergic to dust. On the advice of Janet LaPlant (left, background), the hospital's social caseworker, Mrs. Tunstall refurnished her sons' room with plastic curtains and other antidust materials.

When I first met Andy he was a sadly stunted boy. His bent shoulders and thin, but barrel-shaped, chest, were characteristic of the severe, chronic asthmatic. His face had a bullied look. During an attack his frightened blue eyes bulged; his mouth became a bleached line. He was brought to me at the Cincinnati Convalescent Hospital for Children, where I am the medical director.

Andy had spent most of his twelve years fighting for what most of us accept without a thought, an easy breath of air. His mother noticed Andy's staccato breathing when he was just three months old. Doctors first diagnosed a common cold, but soon the wheezing, typical of asthma, was heard. This initiated a period of many doctors, clinics, hospitals, painful shots and bitter disappointments for Andy and his parents. Asthma had pre-empted his life.

He was the oldest of three boys. Although his two brothers were free of asthma, his mother and her mother had occasional attacks. The family lived in the cluttered basin area of our city. The father worked hard, but he could not adequately support his family.

Andy had waited many long hours in bleak hospital emergency rooms for the shot of Adrenalin which would allow him a few hours of easy, unencumbered breath. Frequently even the shot would fail him. Hospitalization inevitably followed. Then Andy would strain for his breath in an oxygen tent. His school attendance was irregular.

During the summer of 1956 Andy was in a Cincinnati hospital slowly recovering from a severe bout of *status asthmaticus*, a medical term describing the most treacherous form of asthma. In this stage the Herculean battle for breath is continuous over a period of days; the result is complete exhaustion and sometimes death.

Heroic medical treatment is the patient's only hope. Andy's physicians, including an experienced allergist, were afraid to send him to his home. Electrocardiograms and X-ray studies had shown his heart to be damaged by an unalleviated struggle to breathe. His allergist called the Cincinnati Convalescent Hospital for Children, a center which

(Continued on Page 53)

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St. Petersburg, Fla.: The starting signal, a smoke bomb, misfired at an "outboard treasure hunt" last July 4. A false start resulted, and the boats were called back. In the ensuing confusion a high-powered boat driven by 14-year-old John Bowman nearly crushed Guy Sutton and his wife. Luckily, the Suttons escaped with scratches and bruises.

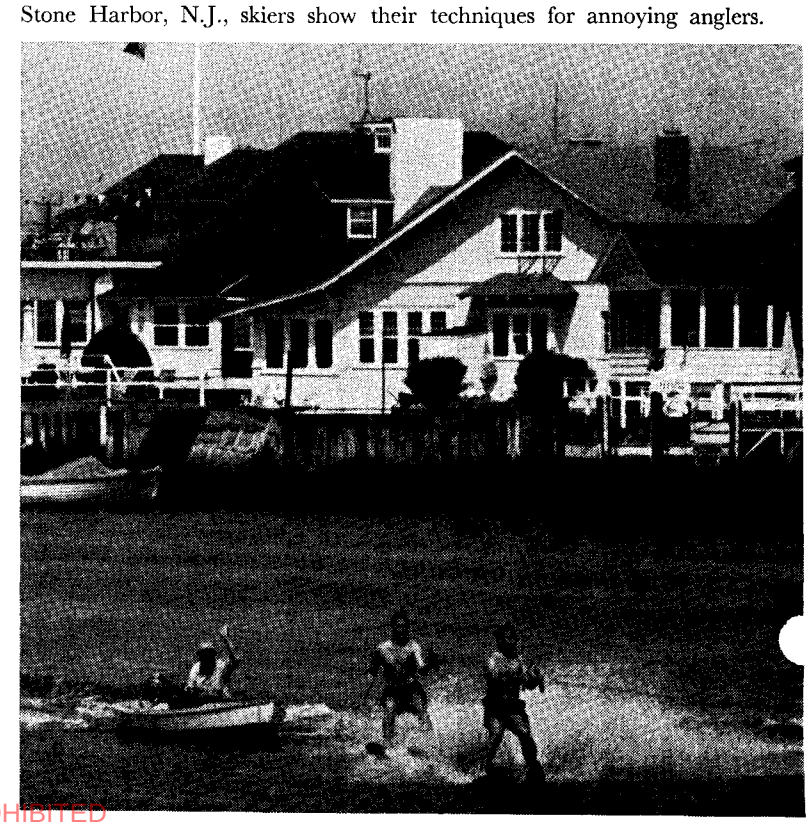
Our Troubled Waters

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

We now have approximately one motorboat for every seven automobiles in this country, and our waterways are becoming as dangerous as our highways.

A few reckless characters can make any water-recreation area hazardous. These water skiers demonstrate how injuries or worse can be caused by swerving too close to each other.

The next civil war may be fought between fishermen and water skiers. Stone Harbor, N.J., skiers show their techniques for annoying anglers.



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If the overabundant disasters on our national highways horrify you, and they should, you may be doubly alarmed by the emergence of still another cause for concern in a different field of transportation in which individuals operate vehicles. There is trouble on the country's waterways. The wonderful sport of boating is here and there flecked with blood. The total troubles do not approach the size of our highway losses, but the opportunities are growing.

There is now one boat for approximately every seven registered passenger automobiles. These 8,000,000 vessels are piling traffic onto waterways which in some areas resemble crowded streets. The result is a parallel of highway afflictions—a small but dangerous percentage of lunatic pilots who are reckless and irresponsible, traffic thick enough to breed risk-taking, exhibitionism, accidents, injuries and death.

No one needs a license to operate a small pleasure boat. There is no minimum age for pleasure pilots. Navigation rules are unknown to many of the country's thirty or forty million boatmen. Disciplinary authority is thinly spread, in many waters nonexistent, and those safety regulations and traffic signs which do exist are frequently flouted. There is a budding promise of improvement in the Federal Boating Act of 1958, whose aim is at least to keep track of and amass information about recreational boating. But the scene may be slow in changing.

Meanwhile a second state has reported more deaths on the water than on the highway during an important holiday weekend, a time that produces higher than average daily totals of accidents. New York achieved this unwelcome distinction over July fourth last year. Connecticut made it over the Memorial Day weekend this year.

The navigable Federal waters of these two states lie under the supervision of two United States Coast Guard districts, the Third District, which has its headquarters in New York City, and the Ninth District, with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio. These two Coast Guard districts together answered 9002 calls for assistance in 1959. The Third District alone spent 11,000 hours in search and rescue work during the year.

Water accidents are infinite in variety and often unbelievable. On a small lake in Northern Michigan last year there was one survivor among thirteen people aboard a boat which capsized as the operator attempted to start its outboard motor. Those thirteen people were occupants of a boat just twelve feet long. Twelve-foot boats normally are overburdened with four occupants.

Boats collide head on, sideswipe each other and are caught and upset in each other's wakes. At least once, a boat has hit a taxiing pontoon airplane. Hit-runners have appeared on the waterways, leaving victims sliced or limbless. Water skiers have been whipped into lethal tree trunks on shore, and much more often into piers and docks. High-powered boats playfully buzz and sometimes swamp peaceful fishermen. Boats incur accidents which are never solved. The Michigan State Police, in their breakdown of 457 water accidents in 1959, more than half of them fatal, put the unsolved accidents in one succinct line. It read: (Deaths) 10—Unknown Cause—Found Floating.

Boats are found without occupants, and people known to have been boating are found without boats. It is estimated that seventeen persons have been chewed up in Mississippi River dams, some of them undoubtedly having passed through turbines at power sites. Small boats have unbalanced and ejected their operators on accidentally starting in gear, and have then sailed off to cause havoc. One of these speeding empty boats hit and killed a water skier on a Missouri lake last year.

Boat operators take out boats while drunk, or nearly so, a (Continued on Page 76)

Above: The operator of this boat at Long Beach, Calif., is receiving a ticket from the U.S. Coast Guard for speeding, trying to outrun the Coast Guard cutter and failing to carry enough life jackets.

A traffic jam at Upper Newport Bay, Calif. Waterways often look like expressways during a rush hour.

The horsepower race isn't restricted to automobiles: A 50-horsepower motor when accelerated lifts the bow of this 14-foot boat dangerously high out of the water.

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The Face of AMERICA

Roof Raiser

Tornadoes, unlike hurricanes, are nameless because, perhaps, they are born and die so quickly. They live briefly, anonymously and ferociously. In an unlikely region for a tornado—upstate New York—the people of Niskayuna, Rotterdam and Schenectady saw a tornado's capricious wrath for themselves last June twenty-fourth. The twister sucked the roofs off many houses, but dropped the roof of Rosendale School back in place. It lifted, then dropped, a corncrib without breaking any of the twenty storm windows stored in it. But it smashed the heavy beams of the adjacent barn to kindling wood. The tornado of June twenty-fourth was the second-worst in 129 years of New York weather history. In three minutes' hop-skip-and-jump the whirling winds battered 1500 houses, knocked out the electricity in 4000 more, and did $5,000,000 worth of damage. But the only death, during the storm, resulted from a heart attack. The $30,000 dwelling of the Charles Gallagher family, worst hit of any in Niskayuna, looked like this. It is on the same road as Rosendale School, the lucky corncrib and the ill-fated barn.

● Photograph by George Burns

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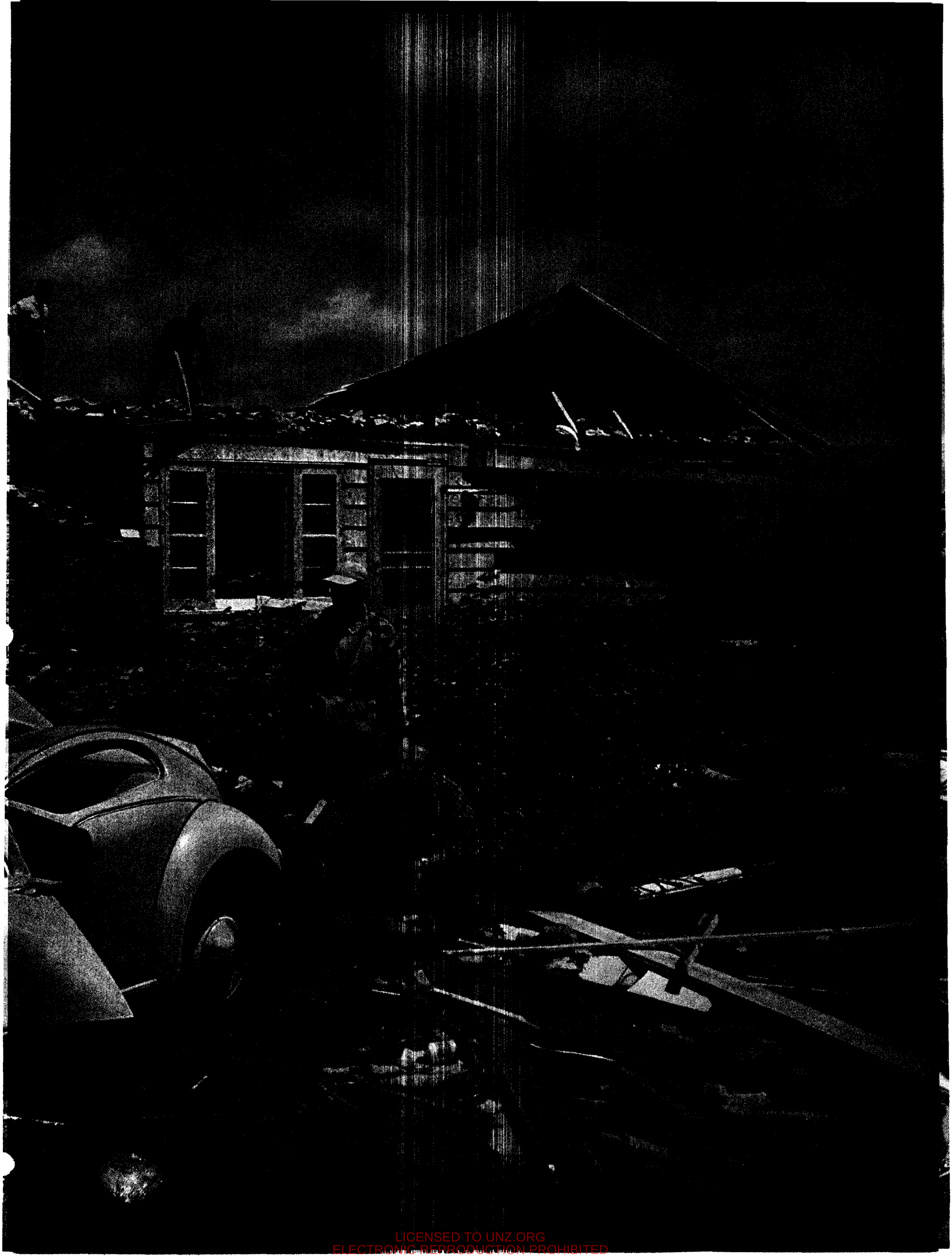

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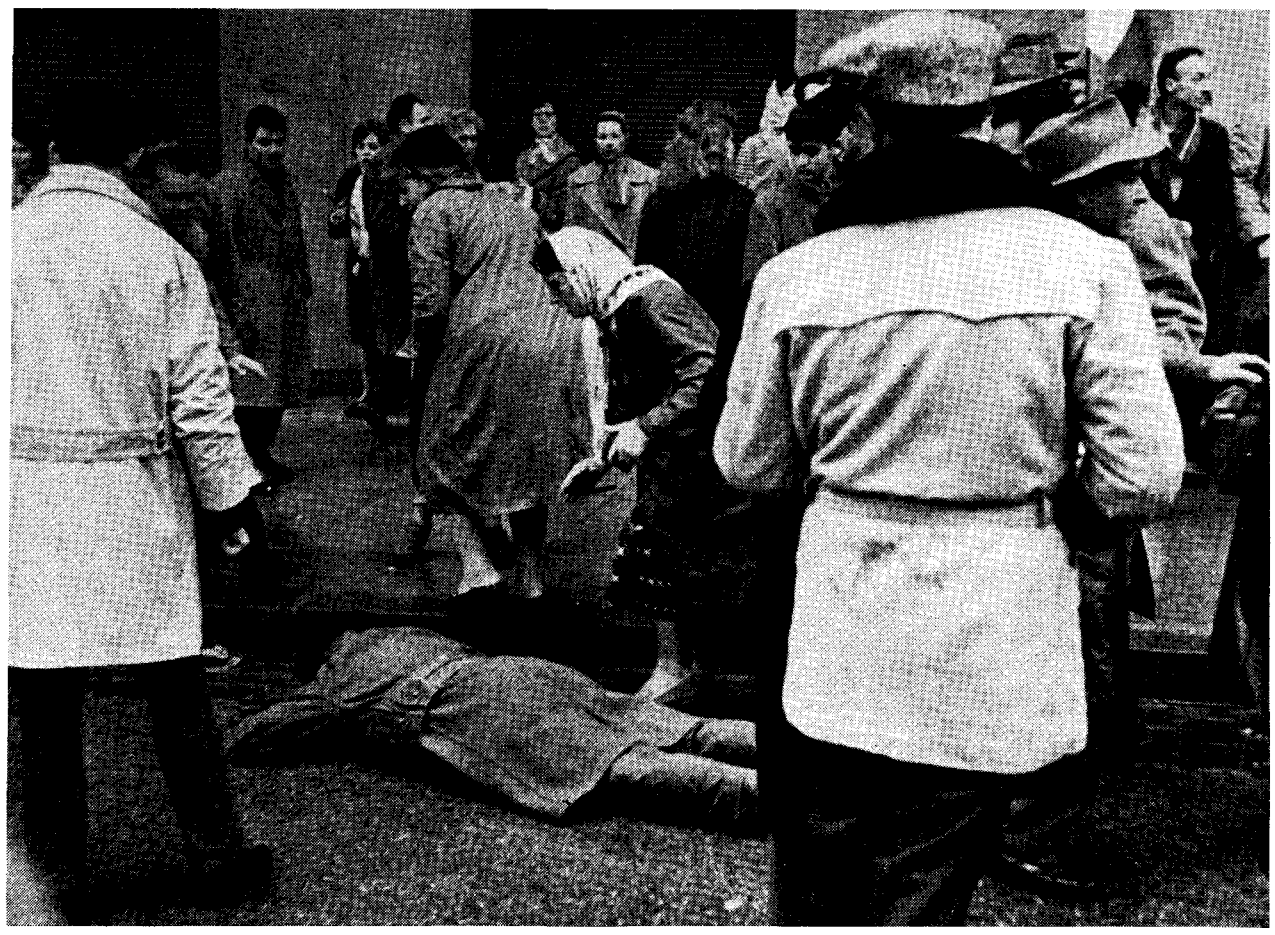
"Tell Them in Paris..."

"We're not packing our bags," say the stubborn citizens of this Brooklyn-in-North-Africa, who are ready to die to keep Algeria French.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER



Last January the French die-hard nationals in Algiers rebelled against President de Gaulle's Algerian policies. Dozens were killed in the rioting before the uprising was quelled by the French Army.

Joseph Ortiz (left) and Pierre Lagaillarde led the rebellion. Lagaillarde was arrested and now awaits trial; Ortiz escaped.

Nicholas Loffredo, a fish dealer, was ousted by the French Government as mayor of Bab-el-Oued, the Brooklynlike borough of Algiers, but he remains its leading figure.

ALGIERS.

"Self-determination for Algeria!" says Mompo. "It's a monstrosity." He brings his fist down on the counter behind which he stands, upsetting one of a row of pickled-vegetable dishes set out for the customers who will soon be drifting in—the hour of the midday *apéritif* is drawing near. With his big hands, Mompo, the rawboned, green-eyed owner of the corner café, picks up each little piece of cauliflower, cucumber and carrot, and puts them gently back into their dish. He does not interrupt his discourse on why Algeria must be French forever.

We are in Bab-el-Oued, the "Brooklyn of North Africa." This is the stronghold of Algeria's "ultras," the teeming borough of Algiers that has become a symbol of the European settler's will to keep Algeria French at any cost.

It was the men of Bab-el-Oued who, during last January's bloody riots in downtown Algiers, provided roughly half the force of some 3500 European die-hards who manned the barricades in a pathetic gesture of defiance against French President Charles de Gaulle's "soft" Algerian policy. And it is men like Mompo, the Spanish-French café proprietor, who typify the crazy mixture of grandiloquence, hope and despair in which all Bab-el-Oued is caught.

If Bab-el-Oued had an escutcheon, its motto would be, *Algérie Française!* "Stand in the middle of the street in Bab-el-Oued," one young man said to me, "wave a French flag and holler, '*Algérie Française!*' and two, three thousand guys will follow you wherever you'll lead them—heads down, like sheep." He was not merely using his imagination, for he himself had been led to the barricades last January and, the next time around, he'd go again.

Of Algiers' 300,000 Europeans, some 75,000 live in Bab-el-Oued, together with some 20,000 Moslems. Built on a sloping piece of ground between the mountains and the sea, just west of Algiers' celebrated Kasbah, the little town-within-a-town is made up largely of five- or six-story tenements graced with wrought-iron balconies and, as a rule, festooned with laundry flapping in the breeze. Unlike the center of Algiers, with its fine stores, its well-dressed crowds and its Parisian look, this is the kingdom of the little man—the artisan, the small shopkeeper, the employee. It is a neighborhood where people live rather than work; there are few factories and no big office buildings in Bab-el-Oued, but there are cinemas and corner bars and *bistros*, and enough butcher, greengrocer and pastry shops to feed an army.

Bab-el-Oued means River Gate. Old-timers still remember the precinct as an idyllic village of low houses and (Continued on Page 56)

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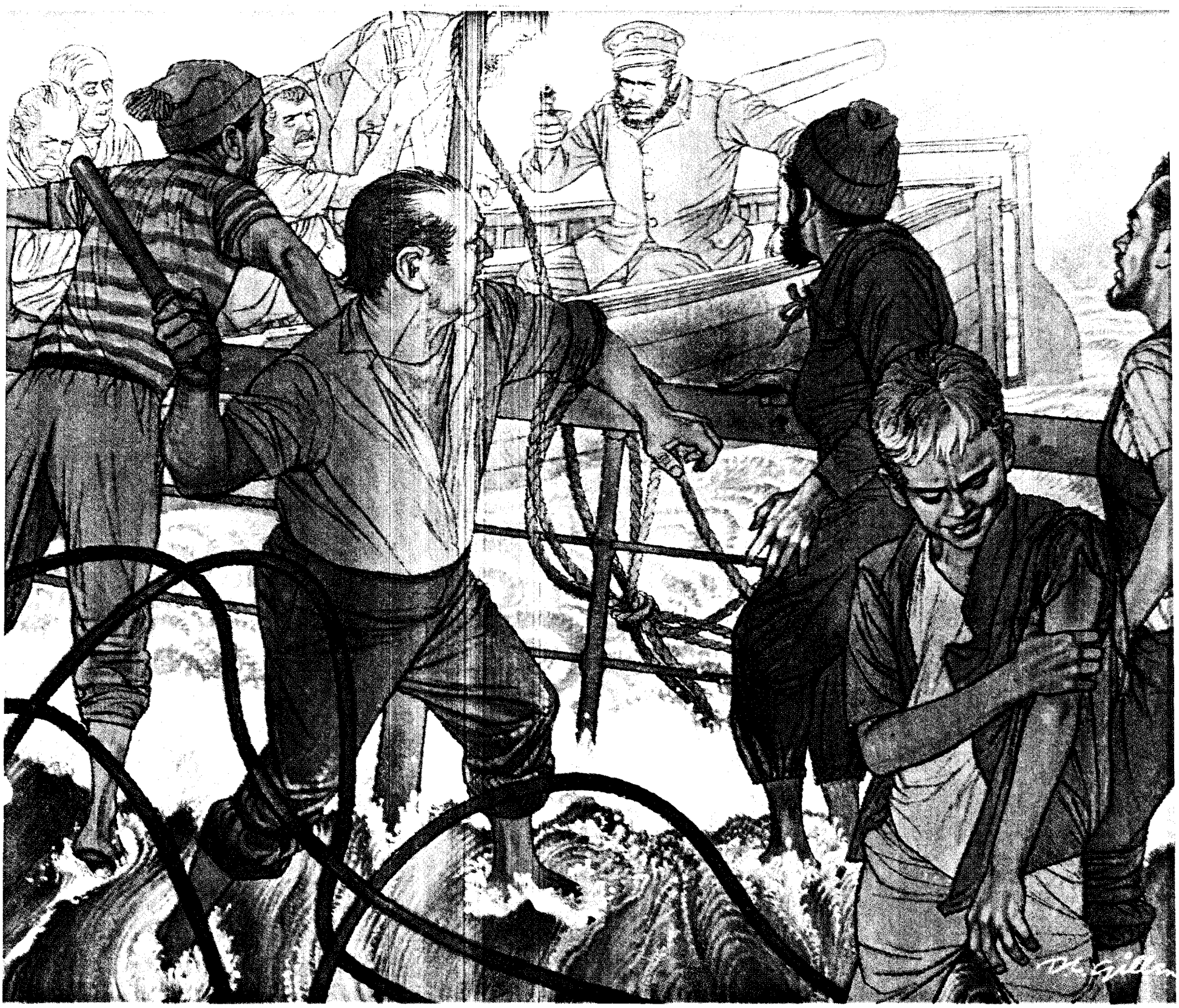

"Cast off," the captain roared.

TREACHERY'S WAKE

By OLAF RUHEN

The captain deserted when he was certain his ship was doomed.

Fresh out from the New Zealand port of Auckland in bright and dancing weather, the old bark *Jessie Seydon* wheezed and wallowed across the Tasman Sea, and young Amarillo knew that this, his first voyage in her, would also be his last.

He was her bosun; the skipper's ticket in its frame fastened temporarily to the underside of his sea chest's lid entitled him to a better job; but he had been keen to make for Sydney, the Australian port from which the little ships in these last days of the nineteenth century sailed for all the corners of the wide Pacific in feckless bids for fortune.

Young Amarillo—his first name was William—gave nothing away; neither his six feet of height, nor his great width of shoulder, nor yet his Spanish-sounding name hinted at his Cornish ancestry. His eye was uniformly steady, his expression seldom anything but pleasant, his curly hair inevitably disarranged. It would be hard to guess his capabilities. He looked cool and confident; but in fact he was full of misgivings over the voyage.

The *Jessie Seydon* had seen better days; her windmill sent a constant stream of bilge water over the side, and its efforts had to be augmented now and again by those of the crew. Her canvas was good, her standing rigging questionable; and that was a bad combination and pointed to an inefficient captain and careless owners. Above and below decks she carried a cargo of kauri pine for Sydney shipyards; and besides the bosun she had a complement of a skipper and two mates, a cook, seven seamen and a (Continued on Page 58)

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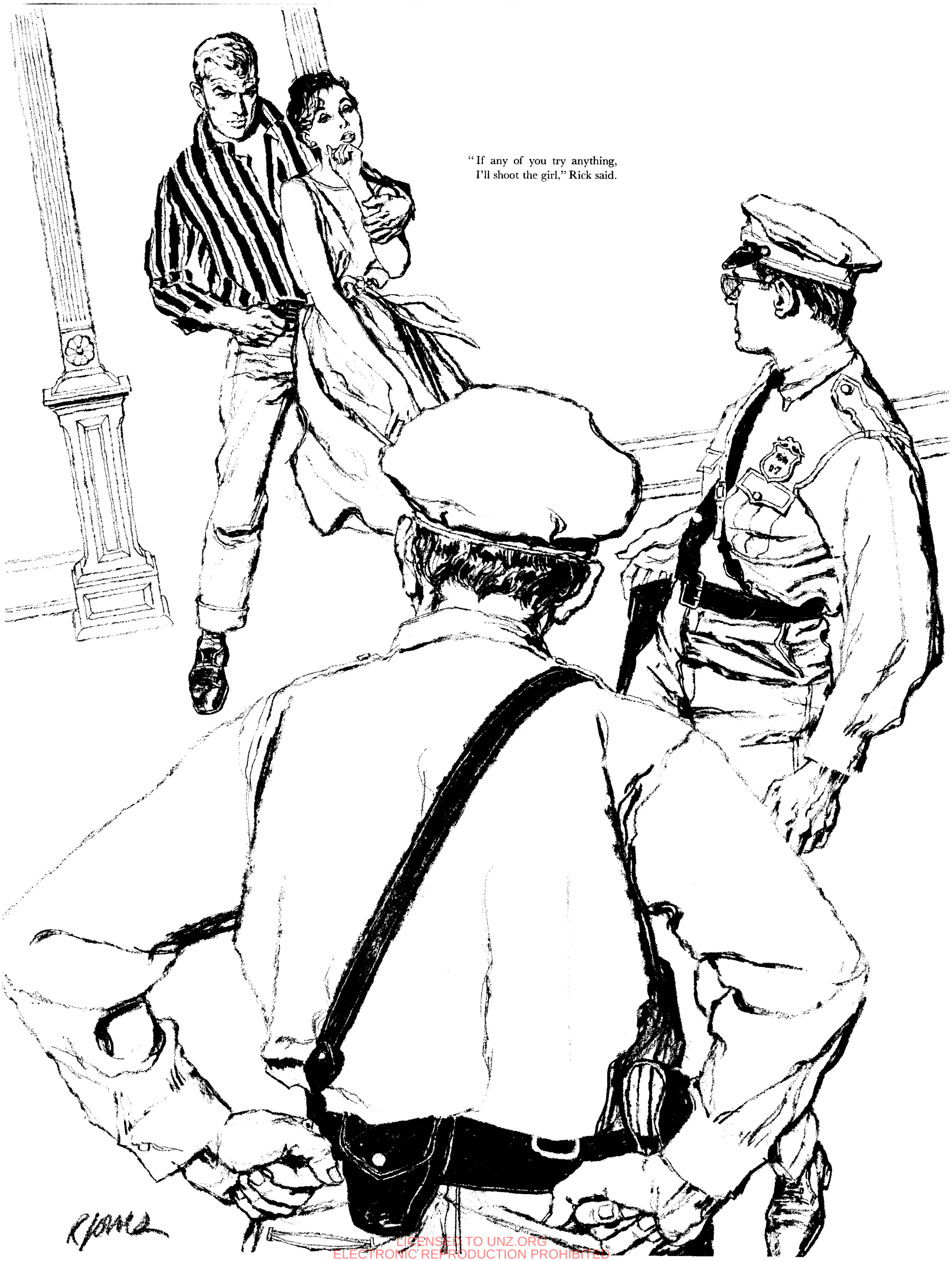

"If any of you try anything,
I'll shoot the girl," Rick said.

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He was innocent, but no jury would ever believe his story.

ALIBI FOR MURDER

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

He has to die, thought Bartholomew. *There is no other way for me to live.*

While Old Garth survived, his son would never get the things he had always wanted and always been denied—happiness, travel, even love. For months Bartholomew had worked on plans to kill his wealthy, tyrannical, penny-pinching father, going over each detail of the murder and alibi countless times.

When the day arrived everything seemed to go smoothly until just after the murder. Then he heard words that froze him motionless with disbelief and fright. It was the voice of Heather Ross, the young housekeeper, calling, "Old Garth? I finished the exam early. Can I get you some lunch?"

II

Bartholomew heard Heather's voice without really believing it. She was not here. She could not be. She was in her examination at the university at Boulder. His careful plan, his very life, depended on her being there; on Old Garth's body not being discovered until Bartholomew was safely back in Pangulch.

He glanced at Old Garth. He looked away quickly. *You're a dead legend now*, he thought, not really believing it. He had not thought there would be so much blood. He caught up the jacket Rick had left, to hide the stains on his body that he had not had time to wash away. He stuffed the jewelry in the pocket. He pulled the jacket on as he went out the side door of the bedroom, seconds before Heather entered through the hall door.

He heard Heather's scream, high and chilling, echoing through the house. Somehow he would have thought Heather too sensible a girl to scream at this time of all times. He swore under his breath and ran down the back stairs. He bumped into a clothes hamper and sent it clattering ahead of him. He was out of the house and in the woods. Then he heard an even worse sound: a police siren.

They couldn't have got here this soon. They couldn't. Not even if Heather had called them the second she found Old Garth.

Too late Bartholomew remembered the telephone call Old Garth had been making. A call to the police, not to the teacher, complaining about Rick. When Old Garth had dropped the receiver, the police had sent a car to investigate.

Bartholomew listened for a second in horror. He heard one policeman coming out the back door of the house, shouting back to his partner. "You watch the house until the rest of the boys get here. I'll watch the woods. Nobody can get out either way. Then we'll close in both ways and we'll have him!"

Bartholomew ran then as he had never run before. He had always kept in shape, playing tennis, but now for the first time he felt his heart straining unbearably. He thought he must stop or die.

But if you do stop, you will die. They're surrounding the woods, and if you're caught here ——

Bartholomew ran on somehow. He staggered. He panted for breath. Once he tripped over a root in his blind panic and fell headlong. He lay for an instant, gasping. Then he got up. He ran on. As he ran he pulled off the jacket and bloody gloves he had not had time to remove and leave at the scene of the crime as he had intended.

He knew that his flight was not noiseless. He heard the policeman call out. Then he heard the unmistakable sounds of other feet, pounding along the path behind him.

He reached the lake. Without pausing he dived into it, going under water, swimming as he never had before. His lungs were bursting. He must surface or die.

Not until you're around the cove.

Then he was surfacing. Nothing else mattered but the air he must have. He glanced behind him. There were no police on the shore. Incredibly, they must have stopped. He heard whistles in the other direction in the woods.

He swam boldly on the surface then. If there were no police, there was certainly no one else to see him. And haste was imperative. He must make the returning excursion boat. He was so tired that his arms would barely make the motions of the crawl stroke which he had practiced so carefully at the pool in Denver. He saw the last launch going out to the excursion boat. He barely made it.

"Hey, mister!" said the red-haired boy with glasses. "Where's your hat? And your sun glasses?" Bartholomew groaned.

"I looked all over for you on the beach. Where were you?"

"In the water—most of the time."

"What did you spill on you?"

Bartholomew had counted on the lake water to wash away the bloodstains. In horror he saw the spots still on his trunks.

"Catchup," he said. "I had a hot dog."

"You see, mamma!" howled the red-haired boy. "He doesn't have to wait an hour to swim after he eats!"

The plump woman in the tight black bathing suit glared at Bartholomew. "Never mind him, Junior Van Doorn. You do what you're told. If he wants to get cramps, let him!"

"Do you get cramps, mister?"

Mercifully they had reached the boat. Bartholomew fled to the men's room and did not emerge until they were approaching the dock at Pangulch.

It was the longest half hour of his life. How long would it take the police to locate his hotel room in Pangulch? There were eight summer hotels, none of them large, and ten motels. If the police called the bank in Gadsden, some time might be lost in looking for his car, because Bartholomew had told them he might be working in it. But if the police called Johnny Farrer, and learned Bartholomew had taken a hotel room, there would be needed only a few calls, a knock on his door, the discovery that the room was vacant —— The police might be waiting for him when the boat came in.

Bartholomew took off the shorts and washed them repeatedly with soap and water. He had heard that nothing would ever completely remove the traces of blood, but at least the visible signs were gone. He planned on the way home to Gadsden to weight the shorts and the bottle of tan coloring and the mustache and transistor tape recorder and throw them into the deepest part of the lake.

He heard the engines slowing, felt the boat turning in at the (Continued on Page 46)

"Somewhere in this city," Antek told Rick, "is the person who really killed Old Garth."

Illustrated by Robert Jones

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Post Scripts

The Hosiery Manufacturer Hires a Color Man

"O.K., mister—what was the name again?"

"Jones, sir."

"O.K., Jones, here's the bit: we got a nice set of threads this season, and browns are big like always. We got a light brown and a medium brown and a dark brown. Howya gonna play it?"

"Well, let's see. How about this, sir? Three smart classic colors: beige, tan and brown."

"Beige, tan and br—— Listen, Jones. We ain't here to bat the breeze. *Sing* it."

"Oh. H'm-m-m. Oh, you mean like: go naughty, go spicy, go nutmeg, cinnamon, clove!"

"Naaah, that's ——"

"Or like—wait a minute! Sweet-talkin' sugar shades! Butterscotch, French caramel, Swiss chocolate!"

"Naaah, we ——"

"Or listen! Get cockeyed on cocktail colors—Gibson, Manhattan, Irish Whisk—— No, wait. Here it is. Listen: they're wicked, they're witching, they're catch-a-feller colors —— A mad marvelous range of Bardot browns!"

"Naaah, we went the Mansfield-Monroe route two years ago. Look, Jones, whatcha tryna do? Tell the people what the colors *look* like? Now get out there. *Way* out."

"Oh. You mean *real* gone, like sand hog, sump, wet dirt?"

"Wrong filter, friend. I'm still getting the picture."

"Wait. How's this? Dancing colors for dancing feet—samba, hucklebuck, cha-cha!"

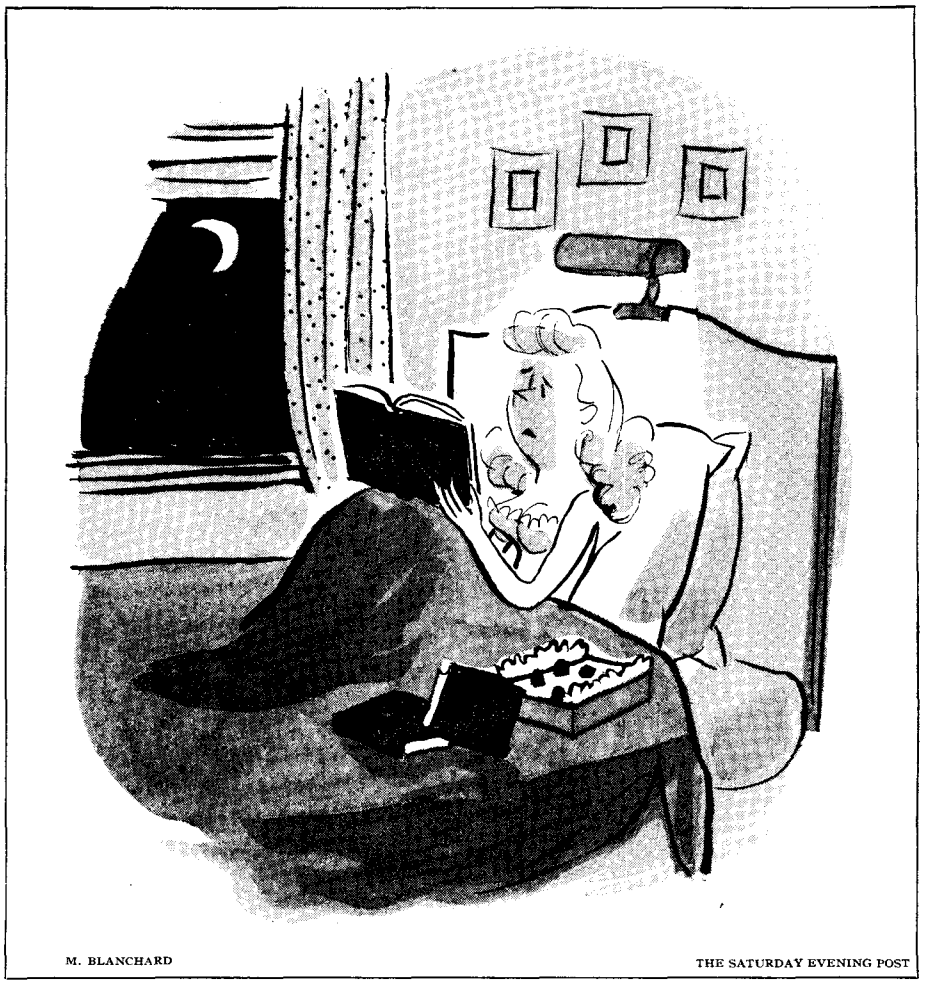
"Well—you're moving in, but ——"

"Hold it—I got it! Sonic shades: Blast-off! Whoooosh! Orbit!"

"Hey, man, you're on. Hang your hat and scrape off a desk. Why, nobody'd guess what colors they are, never in a million years!"

PEG BRACKEN

"You the gentleman who advertised for a secretary?"



Oh, Well, it Goes Without Saying

I don't know how it is with other people, but whenever I get anywhere near my bank I get the feeling that I'm being watched from the window and that someone is jotting down a note: "Popular Account No. 457-383-17 has a new sport jacket. Check his balance."

A few days ago I went to my bank. As usual, I paid off the cab driver and walked the last two blocks. If there's anything a bank can't abide, it's depositors throwing away money on cabs. Several of the tellers shot me suspicious glances when I entered the door, and I quickly removed my hands from my pockets so the guards could see I was unarmed. I smiled at everyone.

How a guard can spot a man who's going to make a thirty-eight-dollar deposit and place him in a line behind four multiple transactions, I'll never know, but their instinct is unerring. On this occasion, I was behind two payrolls, a war-bond cashing and a girl who was handling the weekly Christmas Club payments for one whole floor of the Empire State Building. Under the circumstances, I got to know the man behind me rather well, and later on, when there was only the Christmas Club girl between me and the window, I asked him why he kept raising an envelope up to the light and gazing at it.

"It's my pay envelope," he said, smiling happily. "The bank doesn't like for me to open it, but I think I got a raise."

CASKIE STINNETT

Early Riser

In his bath he sings, *vivace*,
Arias from *Pagliacci*.
In and out of rooms he tromps.
Down the kitchen stairs he clomps.
Pans and pots that clunk and clink
He bangs against the stove and sink.
Then, about to leave the house,
He comes to peep at me, his spouse.
And having washed and dressed and fed
With noise enough to rouse the dead
And make the mighty Tetons quake,
He marvels, "Honey! You're awake!"

ELEANOR S. J. RYDBERG

Lecture News on the Local Scene

The lecture season was in full swing on Maple Street this week. This is what the critics had to say:

My Baby Sat Up. A frank, moving talk by a young mother who actually lived through the experience, Mrs. Florence Scatterly. "Mrs. Scatterly bares every intimate detail," says reviewer Amy Parkhurst, herself a mother of six. "I was on the edge of my seat the whole time, but I couldn't think of any excuse to get up and actually go."

Why the Russians Won't Attack. Veteran news analyst Arthur Wigginstaff in one of his lectures on the world scene. Drawing upon his intimate knowledge of the Russian people—gained when his company installed a new furnace at the Volga Vista Restaurant—Wigginstaff explains how the Russian character makes war impossible. "Wigginstaff is well known," says critic Roger Baker, "for his crusade to bring truth to the people of Maple Street. Still, once in a while he catches you walking home from the bus."

The Real Grand Rapids, Michigan. Tom and Alice Fanwell bring to stay-at-homes a close glimpse of Grand Rapids, complete with 150 color slides. The Fanwells' native guide—Uncle Herbert Fanwell—gave them access to many sights the ordinary tourist never sees, such as Grand Rapids Power Station No. 5. "The Fanwells remind you what travel can really be like," says reviewer Sam White. "They make you think to yourself—next weekend I'm going out and work on the lawn."

So You Want to Do it Yourself. Tom Murchison in the forty-seventh of his series of Saturday chats to the homeowner in his inimitable back-fence style. This week: How to Build a Fence. "I haven't missed one," says critic Phillip Simms, "since we moved in last year. But this last was really inspiring. I was building a little five-footer. But after hearing Murchison this one more time, I'm inspired to go to eight feet—at least on one side of the property."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

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Color-coated steel panels to use as you wish...from

NATIONAL STEEL

Use them in roofing, as did Architect Fritz Woehle, on Pilgrim Congregational Church in Birmingham, Alabama. Or use them as a wall, canopy, fence, facade or interior treatment—on shops, homes, markets, offices, cottages or garages. Use them however and wherever you wish, these color-coated architectural steel panels from the Stran-Steel division of National Steel.

And however you use them, you're sure to like the way these economical panels stand up to weather, wind and wear. Only in steel do you get such strength at such savings. And only in Stran-Steel panels do you get the *extra* protection of three baked-on vinyl based color coats . . . on top of a tight-clinging primer coat . . . on top of a corrosion-fighting zinc coat . . . and all on top of heavy-duty steel.

You've a choice of nine colors to mix or match as you choose . . . from subtle green, gray and blue basics to sparkling orange-red and yellow accents. Color lasts and lasts. Panels blend beautifully with brick, stone, wood and glass to allow unlimited architectural treatments. They're a full yard wide and as long as you like.

Color-coated steel panels are another National Steel first. These colorful panels are available now, at low cost, through your Stran-Steel dealer. For his address, write Stran-Steel Corporation, Detroit 29, Michigan.

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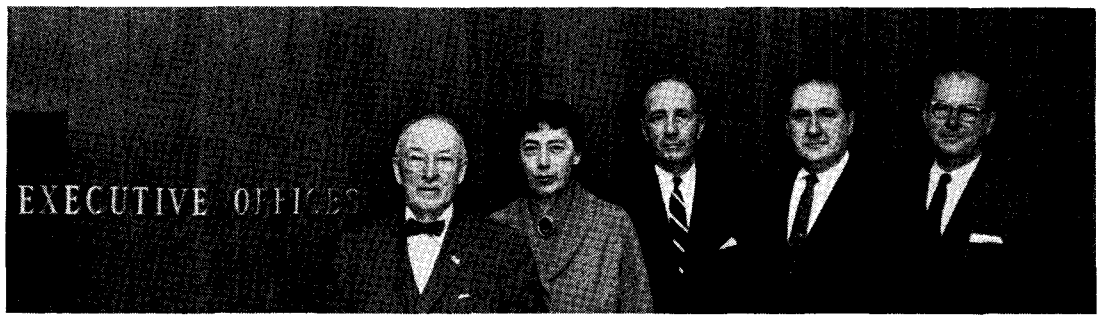
They Say She Can Sell Anything

Chicago's Edith Rambar Grimm has been called the best woman executive in department-store merchandising. Here are her methods.

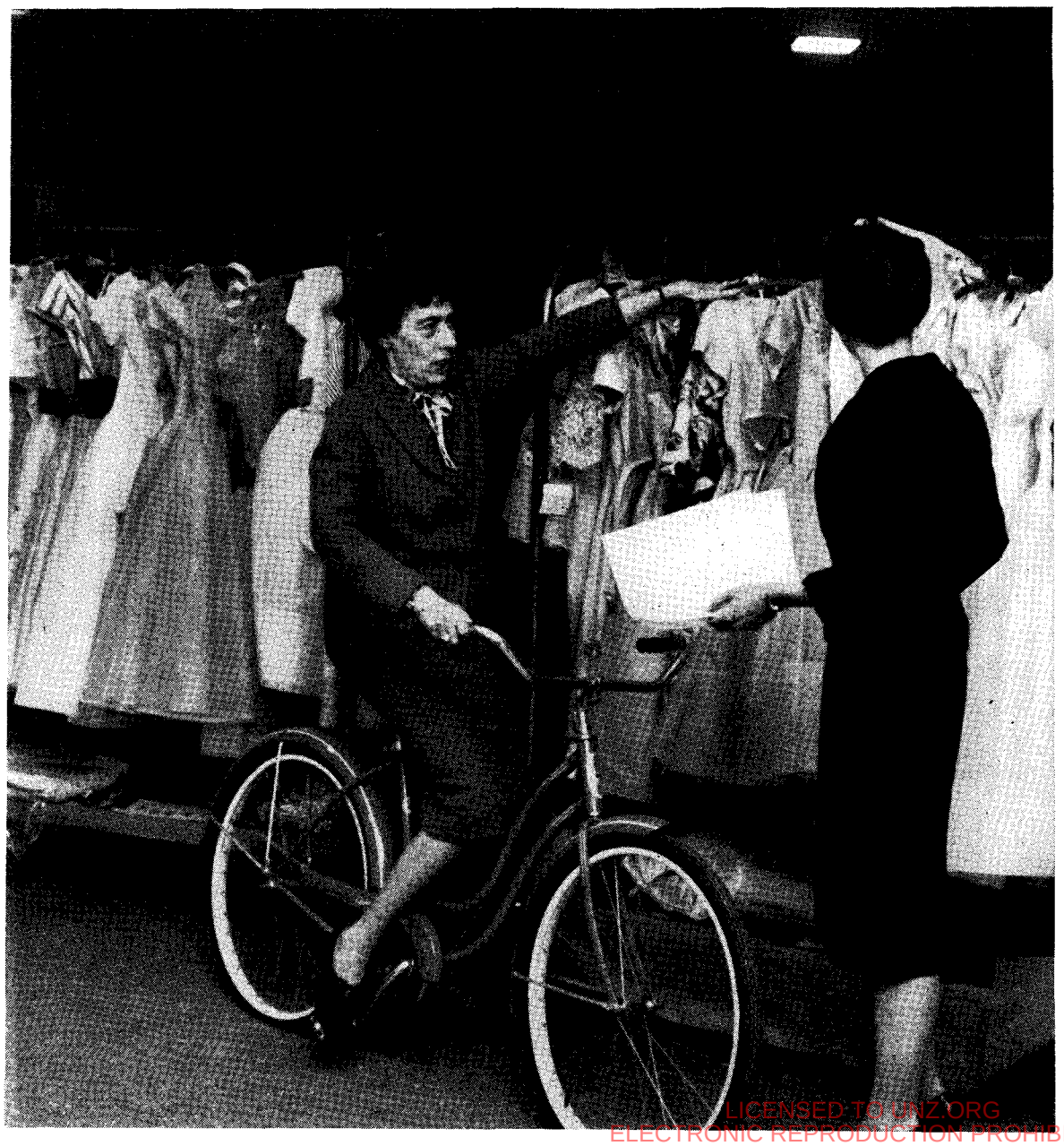
Photographs by Ormond Gigli

By NORMA LEE BROWNING



The top brass of Carson Pirie Scott and Company, Chicago. They are (from left) Bruce MacLeish, Edith Grimm, C. Virgil Martin, John T. Pirie Jr. and Norbert Armour. One of the few women to break into the inner circle of merchandising, Mrs. Grimm started her career for the fun of it.

Below: Riding a bicycle, flamboyant Mrs. Grimm makes her entrance at a training session for employees. Because of such zany—but effective—antics, her boss calls her an "intellectual cornball."



Above: Trying her sales-counter technique in the store's For Men Only Shop which she started in 1936. The shop caters to gift-buying husbands and beaux and brings in about $250,000 a year.

Under Edith Grimm's regime, Carson's "wedding trade" has climbed from 11 to 5000 brides a year. One of her successful innovations was to provide professional bridal attendants.

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When Stanley Marcus, president of the ultrafashionable Neiman-Marcus establishment in Dallas, some years ago paid a visit to Chicago's Carson Pirie Scott and Company, he was escorted about the premises by a tall, gaunt lady junior executive. In the antiques department they spotted a rare eighteenth-century architect's desk, perfectly proportioned in fine faded mahogany. It cost $3000. Mr. Marcus gazed upon it in awe. The lady caught the spark in his eye and spoke up in a low-pitched voice, "It looks like you, doesn't it, Mr. Marcus?" Then and there Mr. Marcus purchased the desk.

Like many a citizen who wanders about Carson's big department store—a $100,000,000-a-year corporation—Mr. Marcus had come to look, not to buy. The fact that he nevertheless reached for his checkbook was attributable to a sixth sense for selling possessed by his guide. She was Mrs. Edith Rambar Grimm, who was once a doctor's pampered wife and went to work only because she was bored with playing bridge. Today she is the top-ranking woman executive in the almost exclusively male world of big-league department-store merchandising. Mr. Marcus and most other authorities consider her to be one of the most extraordinary businesswomen extant.

Refreshingly, moreover, Mrs. Grimm fails to conform to the familiar career-girl pattern of a zealot who cracks the top-salary barrier by applying equal parts of earnestness and cunning. True, she can puncture a subordinate by what has come to be known as the Grimmlet eye; but it is equally characteristic that she refuses to take herself seriously. At fifty-two she is limp and lanky, with pixyish black eyes, an Italian hairdo and a bean-pole frame measuring five feet nine inches. Her Barnacle Bill voice inspires cabdrivers to turn around for a second look to make sure she's wearing a skirt. She walks lopingly as though stepping over freshly plowed furrows. And along with her title of associate general merchandise manager goes the air of Rosalind Russell burlesquing a lady tycoon.

There is no question, however, as to Mrs. Grimm's authority in her job. As second-in-command of merchandising at Carson's, she revamps entire departments, revises budgets and is responsible for much of the store's master planning and policies. Her exact salary is a fiercely guarded secret, but Carson's president, C. Virgil Martin, calls it "high in the five-figure bracket." One of the things Martin likes about Mrs. Grimm is that she can sit in a business meeting, the only woman among men, and keep her mouth shut most of the time. "This," he says, "is a rare talent for a woman."

Mrs. Grimm believes seriously in the truism that fashion is the backbone of merchandising. Yet she is a fugitive from fashion herself. As one of her lieutenants once reported, "Why, she doesn't even own a black basic—or a gray flannel suit." ("Dig me in a starched dickey!" she says.) Her tastes lean toward Viennese sweaters, Tyrolean hats, Frenchy casuals and antique jewelry, all of which she wears with the breezy, thrown-together look of a college sophomore.

Her conversation is similarly informal. Once, in Boston, she jarred her hostess by referring to the guest of honor—a stern-visaged New England patriarch—as a "Plymouth Rock with sex appeal." On another occasion, when asked how she felt about being called Chicago's Dorothy Shaver—referring to Lord and Taylor's late lady president—she replied, "Well, I don't mind, but it isn't a good comparison. Her idea of sex was a chartreuse handbag."

It is really not too surprising, therefore, that in her twenty-six years at Carson's Mrs. Grimm has wrought convulsive changes in the atmosphere of the once sedate Scottish-family-owned dry-goods emporium. Somehow her bosses don't mind a bit. "She is a rare person who has brought to merchandising something that was lacking in it for many years," says John T. Pirie Jr., Carson's board chairman. Store-president Martin, a former college dean, is more explicit—"She's an intellectual cornball. Any time you walk through the store and see something that makes you wonder how *that* got in here, you can be sure Edith had a hand in it."

"*That*" has included such offbeat items as mink-covered ice buckets, Swiss butter churns, Indian elephant chains, antique lavaboes, and fiddling gypsies strolling through the aisles. She has also functioned as producer and commentator of a mother-and-daughter fashion show titled *Fashion Gone to the Dogs*, starring herself and her Hungarian sheep dog Putzi, attired in tweeds. Mrs. Grimm, also in tweeds, barked, "Bow, wow, wow. Whose dog art thou?" Putzi stole the show by responding with every trick he knew.

All of this represents quite a jump from teaching algebra in the public schools of Detroit. But even there Mrs. Grimm was not noted for her loyalty to convention. When she left her teaching job thirty years ago to get married, one of her pupils wrote her, "If you ever come back to Detroit, I think I'll have a bicycle by then and I'll let you ride it if you care to. I never thought a schoolmarm could ever ride a bike, but you're different. I guess anyway somebody's got to be different." The youngster had a point. Only a couple of years ago Mrs. Grimm departed from her script as a fashion commentator and startled an audience of 3000 in Chicago's Medinah (Shriners') Temple by hopping on a bicycle. It had been parked as a prop for a sportswear sequence—but Mrs. Grimm felt a sudden urge to liven things up by riding it across the stage.

A perceptive secretary once wrote a four-page guide for future Grimm secretaries. Along with the usual instructions was a paragraph on "Psychological Approach"—"Mrs. Grimm admires initiative, clarity of thought and wit. Don't be afraid to express your own personality just because hers is so strong. Boss her. Flatter her, but don't try to be subtle about it. She'll see through you. Above all, don't be afraid of her. In fact, kid hell out of her."

The truth is that Mrs. Grimm simply has never been able to work up the proper frenzy over her role as an executive. She often changes voice and switches roles with her secretaries because she gets a kick out of taking their telephone calls. She encourages her secretaries toward matrimony rather than merchandising and will never ask one to break a luncheon date with a man.

"No job," she says, "is worth breaking a date with a man."

Mrs. Grimm still professes surprise at her own success in a job she didn't want and didn't need. "I still don't know the rules of a department store," she says. Those she does know she delights in breaking. She claims she does this "to make the game better"—a practice she also pursues effectively when she is playing bridge. Mr. Pirie says that her greatest asset is not knowing the rules. Rules or no rules, she knows how to make merchandise move.

I had a chance not long ago to watch her in operation. Despite her august station, she still likes to double as salesclerk and never passes up an opportunity to keep in practice. She was walking through the store on one of her frequent inspection (Continued on Page 74)

Mrs. Grimm has been known to give a fashion show outdoors on State Street in below-freezing weather. The models are kept cozy by "heat lights" overhead which raise the temperature to 70 degrees.

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So much more refreshing

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RETURN TO TERROR

If Pista talked, he would place his mother's life in jeopardy.

By MARTHA ALBRAND

Sarolta Drake was frightened. First, beautiful June Howard had said she loved Jed, Sarolta's American husband. Then Farkas told Sarolta that Jed would die if she revealed Farkas's presence in Brussels to anyone.

Jed had married Sarolta two years before so she could leave a Hungarian refugee camp. Since then they had come to love each other, but neither let the other know.

Farkas was a Communist spy who had betrayed Sarolta's family in Hungary. Sarolta convinced herself that Jed had no connection with Farkas, and she decided to keep silent.

III

The first thing June Howard remembered when she woke up was that last night, when Pista had invited all of them to Bruges, and Miss Bettigole had spoiled it by having already made an appointment for Jed, Jed had said they should go anyway, without him. She could not quite recall what had been settled in the end, but she certainly did not dream of going, even if the others did. Busy as Jed might be, there was a good chance of her spending an hour with him, and she might not have another opportunity so soon to see him alone.

She had not been joking at lunch yesterday when she had told Sarolta that the news of Jed's marriage had almost broken her heart. Ever since she had been a little girl she had been in love with the boy whose parents, like hers, owned a summer cottage on Martha's Vineyard. Through all the winters of her childhood she had looked forward to their vacations on the island, to climbing the colored cliffs of Gay Head with him, to sailing along the Cape and, later, to the clambakes at Southbeach and the dances at the yacht club. Her mother had warned her that nothing might come of it, that she was not the only girl Jed took out, but June had refused to pay any attention to her. Even when Jed had started mentioning a girl called Elizabeth, whom he had met one winter while traveling with Kendeffy in Europe, it had made no impression on June. She had prayed for him during the war, proud on the one hand that he had volunteered, but secretly thinking it quite unnecessary for him to risk what she liked to call, in her dreams, *their* future. Elizabeth's death had shocked her because it was distressing to imagine someone her own age dying, but she had not been able to believe that the change which came over Jed with the loss of this strange, unreal girl could possibly make any difference in her plans. She had thought he was being romantic and dramatizing himself and that all she needed was a little patience and time. And gradually he had mended.

Still he had not proposed. She had told herself that he was too used to her, took her too much for granted; and she had withdrawn every now and then, hoping each time she returned to New York that he would see her in a different light. But as the years had gone by, she had resigned herself to it—he would never marry, not her, not anyone. He was content to bury himself in his law practice and to work tirelessly to build up the firm. The blow, therefore, when his letter came, telling about Sarolta, had been completely unexpected. Would she ever forget it?

June stared at herself in the mirror of her dressing table. "*Darling June. Believe it or not—I have fallen in love with a girl I have known only two weeks. We will be married tomorrow. You are the first one I'm writing to about it because you have been closest. . . .*" June put down the little mascara brush because her eyes had filled with tears. "Oh, stop bawling," she said angrily to the girl in the mirror. "Don't blame him. Blame yourself."

She dressed rapidly, impatiently. Nobody had forced her to leave America and go traipsing all over the world. She simply had not felt equal to meeting him as a married man, so she had stayed away, and she would have avoided meeting Jed if she had not run into him by chance— (Continued on Page 64)

"Do you remember a man called Farkas?" Sarolta asked Pista.

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Confessions of a Happy Man

(Continued from Page 17)

poignant note in which she said she was expecting another baby. Her husband was unemployed, they were completely without funds, and the expected baby was a burden they couldn't handle. "We know you love children," she wrote, "and our child would have a far better life with you. We want to give you this baby with no strings attached."

I told her, as gently as I could, to stick it out and keep the child. I told her that inevitably the child would learn that he or she was an unwanted baby and would never forgive them. These wounds never heal. I know. I was an unwanted baby too.

I was born on July 17, 1912, in the little town of Moose Jaw, in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan. My name was Gordon Arthur Kelly, and my parents were both from families in eastern Canada. My father was a high-school teacher, and through a curious chain of circumstances I have learned that he and my mother are still living. I also have two brothers and a sister. I have never seen any of the Kellys and, as I said earlier, have had no contact with them all these years. The name Linkletter is fairly well known to television audiences in Canada, and I am sure my mother and dad have seen me on their screens. I can't help wondering what they think when they watch me. I can't help wondering if they have ever had any regrets.

I don't know why my parents didn't want me.

Perhaps, like the couple in Texas, they were broke. I'm sure it doesn't matter now. It is a painful subject to me, especially because I have never quite stifled the resentment I felt when I accidentally discovered that my parents had put me out for adoption. These unhappy emotions have perhaps suppressed whatever natural curiosity I might have had about my real parents and might also be the reason I have never visited my birthplace, even though I have had many inviting letters from the good people of Moose Jaw and have even been named an honorary citizen of the town.

As I thumb over my many scrapbooks, letters, program scripts and other souvenirs of my twenty-five years in show business, there seems to be an almost significant repetition in my interviews with adults and children. Two questions I have asked parents and children over and over, for instance, are, "Where were you born?" and "How did your parents meet?" There is nothing tricky about these questions—they aren't loaded in any sense—but I have had some quite remarkable replies.

On one show I have never forgotten, my guest was Mrs. Lilian Fontaine, the charming mother of two great movie stars—Olivia deHavilland and Joan Fontaine.

"Where were your beautiful daughters born?" I asked.

"In Tokyo," she said.

"In Tokyo!" I exclaimed. "How on earth did that happen?"

"Oh," she coolly replied, "in the regular way."

Then just last spring I was chatting with a charming little seven-year-old girl on my *House Party* show and I asked her how her parents met. "Oh," she said, "they didn't meet."

"But they had to meet somewhere."

"Well," she said, "they were roommates in college."

If the tables were turned and some interviewer asked me these same questions, I wouldn't have any answers at all. I only know that I was just a few weeks old when the Kellys left me with an official adoption agency in Moose Jaw, and that I was taken from there by a couple named Fulton John Linkletter and his wife, Mary.

John Linkletter was then fifty-one years old—a tall, heavy man with thick graying hair who was then in the insurance business. Mrs. Linkletter, who was perhaps closer to me right up to the day of her death than a real mother might have been, was a plump, round-faced, happy little woman. She had lost a baby at birth years before. I never asked either of them why they chose to adopt a baby so late in life. Perhaps they were lonely.

I have only vague recollections of the beginning years, of course. I do know, though, that I never had any real father-son closeness with John Linkletter, at least not the kind of adventures I have had with my own boys. He was preoccupied with saving souls, a religious idealist, uninterested in the realities of life. He had no business sense and failed in one venture after another; and as I recall, we were almost always desperate for money. Year after year we were living in little houses behind big houses, and as I grew older my one fervent wish was to have a street-number address without a ½ in it.

I particularly remember our first home in East San Diego; it was so ancient that it had an outhouse in the back yard, and more than once I have kiddingly told friends that our place had three rooms and a path. Indeed, I mentioned this once to the late producer Earl Carroll, and he said that under the circumstances I might enjoy seeing something ultramodern. I dropped by his house one evening, and he hadn't exaggerated a bit. The bathroom fixtures were trimmed with mink.

Father Linkletter would have said such frills were the work of the devil, and his wrath against sinners was a frightening thing to see. He belonged to the hell-fire-and-damnation school and he could be violent on the subject of such human weaknesses as playing cards, smoking, movies and liquor.

Consequently, in 1939, when I was signed to emcee a radio show for a wine company, I was afraid he would explode.

But to my surprise, my father took the news with a philosophical shrug. "Well, Artie," he said, "Jesus turned water into wine. And, if you know your Bible, you will remember the twenty-third verse of First Timothy, chapter five, which says, 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.'"

"Thanks, dad," I said. "I hope it will be a good show."

"All your shows are good," he said. "And when you can, Artie, give the Lord a little plug."

I was about five years old and we had moved to East San Diego when John Linkletter went back to shoemaking, a trade he had learned as a boy. He opened a little cobbler shop to supplement the few dollars he earned as an itinerant preacher. He was a skillful workman, but every year when spring came, he got restless and would hit the sawdust trail. He had no regular church of his own, preferring to gather a street-corner crowd, and I have vivid memories of standing on hot, dusty sidewalks and beating a brass triangle to attract passers-by.

My father was no Billy Sunday, but he had a voice like a big-league umpire; and when he took on Satan, no man could doubt his sincerity.

Unfortunately there were always too few worshipers in these outdoor temples, and even those who heard him out contributed little or nothing to the collection plate. At one time, homeless and hungry, we had to take refuge in an old-people's home. Yet, even during these grim periods, my father said the Lord would provide—and indeed He did—and he used to tell my mother, again and again, that with faith the merest shoestring could lead to good fortune.

Years later, when we started concocting unusual stunts for the *People Are Funny* show, I recalled my father's favorite thesis and decided to give it a test. From our audience we picked a war veteran who was unemployed and untalented and who had exactly $18.25 to his name. We gave him a shoestring and nothing else and told him to see what he could do with it. He persuaded a woman in the audience to trade it for an old broken watch, and then conned a jeweler into fixing it for nothing. A week later, in our NBC studio, he raffled the repaired watch for seventy-five dollars. In six weeks, with our help, he had parlayed the shoestring into a new car, a share in an oil well and a well-paying job as an auto salesman in Texas.

I eagerly reported this remarkable adventure to my father, and he nodded knowingly. "That man will bless you all his days," he said.

I don't know what kind of blessing dad had in mind, but it had a most peculiar look when it finally came. The "lucky shoestring man" sued me for $126,000, claiming we had promised him he'd be rich for the rest of his life when he undertook the stunt. The oil well hadn't paid off, and rather than being an ordinary car salesman, he thought he should have been made a sales manager at the auto agency. I didn't have the heart to tell my father about this disillusioning aftermath—the case was eventually settled for a few hundred dollars by our insurance company—but if I had, he surely would have said, "Turn the other cheek, Artie, and then you will be doubly blessed."

There came a time, of course, when I could no longer make the salvation circuit with my parents because I had to go to school.

In recent years newspapermen and other unofficial biographers have occasionally referred to me as a millionaire, but I still pinch a penny now and then, and when I order dinner in a restaurant, I instinctively glance at the price side of the menu.

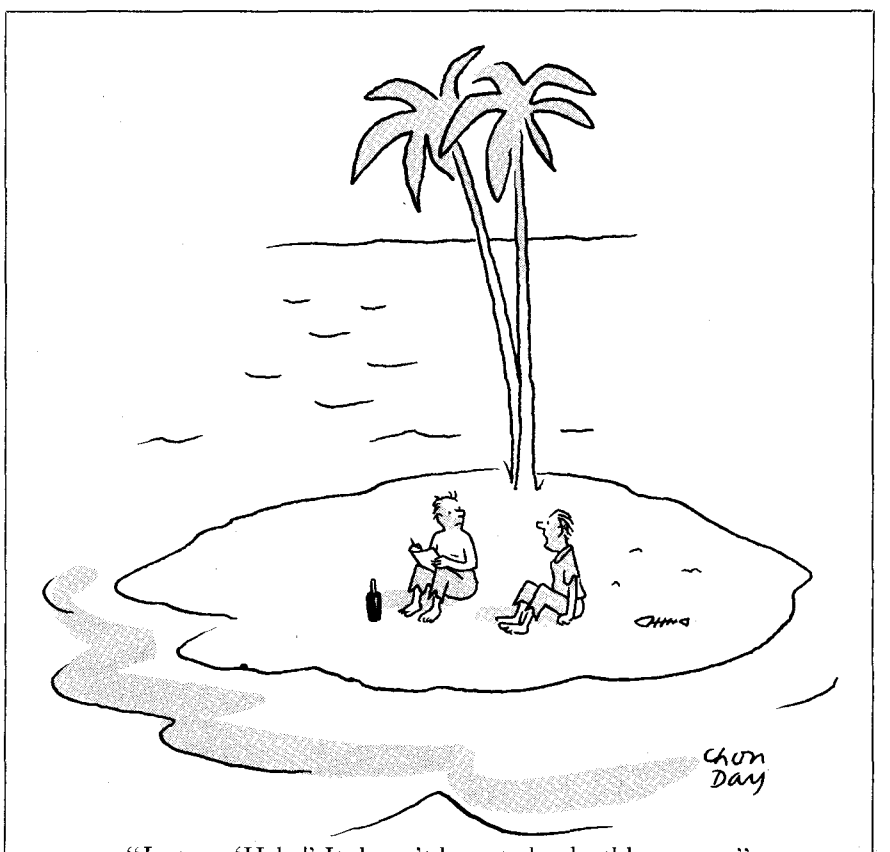
I can trace these habits back to my school days, when every spare dime looked like a little piece of Fort Knox. My foster parents gave me all the love and devotion any boy could expect, but I never had an allowance or spending money. They taught me self-reliance, and that meant I was expected to go out and earn whatever I could.

My first job—it would still be nice work if you could get it—was in San Pedro. There was a man with a small ice-cream truck, and I was his shill. On hot days I wandered around licking double vanilla cones where other children could see me. I licked and slurped so enthusiastically that the man soon had the kids standing in line in front of his truck. I still love ice cream and I still slurp—much to my wife's disgust. Somehow ice cream seems to taste better when you can wrap your tongue around it.

There was no pay on the ice-cream job, of course, and I soon gave it up. I got a newspaper delivery route for the San Diego *Union*, using a borrowed bicycle to pedal around unpaved roads in a rural district, and on weekends I went from house to house in our neighborhood, looking for odd jobs.

On one of these expeditions I hitchhiked to Lemon Grove—about five miles from home—and came upon several lemon-packing plants. Behind one of them, crawling with insects, was a mound of what the trade calls culls, lemons which had been thrown out because they were rotten or were speckled with a sort of brown scale. The pile was about 100 feet long and fifteen feet high, and I discovered that in it were many lemons which were still breathing.

I took home a sackful, dumped them into an old galvanized washtub in the back yard and scrubbed off the brown spots with a stiff brush. I then hastily lugged them eight or ten blocks away—before they could spoil—and sold them to housewives for five cents a dozen. Within two weeks I had six other boys



"Just say 'Help!' It doesn't have to be deathless prose."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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selling lemons for me—thus discovering the sound principle of having other people work for you—and I kept three cents out of each five-cent sale for myself.

It was a fine little business until one of my junior salesmen made the mistake of making a repeat call on one of his customers. The lady of the house met him at the door with a handful of rotting lemons and demanded her money back. Thereafter I tried to keep a record of streets we had already milked, but eventually we ran out of new territories, and the business folded up. To this day I can't pass the lemon bin in the supermarket without having my nose do a double twist; and when my children went through the lemonade-stand cycle, as many kids do, I became suddenly unavailable.

There was never a time, all through my school and college days, when I was not busy on some sort of job. Perhaps I missed something by not having regular play or recreational periods, as thousands of youngsters do, but my father, handicapped from childhood by a wooden leg, had no interest in baseball, football or any other sport. So we never went on hikes or picnics or to games together, and when I joined the San Diego Y.M.C.A.—I was about twelve then—I found myself in a whole new wonderful world.

Belatedly I realized that these were pleasures my father had never known. He not only refused to complain about his leg but he was fond of quoting a line attributed to the late author Albert Edward Wiggam: "Wooden legs are not inherited, but wooden heads are."

Needless to say, I have since been deeply concerned with the problems of the physically handicapped and have made countless fund-raising appearances for these groups. Once in a while—as I did a few weeks ago—I get a heart-warming reward. This one was a letter from a woman in New Jersey, telling me that she desperately needed a new wooden leg. "If you could help me out," she said, "I will promise to print your name and broadcast times on the new leg and I'll wear transparent stockings so everybody can see it. That will give you lots of publicity, because I go everywhere."

Could you ignore this kind of a blithe spirit? Of course not. I told her I could get along without the publicity, but that she couldn't get along without her leg. I sent her the money, remembering a determined old man who hobbled around to the day of his death with not a glum word about his trouble.

During the years when John Linkletter was so hopelessly beyond my reach—all his time was devoted to the Lord and not much else—the Y.M.C.A. was father, counselor and friend to me.

I worked on the desk and in the mail room. I gathered up the soggy towels in the locker rooms and helped coach younger boys in the pool. During the summers I was a paid counselor at Y camps, and one souvenir I kept for years was a photograph of me with several small boys who were learning how to use a baseball bat. One of them—and we have since laughed about how scrawny he was at the time—was the lad who became the "splendid splinter," Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox.

The San Diego "Y" was also the scene of what might be called the first Linkletter broadcast, though there is no plaque to mark the site, and they would have fired me had they known what was going on. I often worked the switchboard and, being insatiably curious, I listened in when some of the older fellows were phoning their girls from the dormitories. Later, when the board was quiet, I would plug in three or four of my younger pals and dramatize the conversations I had overheard. It was not very sporting, I guess, but this eavesdropping did give me an early course on the facts of life.

Long afterward, when my own children reached the teen age and became phone addicts, there were times when, in a hurry to make an important call, I inadvertently cut in on some of their personal talk. It was pretty obvious that they considered me a snooper even when I protested that my business calls came first. We solved the impasse, though, as many another distracted parent has done. I gave them a phone of their own, and nobody—but nobody—has any excuse for cutting into their line.

Incidentally—in case some reader feels an uncontrollable urge to call me—my home phone has an unlisted number. When I first came to Hollywood and innocently tried to phone some of the stars I had met in San Francisco, I was angry enough to jerk out the wires when I got the unlisted-number run-around. *This is ridiculous,* I said to myself. *Just because you have fame and money doesn't entitle you to be a snob.* I got a phone for our house, and the number was in the telephone book.

Presently I was on the air five days a week, my picture was appearing in the newspapers, and the fan magazines were plugging my shows. Then it began. The Mormons fighting off the locusts had nothing on me. The phone jangled all day and half the night. Send me money. . . . Get me out of jail. . . . Lift the mortgage on our house. . . . I desperately need a job. . . . My old mother is dying, and we can't pay for the funeral. . . . I've got an idea, and we'll both get rich. Drunks were calling me at midnight from bars in New Orleans and Omaha. Finally, when a violent anti-Linkletter listener—and there are some lulus here and there—phoned me with the most incredible cussing I have ever heard, I yelled to the phone company for help. They gave me an unlisted number, and there's been peace around here ever since.

Digging back into the past, as I am doing here for the first time in my life, I confess I'm surprised that I got any education at all. I was so dedicated to the goal of making money that mere learning seemed relatively unimportant. Nevertheless—and what an obnoxious eager beaver I must have been to some of my classmates—I got exceptionally good grades and entered almost every scholarship contest available at the Woodrow Wilson Junior High School in East San Diego.

One semester the local Kiwanis Club offered a fifty-dollar prize to the most deserving student. Principal John Aseltine announced that I had been picked as the winner, and I promptly skipped school to celebrate. I went to a matinee movie theater on Fifth Street—this was a rare indulgence for me—and when I came out, whistling happily to myself, a smiling man tapped me on the shoulder.

"You look happy, son," he said. "How come you're not in school?"

I was a cocky youngster and I talked too much, an ailment I have never quite cured. "Mister," I said, "I won a scholarship and I don't have to be in school today."

"Oh," he said, "you're a special case, eh? What's your name?"

"Art Linkletter," I said.

The man nodded and suddenly pulled out a card that identified him as the truant officer. I took one horrified look, jumped out of reach and bounded down the street like a rabbit. He caught me, though, and fifteen minutes later I was standing in the

(*Continued on Page 41*)

I suppose I do spoil him... always buy him socks with soft, soft ORLON® ACRYLIC FIBER in the blend. Stands to reason he'll talk sweet when you bring home socks with "Orlon"* acrylic fiber in the blend. Men like 'em. Like the way they feel—soft, lightweight and really comfortable. Like the looks—downright impressive. And no need to tell you how beautifully "Orlon" comes through the automatic wash and dry. Here, a whole armful of sock suggestions in **50% "Orlon", 40% rayon and 10% nylon.** In all colors. 10½ to 13. About 79¢. At W. T. Grant, Thom McAn, J. J. Newberry, Ben Franklin & Scott Stores, F.W. Woolworth.

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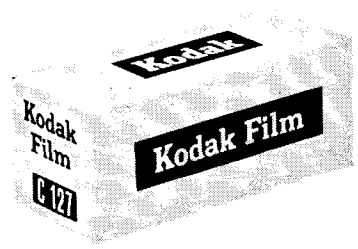

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SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF THE NELSON FAMILY"

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(*Continued from Page 39*) principal's office and getting the blistering of my young life.

"There are some people," Aseltine said icily, "who think life is a breeze and who just can't stand success." He told me bluntly he was holding up my fifty-dollar prize—this was the worst punishment of all—and said he would make a final decision after a six-month probationary period. For fifty dollars I would have changed my name to Little Lord Fauntleroy and behaved accordingly, and eventually I did get the money.

Frankly I don't know whether Aseltine's scolding had any permanent effect or not. I was thirteen years old, and a thirteen-year-old skin is apt to be pretty thick. But if I missed the point at the time, I had it rammed home for good years later by Jack Benny. I was a newcomer to Hollywood and I was invited to join Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen and several other stars in a glittering Community Chest benefit show.

I was told that the event would be staged at a Beverly Hills movie theater with 3000 seats and that it was a priceless opportunity for a young performer. At showtime, when I was given the cue to open the program, I went out front and was stunned to see exactly fourteen people in this vast playhouse. I stood there, appalled by the emptiness, and decided not to exert myself. I made a few perfunctory remarks and introduced Jack Benny.

Jack gave me a puzzled look as I brushed past him, and then went on stage for his act. *He'll be right back*, I said to myself. But he wasn't. He worked his heart out for thirty-five minutes in one of the finest performances of his career, and those fourteen lucky ones in the audience will never forget it. Neither will I.

Jack took me aside and said gently, "You know, Art, when a customer leaves his home and buys a ticket to see you, he's entitled to the best you've got, even if he's the only one in the house." That night I vowed I would never again fail those who came to watch me perform. I like to think this is one promise I have kept.

Show business, of course, was the last thing on my mind during school days. I was much more interested in girls. I was, and still am, bewitched and bewildered by the curious workings of the feminine mind, and among other things that have long delighted me are women's handbags. Way back in the beginning of the *House Party* show I went into the audience one morning and impulsively opened a bag that was almost as capacious as a briefcase. Among other surprising items inside were a can opener, a can of snuff, a canary pacifier, an unpaid telephone bill, a losing ticket on a horse at Bay Meadows, and a picture of Herbert Hoover. I described these coast to coast to an accompaniment of shrieking laughter, and thus a gimmick was born.

I am intensely allergic to practical jokes in my personal life, as I said earlier, and if I were a woman, I would resent having my handbag explored by some clown like me. I guess it never occurred to me that some of the charming ladies on my shows might have had similar feelings, and over the years I have ruthlessly dipped into hundreds of handbags while the audience whoops and yells. I began to suspect that some of the women purposely loaded their handbags with all sorts of bizarre items on the chance that they might be singled out. In short, it was a harmless stunt, and they were having fun.

But one day I saw a woman carrying a bag that was as big and round and red as a Stop sign. Perhaps *I* should have—stopped, I mean. She looked familiar, as though she had been there often—though we openly discourage repeaters—but I had to have a look. I picked it up, stuck my hand inside and—Yeow! She had loaded the bag with a large rattrap, and my knuckles were bruised for days. I don't rummage around in handbags any more without first taking a cautious look inside.

I remember the rattrap incident every time I reminisce about my school days, because my early experiences with the so-called weaker sex had similarly humiliating fade-outs.

There was one miniature Marilyn Monroe who somehow got me into a coat closet at school and was teaching me how to neck when who should pop in for a quick cigarette but the teacher. The

"We got here despite overwhelming odds. Ethel drove."

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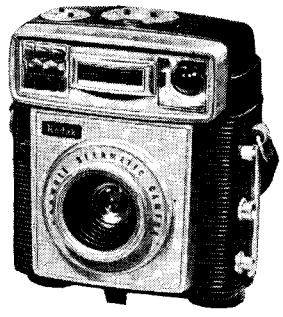

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principal suspended me for three days, but the little Jezebel wasn't scolded at all.

Another time I put the following ad in the college paper.

WANTED—By 6′1″ blond, blue-eyed, basketball-playing student, a girl. 17 to 20, height 5′3″, attractive, good figure, superlative dancer, brown hair and dark eyes. There is opportunity for advancement for the right party. Box 711

The ratio of women to men being what it is, I got a number of provocative replies and by a process of discerning elimination I arranged a date with one of the girls—a statuesque beauty who was majoring in art and who looked as though she might major in Art Linkletter. We went to the movies, I think, and at the end of a thoroughly innocent evening she suddenly said, "Know why I answered your letter? I'm in a life class and I'm interested in your anatomy."

"My w-h-a-a-t!" I gasped.

"Your anatomy," she repeated. "I mean I want to paint you."

"Oh," I said.

Well, so I signed up as a model for the life class—they were paying a dollar an hour—and reported for duty looking like Hercules, I thought. The gorgeous lass was there, and I rippled my muscles and expanded my chest and let her have the full profile. When the period ended, I put on a robe and walked up to her. She had a canvas three feet long and two feet wide, and as I stood next to her, she cried, "It's the best I've ever done." She gave me a rapturous gaze, and I could see myself hanging in the Louvre, or maybe in one of Vic Tanny's *salons*, though of course he wasn't around yet.

Then I looked—and that was the end of my interest in her, in modeling and fine art in general. She had painted my right hand—four fingers and a thumb, and nothing else. Perhaps I should have stayed at the Y, where muscles could be put to better use.

There was one other disappointing adventure with femininity that sticks in my memory, and I mention it now only for the benefit of a certain impresario.

When I was a tiny youngster in San Diego, scrounging for odd jobs to supplement my family income, I encountered a young and pretty housewife who wanted me to clean up her yard. There was a rock pile bigger than the one at San Quentin, and I spent one entire broiling Saturday making garden borders with heavy stones. When I finished, she said, "You're a nice boy—what do you think I should pay you?"

My foster mother often told me about Sir Galahad and how women rewarded him for his chivalry. And so I said, "Oh, that's all right, ma'am. I couldn't charge *you* anything."

"Well, now," she said. "That's very sweet of you. 'By."

She vanished inside the house and left me standing there with my chin down to my knees, to say nothing of an empty pocket. I thought about her often as I began to get a name in radio and television; and one day I was approached by an agent representing a promoter who wanted me to do a one-nighter. This man had a reputation for exploiting struggling young entertainers and cutting their fees to the barest minimum, but in this instance he needed me, and I knew he could pay.

"How much, Art?" the agent asked.

"Ten thousand," I said.

"Ten grand for a one-nighter?" he screamed. "What for?"

"For the rocks," I said.

I got it too. And if the man reads this now, he will know exactly what I meant.

Next week Mr. Linkletter recalls how his whole life changed when he accidentally discovered, at seventeen, that he had been adopted. —THE EDITORS

His Highness and the Thrush (Continued from Page 22)

ADMISSION THREE KRONER, CHILDREN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO BITE THE GUARDS.

A shabby amusement park, however, is not much of an attraction, and Domano was in sad need of refurbishing. The paint was peeling in untidy brown strips from the walls of the castle's public rooms, the drawbridge sagged dangerously, the uniforms of the guards would have shamed a *Student Prince* road company.

The finance minister had figured out that twenty-five thousand dollars would crisp Domano up again to bright, laundered freshness, but that is a great deal of money in Domano—or anywhere else.

"I can't float another bond issue," said the finance minister. "We never paid off the last one."

"There is only one thing left to do, sire," said Prime Minister Karmak, a tall headwaiter type with shrewd eyes. "You will have to go to America. Their Foreign Aid gives away money like jelly beans. You will easily charm this sum out of them."

"Well, I've always wanted to see America," said King Elton.

"You will not see much of it," said Karmak firmly. "We don't have one extra krone for sight-seeing. Besides, I need absolute assurance of your safe return to Domano, since you will be carrying so much money. I must insist that the secret police be constantly at your side."

The king groaned. The secret police were two stolid Domano burghers who had been chosen for their incorruptible stability rather than for any sparkling qualities as traveling companions. "I won't get into trouble," he said sulkily.

"You bet you won't," said Karmak.

"I suppose we'll fly, eh?" said the king.

"Ideally you should swim," said Karmak. "But I believe we can bleed out freighter transportation."

"Freighter!" cried the king.

"They have excellent accommodations," said Karmak. "'Fit for a King,' their ads say."

"Very funny," said the king.

"I thought it was apt," said Karmak, "sire."

So King Elton and his merry men made the trip by freighter, the king pale green but valiant in his tiny cabin during most of the voyage, and the secret police playing pinochle with the second mate as they sucked away at their noisome pipes. Washington turned out to be a nightmare. The king was bounced from bureau to bureau like a man trapped inside a giant pinball machine, and after four days was no closer to the twenty-five thousand dollars than he had been in Domano.

"Now, if it were a sizable sum," said one gray-vested gentleman, carefully examining his irreproachable nails, "perhaps some arrangement could be made. We give bins of money to the Balkans. Really, though, twenty-five thousand——"

"But that's all the money I need!" said King Elton almost tearfully.

Gray Vest knocked the ash off his imposing cigar. "I wouldn't even know where to start to look for that type of form," he said. "And now if you'll excuse me. . . ."

King Elton bounced furiously out of the office. The secret police tipped their derbies politely and waddled out in his wake.

On Saturday night King Elton was pacing in his shabby two-room suite at a New York hotel where you are likely to find anything in the elevator from a snake charmer to a drunken midget. He was fingering three hundred dollars in fifties, loot from a strictly *sub rosa* sale of his precious stamp collection—a sale consummated in Domano just before leaving. His freighter was due to sail at noon on Sunday, and twelve seasick days later he would have to face Karmak with the melancholy truth—that he had failed miserably in his royal mission.

"Damn, damn, damn!" muttered King Elton. He fingered the fifties again. "Enough for a small do," he murmured to himself. "Anything to get away from this ghastly wallpaper."

But there was the problem of the secret police. King Elton opened the door cautiously and poked his head out into the hall. Burgher Number One, sitting on a campstool, looked up at him and puffed out a great cloud of smoke. Down the hall, next to the suite's other door, Burgher Number Two raised his own pipe in solemn salute.

"I've just had a marvelous idea," said the king, aware that his voice sounded horribly bright. "Why don't you chaps so somewhere and pick up a bit of *Sauerbraten* for yourselves, eh? Shame to be in New York and not take advantage of it. Such good *Sauerbraten*. I'll stay right here and wait for you."

The secret police smiled at him—two placid, knowing smiles.

"I've just had another marvelous idea," said the king, after a hopeless pause. "Why don't you both drop dead, eh?"

He slammed the door, took a restless turn around the room and then stopped at the window to stare down at the gaudy, forbidden riches of Times Square. Suddenly he realized that all of that delightful neon was winking at him through the iron grille of a fire escape.

King Elton tried the window gently, and as it slid up, the siren sounds of Broadway drifted into the cheerless room—taxi horns, the shrill tweet of a policeman's whistle, newsboys' hoarse shouts, all mingled in an irresistibly enchanting symphony.

The king lifted his nose to the soft spring breeze like a retriever. Then he bent down and stepped out onto the fire escape. "New York," breathed King Elton, his gloom temporarily forgotten. His chest swelled with adventure as his eyes swept the tall towers of the night.

The roof was only one dizzy level above him; and once there, he had no trouble finding the door that led to the stair well. He tiptoed all the way down to the lobby.

One of the crisp green fifties shrank to a shadow at the night club where the king had dinner. He sawed away at a dreadfully expensive steak and happily watched the plumed show girls waggle their sleek satin bottoms, had a snifter or three of brandy and then swayed out into the clamorous Broadway evening.

King Elton watched a sidewalk merchant demonstrate a walking, bubble-blowing bear, bagged eight clay pigeons out of ten at a shooting gallery, and then stood entranced in front of the Palace of Pizza, gaping at a bored young man who was hurling a thin curtain of dough into the air again and again.

"Great, eh?" said the king to his neighbor at the plate-glass window, a large lout in a shapeless blue suit.

"Fake," said the lout. He sniffed and melted into the crowd.

This idiotic encounter drove the king up to Fifty-second Street for liquid solace and for the human warmth of some sort of relaxed entertainment—preferably singing; gloom was beginning to rise in him again.

Brandy did nothing to relieve his new dark mood, and by the time he reached Charley's Cellar, after wandering into and out of a number of other bars, the gloom was thick and black. Champagne seemed to be called for, so the king called for it.

Dodo finished her set, and the king caught her eye and patted the new bottle on his table. "Come on over," said the pat. Dodo read it loud and clear and headed immediately for the table, being a girl who fancied champagne. They are strange mixtures of guile and ingenuousness, of rapacity and sentimentality, these girls like Dodo who flourish in the juicy loam of the night clubs and the theater. They make absolutely terrible enemies. They also make wonderful friends.

"Hi," said the king.

"Likewise," said Dodo, sitting down. "Boy, my feet!"

"You sing very well," said the king.

"Yeah," said Dodo. She raised the glass the king had poured for her, as the combo in (*Continued on Page 44*)

The Impossible Possibilities

By Ames Rowe Quentin

If I could change, I'd wrap
up packages
Diagonally, like a
Japanese:
An envelope is an example
of the trick.

If I had foresight, I'd buy
real estate,
Learn Russian and plant
slow-maturing trees,
And line my cellar with
sheet lead and brick.

But I have habits, think in
platitudes,
Am no more apt to alter
than are bees.
Mired in the mush of
custom, here I stick.

If I were different, I'd slope
off to Texas
And marry cash and live in
oily ease,
Platinum-buckled at the
solar plexus,
Modest of all my vast
capacities.

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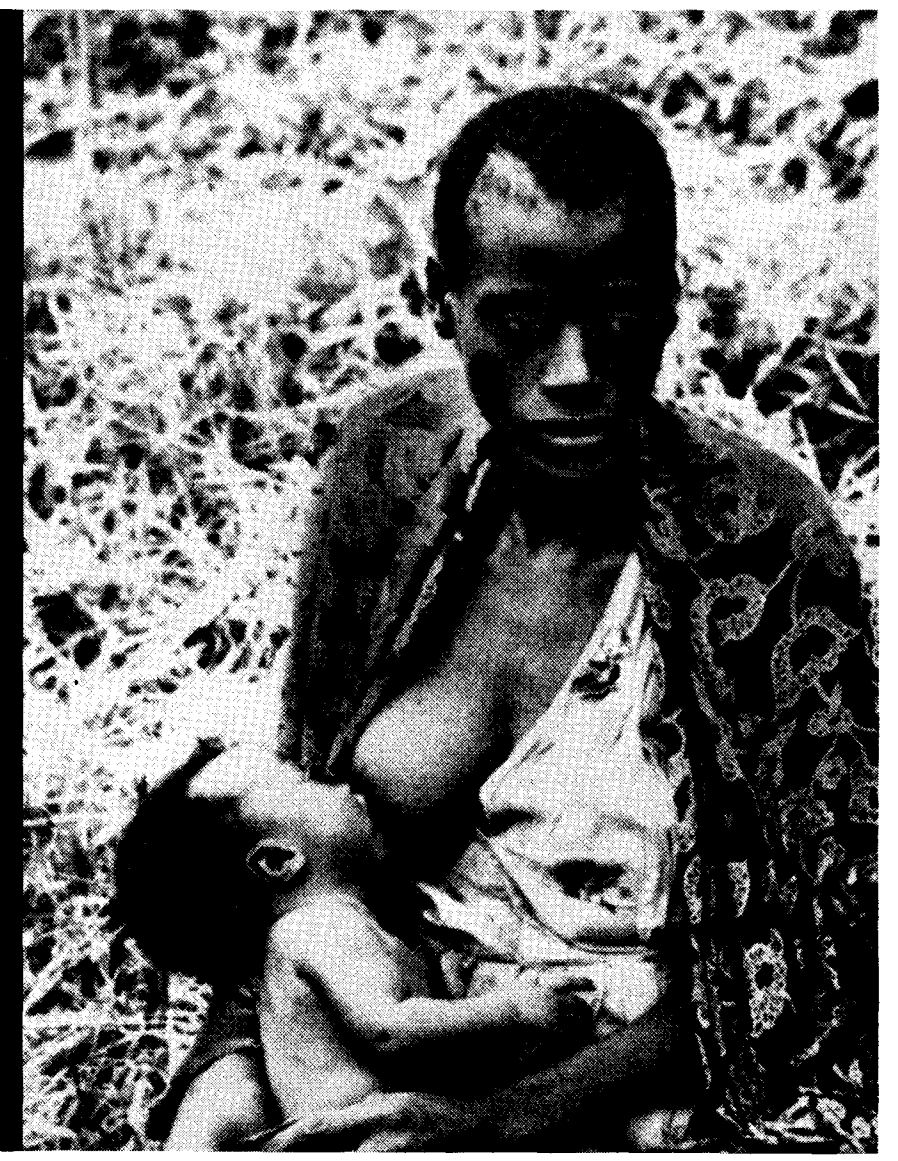
Kansas, meet the Congo

"The children of all nations are appealing, but the small, bright-eyed youngsters of Africa have a special charm, heart tugging and unforgettable . . . one third die before the age of three . . . they must fight raging diseases, malaria, yaws, leprosy, sleeping sickness, tuberculosis . . . yet there is hope . . ."



In Africa, Editor Beatrice Blackmar Gould and Public Affairs Editor Margaret Hickey found inhuman misery, unearthly beauty, vitality and hope . . . their adventures and impressions are recounted in two wonderfully informative and exciting Journal features. ■ This is editing for women whose scope extends past the south forty, past the soap opera, past the everyday pressures of beating the 8:03 to the station. ■ The Journal touches deeply into a woman's *everyday* interests, too . . . with advice by Dr. Spock . . . fashions by Simonetta . . . fiction by Du Maurier. But no other magazine pushes back her frontiers . . . from Kansas to the Congo . . . as this one does. ■ And because the Journal is edited the way it is, it attracts a different kind of woman . . . one with more education, more income and broader interests. This is the climate and market where advertising can be most convincing.

THE WOMAN WHO INSISTS ON MORE FINDS MORE IN LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

world's largest magazine for women

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(*Continued from Page 42*) the corner went to work on *Whispering*.

"Up the gulch," she said.

"I suppose I should introduce myself," said the king. He poured her another glass. "I'm King Elton the Second."

"We get 'em all," said Dodo. "What're you king of, buster?"

"You never heard of it, probably," said the king. "Domano."

"Sure I heard of it!" said Dodo with spirit. "Domano. You put 'em all up in a row, you push one, and wham! they all go down. Don't tell *me* about Domano."

"They all go down," said the king sadly, finishing his own glass of champagne. "You're so right."

"If you're a king," said Dodo suspiciously, "how come you're mousing around here, huh?"

"It's a long story," said King Elton.

"Then we will need some more champagne, king," said Dodo.

"Indeed we will," said the king.

More champagne was brought. "Now," said Dodo, settling back and kicking off her shoes with a sigh, "tell mother."

King Elton told her the whole story, with the combo pulsing softly and the champagne dropping lower and lower.

"You see," said King Elton, "now I have to go back to Karmak and report absolute failure. I'm a terrible king. Terrible. I shouldn't even be a duke." His eyes began to get moist.

"No crying jags!" said Dodo quickly. "I hate a crier."

"Sorry," said the king. "Stiff upper lip." They had a little more champagne. "I could abdicate," said King Elton thoughtfully. "But frankly I don't see what good that would do."

"Nah," said Dodo. "That jazz is for the birds. You know, I like you. I'm not making a pass or anything, but you're a nice little guy, see?"

"Oh, I'm a great little guy," said the king. "The only trouble is I'm also a broke little guy."

"Wait a minute," said Dodo. "Let's get all this straight. Suppose you got this twenty-five grand and put this miniature golf course of yours back in A-One shape. What then?"

"Then there would be a summer of roses and wine," said the king dreamily. "The tourist trade would triple."

"And you could give back the twenty-five?"

"Certainly," said the king. "In three months. *If* I had it. But I don't have it. Karmak will be absolutely livid."

Dodo made a fist and pounded on the table. "You just stick with me, king," she said, looking him squarely in the eye. "I know dozens of guys who kick their dough away on horses. Why shouldn't they throw some your way? Especially if they get it back. You can't get a deal like that at Jamaica."

"It's really awfully kind of you," said the king. "But ——"

"No buts!" said Dodo. Her eyes glittered. "We will fix that Karmak's wagon," she said. "We will wind his clock for him."

She beckoned to Charley, who lumbered heavily over to the table.

"How much dough you got on you, Charley?" she said.

"Fifty cents," said Charley warily.

"Listen to me, Charley," said Dodo. "I'll make it simple."

She told him the story. When she finished, Charley looked at the king.

"Three months?" said Charley.

"Not a single minute more," said the king. He smiled. "See here, I appreciate you chaps playing this little game with me, I really do. But ——"

"Wait here," said Charley. "I'll see what I got in the safe." He went off toward his office.

"He means it!" said the king wildly.

"Charley listens to me," said Dodo proudly. "He's got a skull you could bounce a cannon ball off, but he listens to me."

They drank the rest of the champagne and waited for Charley to reappear. When he did, it was with a large paper bag under his arm.

"Two G-notes," he said, tossing the paper bag onto the table. "And room for more."

He squinted over toward the bar, where three sallow gentlemen were standing, solemnly rolling dice for drinks.

"Excuse me," said Charley. "I think I see the more."

The king watched Charley's vast retreating shoulders for a couple of seconds and then turned to Dodo. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that this Charley has handed me two hundred dollars just like that?"

"Nah, not two hundred," said Dodo. "Two thousand."

The king slapped himself lightly on both cheeks. "I'm asleep," he said.

"Then wake up," said Dodo. "We got company."

Charley was already back at the table with the three men.

"Tell 'em like you told me," said Charley to Dodo.

"We are all ears," said the largest of the three politely. Dodo told them.

"An investment like this, it's better than a license to steal," said Charley. "What do you figure you can give us on our money, king? Fifteen per cent?"

"Why, I hadn't really thought about it," said the king. "Easily fifteen. More like twenty, I should say."

"Twenty per cent in three months," said the smallest of the strangers, his sharp little fox eyes alight with avarice. "It's like they give you a pick at Fort Knox and say 'dig.'"

"I pop for a deuce," said the middle stranger, reaching for his wallet.

"Why not?" said the large polite one, reaching for his own.

"So, I'll bet on something with *two* feet for a change," said the small alert one.

"In here, men," said Dodo, opening the paper bag.

"This is a perfectly dandy place," said the king to nobody in particular.

There was a noise over by the entrance, and they all looked around. The secret police, having missed the king, had taken off on a frantic tour of every bar within a half-mile radius of the hotel. By a process of elimination they had finally arrived at Charley's Cellar.

"Hah!" said the police in unison as they spotted the king. They began to tramp over to the table.

"Who are these clowns?" said Dodo.

"My keepers," said the king sheepishly.

Charley wigwagged to his waiters, who moved swiftly in on the burghers and swept them sputtering past the king's table at a brisk trot, their feet barely touching the floor. The king waved at them, and the secret police managed to tip their hats just before they vanished into the kitchen.

"Gotta face the facts, men," said Dodo, shaking the paper bag. "We are still seventeen G's short."

"Maybe we tap Johnny the Foot," said the big man.

"Johnny the Foot is dead," said his small friend, "and even alive he was tight and mean. Do not steer the king wrong, Arthur."

"I'm sorry," said Arthur. "I was only trying to help, king."

"Perfectly aw right," said King Elton, beginning to have a little trouble with his consonants.

"A bank!" squeaked the medium-sized gambler. "That's where people go for money—banks."

"It is two o'clock in the morning, Herman," said Arthur patiently. "Only bars are open, not banks."

Charley returned from the kitchen. "The clowns are playing klabiasch with the cook," he announced.

"Good," said the king.

"The cook said they could take a poke in the puss or play klabiasch," said Charley. "They picked klabiasch."

"They could help me guard the money," said the king.

"They couldn't guard Grant's Tomb on a weekday," said Charley.

"This whole thing is nuts," said Herman suddenly. "I withdraw from the proposition. I wish my two G's back, please."

Dodo picked up the nearest fork and held it firmly over Herman's hand, tines down. Herman looked at the fork and then at Dodo—and pulled his hand back.

"A fellow can't have a little joke?" he said.

"No, a fellow can't," said Dodo. "Next time I won't be such a lady."

They all thought for a moment. "Short Sam!" said Arthur.

"The people you pick, schmo," said Herman with disgust. "Short Sam. The guy who gives away ice."

"Short Sam is not such a bad idea," said Dodo slowly. "He's mean as hell, but he does love a quick buck. You tap him personally, Charley. Take your friends. I'll stay here with the king."

"Okle-dokle," said Charley amiably. "I oughta be able to shake him for three."

"Shake him harder than that," said Dodo. "It's getting late."

"Shake him until he says 'tilt,'" said the king.

"I like this guy," said Charley to Dodo.

"That's what I told you," said Dodo.

"Champagne!" said King Elton.

"No, lover," said Dodo. "This may be a long wait. You're on coffee now."

They sat there and had coffee, and after an hour or so just about everybody in the place had gone home. The cook was still in the kitchen with the secret police, and there was one waiter left, leaning against a post in the corner. The combo had packed up and eased out, all except the trumpet player. He was sitting at their table, his collar open, his trumpet loose in his left hand.

"*Danny Boy?*" said the king. This had been going on for the past half hour. "Your highness just said so!" rumbled the trumpet player. He lifted his trumpet, and the sweet silver notes rippled softly through the quiet room. The king smiled at Dodo, and Dodo smiled back, and the trumpet player smiled at both of them.

"*Something to Remember You By*," said the king.

Charley arrived halfway through the second chorus—alone, waving the paper bag above his head.

"Five!" said Charley.

"You used a gun," said Dodo. "Charley you shouldn't have."

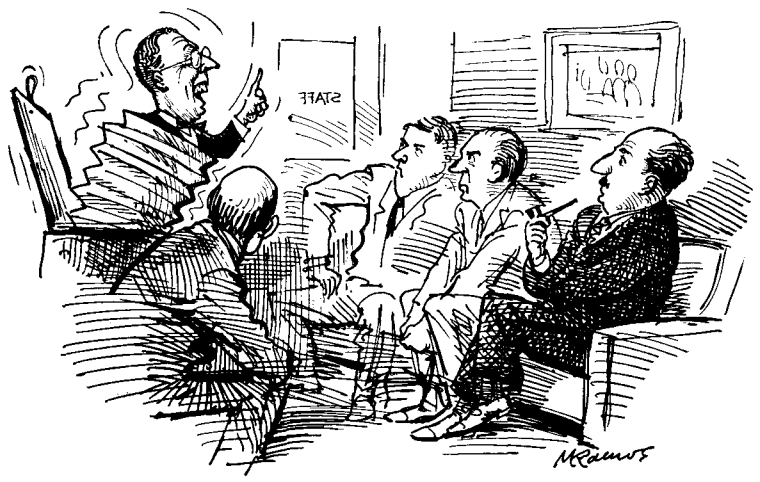
"No gun," said Charley. "Just a fountain pen."

He ran his hand lightly across his throat. "Sam now owns me up to here."

"I have to do something about this," said the king. "You are now duke of Grahms."

"Anything you say, king," said Charley.

"And you are duchess of Grahms," said the king to Dodo. "Fair is fair."



The Perfect Squelch

The only thing Paul admired more than his own fussy self was exactness in detail. Lacking original ideas, he tried to get attention by criticizing all the small unimportant things his fellow workers did or said.

At a staff meeting, where a recently hired foreign physicist was talking, Paul took special pleasure in criticizing the speaker's heavy accent. While his fellow workers, who were interested in the foreigner's brilliant ideas, squirmed, Paul constantly interrupted the talk to stress the exact pronunciation of English words.

Finally, after asking the physicist to repeat one word for the third time, Paul leaned back and said, "You certainly have troubles with the language, don't you?"

"Yes," the physicist said with a smile, "and I have similar troubles with eight other languages."

George Alexandris

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"Oh, we're living tonight," said the trumpet player happily. He lifted his trumpet and blew a golden fanfare.

Dodo turned to Charley. "So you got five more, duke," she said. "We're up to thirteen. Twelve to go."

"I know, I know," said Charley. "Don't crowd me, kid. I am rapidly running out of people to tap."

"We're not gonna get this far and then stop," said Dodo. "We'll think of somebody; it's only five o'clock. We'll go take a walk and get the fuzz out of our heads, huh?"

They walked through the deserted streets over to the little garden in the Radio City promenade—Charley and Sam the trumpet player up ahead, Dodo and the king behind. The sky was pale with the promise of dawn. The king bent down to break a sprig from a soft green bush and handed it to Dodo.

"A branch of May," he said. "You know the song?"

"No," said Dodo, smiling. "Let's have it."

"I think I can remember it," said the king. He sang softly:

"*I have been wandering all this night*
And some time of this day;
And now returning home again,
I've brought you a branch of May."

"That is a very cool lyric," said Dodo. "Is there more?"

"A little more," said the king. This time Sam noodled into the counterpoint behind him, very low.

"*My song is done, and I must be gone,*
No longer can I stay;
So it's God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

The king stopped, and Sam put his trumpet down, and they all stood there silently for a few seconds.

Dodo snapped her fingers. "Sad Solly Winkie," she said half to herself. "That's who's got twelve thousand bucks; I knew I'd think of it—Sad Solly Winkie."

"Duchess," said Charley, "the moonlight has got you. Sad Solly Winkie wouldn't give his grandmother twelve big ones if she stood on her head and whistled *Dinah*."

"Give—no," said Dodo. "But he'll bet on anything—right?"

"I can't bet with this dough," said Charley uncomfortably. "Those guys'd pull my wings off."

"Don't do anything foolish on my account," said the king.

"You let me handle this, king," said Dodo. She put her hands on Charley's lapels. "You know where Solly would be right now?"

"Sure, I know," said Charley. "Solly runs himself like he was the New York Central. Since midnight he's been playing gin at the Dutchman's. Ten minutes from now he'll be at Sloppy Joe's, having coffee, and half an hour from now he'll be in bed."

"Then we haven't got much time," said Dodo. "On to Sloppy Joe's!"

Sam blew a muted flourish.

"I don't want to go to Joe's!" said Charley sadly.

"But we're going, duke," said Dodo. "You know we are."

"I know we are," said Charley.

The king put his fingers to his teeth and whistled down a cruising cab.

"King," said Dodo admiringly, "you have many hidden depths."

Sad Solly Winkie was sitting at a corner table when the four of them walked in. He was a little gnome of a man with bloodhound eyes and the firm mouth of a bookkeeper. He had his hat on and he was stirring his coffee and reading the horoscope in the morning paper.

"*He* has twelve thousand dollars?" whispered King Elton to Dodo.

"In each pocket," Dodo whispered.

"This is a wonderful country," said the king.

Dodo and Charley slid into chairs at Solly's table, and the king and Sam stood behind them. Solly carefully finished the horoscope and then looked at them.

"To begin with," said Dodo, "I don't suppose you would care to invest twelve thousand dollars in a beautiful business proposition."

Solly smiled thinly. He didn't bother to say anything.

"That's what I thought," said Dodo. "But you do like screwball bets, right? You're the guy who'll bet on anything? So Charley here wants to bet you twelve G's—cutting cards, or whatever."

"Twelve G's is a lot of potatoes," said Sad Solly Winkie, sipping mournfully at his coffee.

"Oh, I got it all right," said Charley.

He opened the bag. Solly looked inside and blinked. He sipped again at his coffee. Then he picked up the sugar container and poured a small pile of sugar on the table in front of Charley, and another small pile in front of himself.

"Twelve G's says a fly lights on my pile before one lights on your pile," said Solly.

Charley licked his lips. "How do you know a fly will come?" he said.

"Believe me, I am very familiar with this restaurant," said Solly. "Flies is the one thing it never runs out of."

"Go ahead, Charley!" said Dodo. "It's no worse than a cut."

"It is getting toward my bedtime," said Solly. "Bet?"

Charley looked up at the king and sighed. "Bet," he said.

"We need to establish a ground rule," said Solly. "No fair making shoo-shoo at the fly."

"Naturally not," said Dodo.

A fly drifted over the table, buzzing lazily. Sam put his arm around the king's shoulders. The fly began to circle down toward Solly's pile of sugar.

"Pretty-pretty," said Solly.

"Get away. Get away. Get away!" muttered Dodo fiercely.

"Over here, stupid!" said Charley.

The fly hesitated and then darted over to Charley's pile and lit. The king's breath burst out as from a bursting balloon.

"Bingo," said Charley weakly.

"I will have to give you a check," said Sad Solly Winkie, "on account of I do not have that much cash on me."

"It just so happens," said Dodo, "that I have a pen."

And while Solly wrote the check, Sam played assembly, each crisp note bouncing off the restaurant's walls like a lance.

At the pier, Dodo sniffled. "Stop that," said the king gently. "I hate a crier. And it's not as if I were going away forever."

"Three months is a breeze," said Charley. "Pull yourself together, Dodo."

"All right!" said Dodo. "A lady can't get a little sentimental?"

She straightened the king's tie for him. "Think about your new duchess once in a while, buster," she said and she kissed him on the cheek.

"I will do that," said the king, kissing her on the cheek. He had to stand on tiptoe to do it.

As the freighter steamed into the harbor at Grahms, the king's heart lifted—as it always did—at the sight of his castle, the flags snapping from the tall gray battlements, the mounted guards at rigid attention in front of the massive drawbridge. At this distance, the king realized, it was impossible to make out the sleaziness of the uniforms, the sad, sway-backed stance of the horses, the rottenness of the drawbridge timbers. Everything looked bandbox neat.

"And everything will really *be* that neat, once we get finished," thought the king proudly, patting the paper bag under his arm.

Karmak was properly impressed by the contents of the bag. He and the king and the finance minister met in the throne room late that afternoon.

"Amazing," murmured Karmak, thumbing through the thick green pile of notes. "I don't think I've ever seen this much American money at one time."

"Just who is Solomon Winkie?" demanded the finance minister, squinting at the check.

"A fellow I ran into," said the king airily. "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies, eh?"

"I'm not asking any," said Karmak quickly. "I'm perfectly delighted with the way everything turned out. The only thing left on my mind is the matter of the heir."

"That old business," said the king. "Who's been screaming now?"

"Frankly, everybody," said Karmak. "It's got so I can't even walk down the street without somebody buttonholing me. They're worried sick about their taxes, of course. No heir, then back we all go to Graustarkian control. No heir, and this whole beautiful bubble bursts, as well you know."

"As well I know," said the king. "What I don't know is what got into great-grandfather, signing an agreement like that."

"Whatever his motives may have been," said Karmak, "they are no longer important. We are faced with the stark fact that you are thirty-three years old, sire, and certainly getting no younger."

King Elton's indignant reply was lost in the roar of a crashing splash just outside. The finance minister ran to the window. "Good grief!" he said. "The whole ruddy drawbridge just dropped into the moat."

"Anybody hurt?" said the king.

"Only me," said the finance minister gloomily, after a quick inspection of the water. "That's a twenty-thousand-dollar job if ever I saw one—and just when we were getting back on our feet."

The thin scream of a siren rose in the velvet twilight.

"Twenty thousand dollars," said Karmak. "It's just as well you haven't unpacked, sire."

"If I have to go back," said the king with a noble, accepting sigh, "then I have to go back."

"I'll go check on freighters."

"You will go check on planes, Karmak," said King Elton firmly. "I'm through being ordered about. One seat only. No secret police."

Karmak stared speculatively at the king and then looked down at the polished parquet floor of the throne room.

"Yes, sire," he said. "One plane seat."

"I may even kill two birds with one stone," said the king. "It is just possible that I may do something about the money *and* the heir. I met someone in New York ——"

"I beg you, sire," said Karmak, "I truly beg you—no precipitous marriages. Please."

"Don't fret," said the king. "The lady in question happens to be a duchess."

"That's all right, then," said Karmak.

"Oh, it's much better than all right," said the king. He did a brief but acceptable little time step. "It's the most," said the king happily. THE END

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Alibi for Murder (Continued from Page 31)

dock at the Mountain House in Pangulch. Shakily he came out of the men's room and found his way to the deck.

He winced at the boy's voice. "Hey, mister? Where were you? You seasick?"

"Get lost," he said between his teeth, "or I'll break your neck!"

"Mamma!" screamed the boy. "He's an outlaw!"

Bartholomew was the first one off the boat. He had planned to get off slowly, to mingle inconspicuously with the crowd. But minutes counted now, even seconds. If he could reach his room before the message came, there would be nothing to connect him with the in-a-hurry tourist running up the dock. If he could not, if the police were there waiting for him, it would not matter either.

Crossing the lobby, he shot a quick look at the box number of his room. There were no message slips in it. He saw no police in the lobby, no signs of excitement. He ran up the stairs, two at a time. One flight. Two flights. He fumbled for the key in the ash receiver of sand. Finally he found it and opened the door. He saw the room was empty. He locked the door behind him. He leaned against it, panting heavily.

No time. Hurry. Can't be much longer.

Now he was back to his original plan. Now he could go through the rehearsed motions, fast and inefficiently, but in exactly the order he had been over them so many times.

First the tape recorder. It was disconnected in a matter of seconds, safely stored in his briefcase. Now the mustache. No time to wash off the sun-tan coloring; skip that. Get dressed. His clothes in the closet. His watch. He pulled his shirt on quickly, without care, yanking off one of the shirt buttons. He heard it go skidding under the bed.

No time for that now.

The knock on the door came just as he reached for his shoes.

"Bartholomew!" He recognized the voice as Johnny Farrer's and knew from the tone's urgency that the message about Old Garth had come.

He was pleased that his own voice was normal. "Just a minute."

He slid the shoes on his bare feet, thrusting the socks into his pocket. He jerked impatiently at the shoe strings, breaking one.

No time. No more time at all.

He opened the door, forcing casualness and hearty welcome. "Johnny. I've been working hard—you can see the papers—and I'm almost done." He gestured to take in the papers on the desk. "How did you find me anyway?"

Johnny Farrer's face showed genuine distress. He said solemnly, "Something terrible has happened. I'm sorry to be the one to tell you. The police called your bank in Gadsden and somehow they thought you were in your car, so they called the highway patrol. It took them a little while to find your car in the garage. Finally they called me."

Bartholomew said, "What do you mean, something terrible has happened?"

"It's—it's your father. He's dead."

"But I saw him this morning! I talked to him a little while ago, right from here! What happened? A heart attack? An accident?"

"I'm afraid it was not an accident. It was murder."

"Murder!"

Johnny Farrer put his hand on Bartholomew's shoulder. "I know how you must feel. If it were my father ——"

Bartholomew saw the bottle of sun-tan coloring then, standing in plain view on the desk. If Johnny Farrer saw it and remembered it later! He edged toward it. "If I could have—a glass of water."

"Of course." Johnny turned toward the bathroom instantly. Bartholomew stuffed the bottle of lotion into his briefcase.

Then Johnny said an astonishing thing. "If it's any comfort to you, the police have the man who did it."

Bartholomew gagged over the glass of water.

Johnny Farrer patted his shoulder earnestly. "Fortunately they got there within minutes of the time the crime was committed. The murderer didn't have a chance to get away. They cut off the house, but found nobody in it except your housekeeper. They surrounded the woods. There was no other way he could have left, or they would have passed him coming in. They closed in on all sides from the woods and caught him red-handed. Bloody gloves nearby, blood on his jacket and the stolen jewelry in his pocket. He wasn't even running away. He was just sitting there playing the violin!"

Bartholomew sat down.

"Are you all right?"

"It's the—shock, I guess."

"Of course." Johnny was sympathetic.

Bartholomew tried to collect his dazed thoughts. What incredible good luck! He who had never before in his life been lucky, even at cards.

"He'll go to the gas chamber for certain," Johnny said.

Bartholomew shuddered. *They might have caught me. They nearly did.*

Johnny patted his shoulder. "It's horrible. But so is the cold-blooded murder of a helpless old man for a little jewelry."

Bartholomew shook his head to clear it. It was unbelievable. He was not even to be suspected. For a moment he was almost disappointed that his carefully set up alibi was not really needed after all. He straightened up. "I must go."

Johnny was admiring. "How brave you are!"

Bartholomew waved a vague, helpless hand. "I wonder if I could bother you to gather up these papers and keep them for me? They're what I've worked on this morning from your figures."

Johnny said, "It's no trouble at all. If you're feeling a bit shaky and not up to driving, I'll be glad to ——"

Bartholomew smiled bravely. "I'll be all right. I couldn't think of taking you away when you're so busy. But you won't forget the papers, will you?"

Johnny began to gather them up. "I'll put them in the vault until you want them."

On the drive home Bartholomew stopped only once, according to plan. He removed the tape from the tape recorder. He put the roll of tape into his pocket. He found his socks and put them on. He put the tape recorder back into the briefcase with the bathing shorts and the sun-tan coloring and the mustache. He weighted it with some rocks. He threw the whole thing with his full strength into the deepest and least-frequented part of the lake. He saw it sink. He washed the coloring from his face and hands with soap. Johnny Farrer, fortunately, had not noticed, but Heather certainly would. He got back into the car and began driving again. This time he increased his speed until he heard the inevitable siren behind him. He pulled up.

"I'm sorry, officer." He was the heart-broken son again. "I'm afraid I wasn't thinking about the speed limit. You see, my father, Old Garth ——"

The policeman touched his cap respectfully. "I heard, Mr. Garth. No wonder you want to get home. Sorry. Now if you'll just follow me."

I'm Mr. Garth now. And cops tip their hats to me!

So Bartholomew raced into Gadsden at the heels of a motorcycle cop sounding his siren and clearing the way for him. *Surely*, he thought in grim amusement, *the most triumphant return a murderer ever made to the scene of his crime.*

Heather Ross was still white and shaken. She kept thinking of Old Garth's body, the bloody knife and, above all, the blood. She shut her eyes, but the sight did not go away. She thought guiltily that she had never liked Old Garth much. She knew what the old man had accomplished, singlehanded, with his own powerful hands, tearing an empire from the mountains almost by brute force.

Perhaps if she had known him before his injury—but Heather, always trying to be honest with herself as with others, did not really think she would ever have liked Old Garth. It had not been so much the incessant unreasonable demands that she had minded. As an orphan, all her life Heather had been passed from foster parent to foster parent, not according to her needs, but theirs; until finally she was adopted a year before her guardian died. She was quite used to demands and hard work. She had long since given up expecting anything in return except her living, for which she knew she should be grateful, but somehow was not. She prayed each night and went to church on Sunday, but still she told herself fiercely that if she ever had any children of her own, or in her care, she would not expect them to be grateful for mere survival. She would give them more than food and shelter; she would give them something that had never been given her: love.

Small chance of that, she thought wearily. She was too small and plain and timid to be attractive to boys. She could not compete with beautifully groomed and dressed and superbly confident creatures like, for instance, Felice Harris. Heather had no style. Boys never looked at her twice. Even in high school, she had danced, if at all, with boys made to ask her; and now in college she spent her time on her books and nothing else.

Her soft blue-black hair was not bad, she sometimes told herself. Her blue eyes, from which her name had been taken, were unusually large. And her figure, under worn hand-me-downs, was really quite good. But even if she had had Felice's showy figure and showy clothes and showy make-up, she was too shy to have done anything with them. On the few occasions when a college boy had looked at her, she had fled in terror.

If I weren't too timid to talk at all, almost.

She started as a big hand was placed on her shoulder. She looked up into the rugged face of a big broad-shouldered man with graying red hair.

"Sorry to startle you," he said. "I'm Saul Milstein. Homicide."

"Oh." She swallowed at the word and at the sight of the blood which suddenly came back.

Saul said, "You found Old Garth, didn't you? I wonder if you will just tell me about it."

She went through it again dully. "I got through my exam early. I got a ride home, so I was nearly an hour early."

"Early for what?"

She stared at him, her large blue eyes seeming even larger in her small white face. "For Old Garth's lunch."

"Go on."

"I came in ——"

"With your key? Was the door locked?"

She thought about it. "I don't know. I didn't try it. I put the key in and pushed the door. It could have been locked or unlocked."

"We found it unlocked. Miss Harris says she was told to leave it that way when she left. You didn't change the lock?"

"No."

"All right. You came in. Did you see anybody?"

"No. I called to Old Garth, and when he didn't answer I ran up the stairs. I opened the door and—found him."

"Then what did you do?"

"I screamed. I ran over to him. I took his hand. There was no pulse. I was just going to call the police when they came anyway."

"Now think carefully, Heather. Did you touch anything but Old Garth's hand?"

"I don't think so. It was all so terrible. I was confused."

"Did you hear anything or anyone?"

Heather thought. She said finally, "There was a sound. Something fell. On the back stairs, I think."

"We have established that the crime happened almost immediately before your arrival, Heather. Seconds, minutes at most. You're sure you saw no one?"

"I'm sure."

"But you must have actually heard the murderer running away."

Heather shivered.

Saul put his big hand on her small one. "It's over now. We have the young man who did it. I want you to tell me if you have ever seen him before. If you'll just come with me."

After the humiliating and disappointing interview with Old Garth, Rick Donelli had sought comfort for his wounds

"Here comes the cake!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the same way he always did, alone with nature and with music. He had walked down toward the lake, looking at it, feeling its beauty. He had sat down under a tree and begun to play. Almost immediately he was completely absorbed; he poured out his anger and disappointment in the wild, melancholy music.

He was miles away. He did not hear Heather's scream at some distance, nor the sirens, nor the sound of the chase. He had calmed down and was playing very softly, sadly, still far away with his music, when the officer with drawn gun clapped him roughly on the shoulder, rudely spilling his beloved violin into the dirt.

Rick swore an oath in Italian and reached for the violin. The officer, however, snarled, "Don't move. Not an inch!" and the tone of his voice had been such that Rick, looking into the gun, had remained motionless, frozen more by astonishment than fright.

Another policeman jerked him roughly to his feet, searched him for weapons, forcing his face into a tree trunk.

"Nothing."

Rick said, "What's this all about? That Old Garth say I'm trespassing on his old property or something?"

"You know what it's about. Get going. Back to the house."

"Not without my violin!"

The officer hesitated. "All right. Pick it up and bring it."

Rick was more concerned with the dirt in his violin than he was with the arrest. He had, after all, done nothing wrong. It was just a mistake. It had to be. His respect for police intelligence was not such that he was surprised that they were making a mistake. He said only, "Somebody is going to pay for this violin!"

It was only when he faced Saul Milstein in the small shabby front parlor of the old house that he began to take the matter seriously. Partly it was the old Victorian furniture, the heavily framed portraits on the wall. Rick had never seen a room like this; his was a strictly contemporary world and the past made him somehow uneasy. So did Saul, warning him in a grave voice that anything he said could be used in evidence against him.

"Evidence?" said Rick. "Evidence of what? I wasn't doing anything but playing the violin."

"Evidence of murder," said Saul.

"Murder? Whose murder?"

"Old Garth's murder."

"You mean somebody—but I was just talking to him."

Saul repeated his warning that anything he said could be used in evidence.

"But I didn't kill him! Why would I kill him?"

Saul said, "Maybe you just lost your temper. Maybe for the jewelry. We found it in your jacket pocket."

"What jewelry? I left my jacket in Old Garth's room."

Saul said, "The police came up from the front. Nobody went out that way. We watched the house from then on. Nobody was found in it. We surrounded the woods. We closed in and found you. Nobody else. You."

Rick looked at the grim faces around him with growing horror. He felt suddenly the fear of a wild animal helplessly trapped, watching the net close in on him. "It could have been anybody in those woods. Just because I was there doesn't prove ——"

Saul said wearily, "There was blood on your coat. The jewelry was in your pocket. And it wasn't just because you happened to be in those woods. It was because nobody else happened to be there, or in the house. Nobody, except Heather, and she certainly couldn't kill anybody."

"Then he must have got away. I tell you I didn't do it. I was just playing the violin."

From the doorway Rick heard a girl's voice. He saw her for an instant, small, white-faced, blue-black hair pulled primly back, great blue eyes wide. Rick had seen this girl before on the campus at Boulder, always carrying a heavy load of books, going in or out of the library.

She said now, in a clear troubled voice, "I—I'm not sure, Lieutenant Milstein. But—I think he's telling the truth. I remember hearing the violin music as I came up the front walk. It—it was very soft and so lovely that I wondered who it was. If he was playing then, he couldn't have been the person I heard on the back stairs running away."

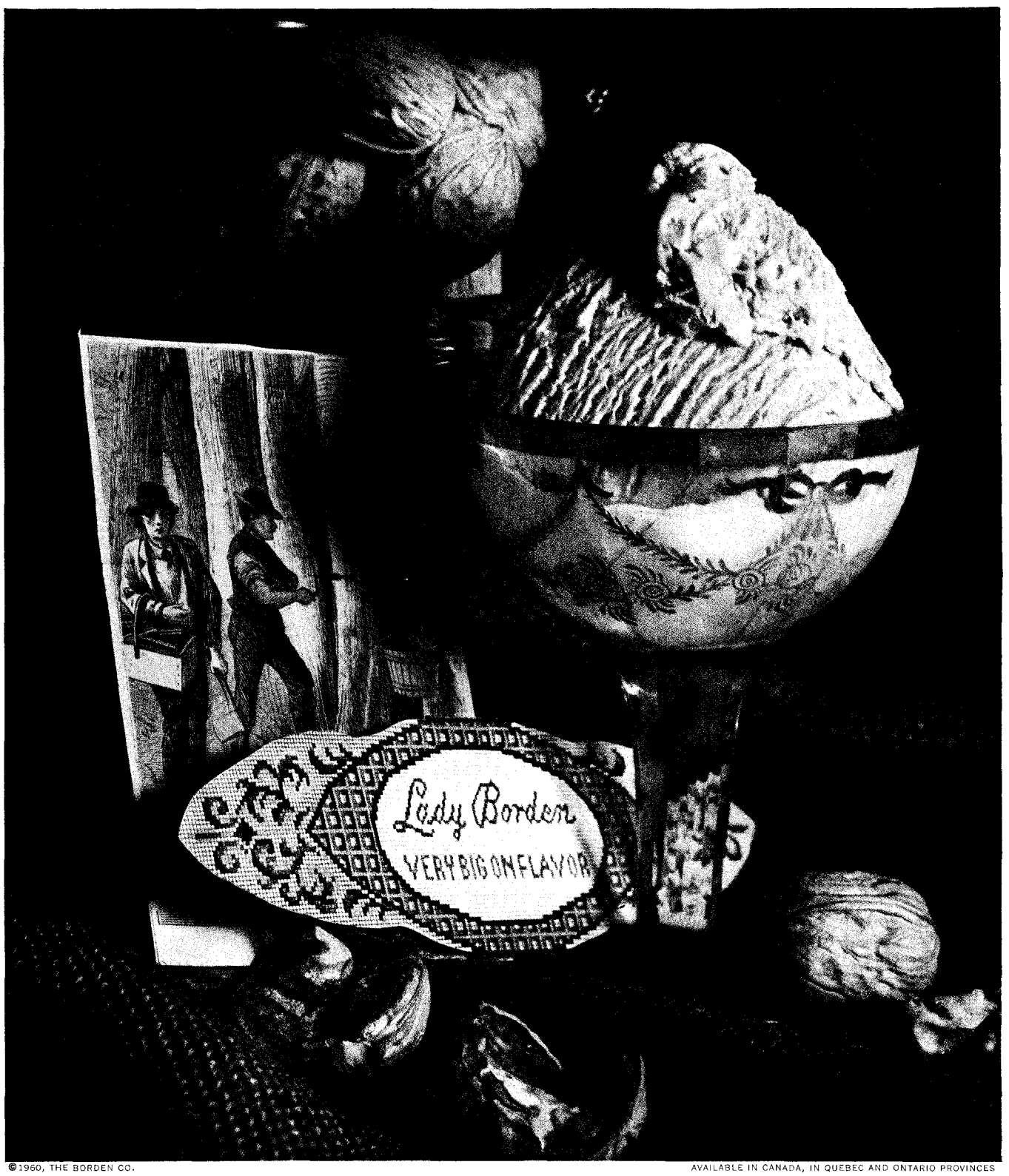
Saul Milstein said patiently, "You said yourself you were confused. Are you sure you didn't hear the music after the murder?"

Heather looked bewildered. "I ——"

She was like all the rest, Rick thought. She would say what they wanted her to say, when she knew the truth that would save his life.

This could happen to anyone, he thought incredulously. Anyone at all. Any citizen going about his ordinary daily business, who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, who couldn't prove he wasn't someone else, someone no one ever saw, who got away. He would never get out of this. No one would ever believe him. Even if they did, even if he was not executed, he would never be free again. And freedom to Rick was life itself.

He moved so suddenly that even big Saul Milstein was taken by surprise. He



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had the gun of the policeman nearest him. He had it in the back of Heather Ross, holding her in front of him.

"Don't move," he said. "Any of you. I'm not being railroaded for any murder I didn't do. I'm getting out of here now. If any of you try anything, I'll shoot the girl."

Don't let them try anything, he prayed almost audibly. *Don't let them know I won't shoot her.*

Saul did not move. He shook his head at the other police, indicating they were not to shoot. He sounded more weary than angry. "Rick, this won't help."

"Shut up!" Rick backed out the door, locking it behind him. He grabbed the girl by the hand and raced down the stairs with her. He took careful aim and shot up the tires on one police car and pulled the girl into the second car after him. He was racing down the highway at a breakneck speed. He was gone.

Saul Milstein looked after him. He shook his head. "The damned young fool," he said.

At first Heather Ross had crouched in the car beside Rick, paralyzed by sheer fright. She had never seen a gun before, much less had one held against her body by an angry, determined young man. She had often wondered if she were in a holdup or something if she would be afraid. Now she knew the answer. She was. Very afraid.

She was also afraid of this strange violent young man beside her, his lips grim, his dark eyes wild and brooding. He had already outdistanced two police cars which had taken up the chase. If he had killed Old Garth, he would kill her.

Stop being a rabbit, she told herself firmly. *He isn't even looking at you. He's almost forgotten you are here. You were just a means to an end to him, a way of getting out of a trap. He wouldn't have killed you. But he might have been killed himself. Besides, he couldn't have killed Old Garth if he was playing the violin in the woods when you came up the front steps. It couldn't have been Rick you heard on the back stairs, running away. And that was the murderer.*

She sat up straight in the seat beside him. He paid no attention to her at all. The gun was in his pocket. He was driving at a furious pace, swerving around corners. They were out of the city now in the surrounding countryside somewhere, heading toward the mountains by side dirt roads, which Rick obviously knew very well.

Heather wished she were brave, that she dared grab the gun, or throw herself from the car, or do something spectacular for once in her life. But she was not brave. Even worse, she was sensible. She sat quite still.

From being frightened, she progressed to being angry. Angry at the breakneck pace, at going around corners on two wheels, at the indignity of being manhandled and kidnaped in the first place. She was suddenly so angry that she forgot to be shy, forgot that as a rule she found talking to young men very difficult. She said, "You'll kill both of us, driving like this. Stop this car!"

Rick snarled at her, "When I want your opinion I'll ask for it!"

"Oh!"

"Shut up!"

"Before you grabbed me, I was just going to tell them I was sure I heard the violin music first, before I came in the house. That you couldn't have been the person I heard on the back stairs, running away."

Rick said, "I'll bet. What would you do that for? Why should you want to help me?"

"It has nothing to do with helping you. It was just the truth. But now that you've kidnaped me with a gun, who do you think is going to believe me?"

"Nobody," said Rick. "Nobody would have believed you anyway. They don't care if I'm guilty or not. They just want somebody to pin it on. I'm handy, and they pinned it on me. The boy with the bad record."

"Oh, get the chip off your shoulder. Stop feeling sorry for yourself!"

"I'm not ——" Rick looked at her for the first time. "Nobody would think from the size of you that you'd have so much fight."

Heather looked away from his fierce dark eyes. "I'm mad!"

Rick grinned suddenly. "You should get mad oftener. It makes you almost pretty. What do you wear mousy clothes like that for?"

Heather touched her plain blue cotton dress as if seeing it for the first time. "What's wrong with it?"

"Everything. No fit. No color. Why don't you get a good haircut, put on a little makeup? When your cheeks get red, like they are now ——"

Heather stamped her small foot. "You—what business is it of yours?"

"None. But what are you afraid of?"

"At least I'm not afraid of the police!"

Rick's grin faded, leaving his dark young face stern. He pulled the car off the road and under some trees, behind some bushes. He said grimly, "This is far enough. I'll cover the metal of the car with some brush and leaves so it won't shine from the air. I'll drag some branches over the turnout tire marks from the road. This is good cover. It'll take them a while to find the car here. By the time they do, we'll be miles away, walking. One thing to be said for clumpy shoes like you've got on, you can walk in 'em without turning your ankle."

Heather looked down at her worn, sensible walking shoes. "I'm not going to walk anywhere!"

Rick was out of the car, moving about, deftly concealing the metal. "Now they can't spot it from the police helicopter. Come on."

"I'm not coming."

Rick pulled the car door open and caught her small wrist in his long slender fingers. "I don't particularly want to break your neck, but I will if I have to. Nobody is going to coop me in any jail!"

"But if I tell them ——"

"You said it yourself. Who's going to believe you? Come on. I won't hurt you. I'll only take you far enough so that in the time it takes you to walk back, I can get into the mountains. They'll never find me there."

"You can't live in the mountains without blankets, warm clothing, supplies! Even in summer the nights are cold."

Rick shrugged. "I can catch fish. Rabbits—anything small in a trap. I won't starve."

"Or freeze?"

His dark eyes shadowed. "Better than the gas chamber or jail. Come on!"

He pulled her after him, his wiry legs covering the ground in sure and tireless fashion. Beside him Heather gasped for breath. "Do—we have to—go so fast?"

He looked down at her almost in surprise, as if he had again forgotten she was there. He said, "Sorry. We can rest until you get your breath."

He rested more frequently after that, though when he walked, he kept the same fast pace. Heather gave up all thought of trying to mark a path, or keep track of directions. She gave up all thought of anything except trying to keep up with this young man, who held her wrist and nearly dragged her along when she did not keep pace.

After several hours Rick stopped by a stream. "Want a drink?"

"Oh, yes!"

The cool water from the mountain glacier tasted wonderful. Heather washed her face and hands in it. The day was a hot one, and they had been walking very fast. She said, "I'm hungry!"

"Who isn't? Quit bellyaching."

"I'm not. I'm just tired. Tired to death. I can't walk anymore. I can't!"

Rick leaned against a tree. He looked at her critically. "I guess you've about had it, all right."

"Are you going to shoot me?"

Rick laughed aloud, a sudden, incongruous sound. His face seemed younger, boyish. He said thoughtfully, "I learned how to shoot people—in the Army, of course. I have a marksman's medal. But that was at targets. I used to wonder if I could shoot a person. I don't think I could, really. Don't worry. I'm not going to hurt you."

Heather stood up from the place she had been resting by the stream. Her slight figure was very straight. She looked at Rick, indolently masculine in his tight jeans and loud shirt, leaning against a nearby tree. The sense of crisis was gone. Rather, it was a different crisis: the old one of shyness. "Please let me go!"

Rick said indifferently, "All right. We've come far enough. Rest here as long as you like and then head directly toward the sun. You'll hit the highway eventually and they'll find you before sunset. And I'll have the whole night to get away."

She said, "I—can go?"

Rick waved a long slender hand. "Go ahead."

"If you were to come with me, give yourself up ——"

Rick laughed bitterly. Heather walked away slowly. Behind her she heard Rick whistling, like a small boy in the dark.

It was late that evening in Antek's small cluttered house. Saul had come in, tired and dirty. He sat opposite Antek, discouragement and weariness in every line of his big body. His great shoulders drooped. Even his eyes were tired. He said, "I've been out with the search, ever since we found that girl Heather about sundown. We haven't found Rick yet. You must know where he would go, Antek. You've been camping with him many times. You taught him to fish and to love the mountains. A man in trouble will go back to a familiar spot. Where do you usually go?"

Antek shook his head. His gentle voice also sounded very tired. "I will not help you, Saul."

The anger in big Saul's voice was very real. He said, "Dammit, you came over to this country; you're a citizen now and you won't co-operate with its police!"

Antek's black eyes were not angry, only sad. "My father died in a concentration camp because he was a professor who insisted on doing what he believed, teaching the truth. My mother also, and my two sisters. Do you think I will now betray them by doing what I do not believe to be right?"

"Rick is a fugitive from justice. You can't decide these things for yourself. It's a matter of law!"

Antek said firmly, "Rick is not guilty. He could not kill anyone, not ever."

"He kidnaped that girl at gun point right in front of me!"

"And released her unharmed. He was frightened. He panicked. Can you not understand that?"

Saul said wearily, "We'll find him anyway, Antek. We have helicopters, dogs, fire watchers, an alert on the radio. He'll never get to a safe place in the mountains. He'll be killed first. If you're so sure he's innocent, let him come in. You know he'll get a fair trial."

Antek said, "I can only judge for my own conscience, not for Rick's. For me, it is not to decide whether or not he should come in. That is for Rick. For me, it is to decide whether or not to tell you where he might be. I've decided not to."

"All right. We'll find him ourselves. And don't think we won't."

The phone rang. Antek answered it, gave it politely to Saul. "For you."

The voice of Saul's wife, Jemima, came over the wire, strident and aggressive as always. Saul could picture her at the phone, plump, fiftyish, her loudly hennaed hair cut very short and without curl; Saul always told her fondly that it looked like a dust mop. She would be holding her energetic white poodle, Sir Galahad, and looking admiringly at one of the atrocious paintings she did in the municipal art class and which she loved so much she had them framed and hung all over the walls, including the bathroom. She said, "So it's way past dinnertime?"

"Look, Jemima, I'm on this Old Garth murder case."

"So you've had no dinner? Blintzes I'll make you."

Saul ran his tongue over his lips. Jemima was the best cook in Gadsden. And in his pocket he had a piece of the loud costume jewelry she loved. On the fourteenth of each month, all the thirty years they had been married, he had always bought her a small "anniversary" gift to commemorate the ceremony.

"Jemima, I'm sorry, but I'll be out all night on the search."

"So you can't eat first? You think you've had a day? Well, let me tell you what I had. It all began when mamma called. She got away from that new nursing home. It was her back again. . . ."

Jemima was a compulsive talker; she talked so fast and so much that she really spoke a language of her own. Saul took a curious comfort from the detailed account he always got of her day. While he was not really listening, the sound of her voice, going on and on, was to him the most wonderful sound in the world. He let her run on, meantime thinking of where Rick Donelli might be.

He was conscious suddenly of a pause, into which he was obviously expected to inject something. He said heartily, "Well, that's fine, sweetheart. Fine."

Jemima's voice rose to a shriek. "Fine that my poor old mother is almost crippled with arthritis. Saul Milstein!"

"Now, Jemima. You know something different is wrong with her every day. She's as strong as an ox, really."

"Oh, she is! You mean to say ——" Jemima, characteristically, abandoned her thought in midsentence. She asked anxiously, "Is something wrong, Saul?"

"No." Saul had learned years ago that however close he and Jemima might be in all other things, police matters he must keep to himself.

"You can't fool me, Saul Milstein. You're worried."

"No."

"So come home and have the blintzes. You have to eat somewhere."

Jemima's cooking had completely spoiled Saul for hamburger joints. "All right. Fifteen (*Continued on Page 50*)

Matrimonial Memo

Old-fashioned marriage
Seemed to work fine:
He footed the bills
And she toed the line.

S. Omar Barker

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(*Continued from Page 48*) minutes. I can't stay, though. But I have something for you."

Jemima squealed.

"It's nothing much."

"So stop talking and bring it home." Jemima banged down the receiver. Saul turned away, smiling. He looked at Antek and pitied him his lonely bachelor state, his living his life without Jemima.

He said awkwardly, "I'm sorry this had to happen, Antek. Real sorry. I know you set a lot of store by that kid Rick."

Antek said quietly, "I still do, Saul. He was unlucky. That was all. Unlucky. And his judgment was bad in running away. But it could have happened to anyone. Sitting in a woods, harming no one, when suddenly the police arrest you and say you are a murderer because you are the only one there. How would you feel if that happened to you, Saul?"

Saul stretched his big arms tiredly. "I suppose the blood just happened to be on his jacket?"

"If Rick left it in the room, as he told you, the murderer could have picked it up. You say yourself you saw no blood on his shirt or pants. Why only on the jacket?"

"Why should someone else pick up the jacket on a hot day?"

Antek sighed. "A man who has committed murder and hears someone else coming might do anything. You admit you found the clothes hamper overturned on the back stairs, where the girl Heather said she heard a sound."

"It could have fallen any time. If there was anybody else there, where did he go? Where? Two of my best men were watching the woods and house. We had four men there in a matter of minutes. And nobody was in the house and nobody came out of the woods. Maybe if Rick had stayed, let us test his hands and clothes for blood, let the girl tell her story in a calm atmosphere, without hysteria."

"The girl," said Antek. "Yes. Heather Ross. She swears she heard Rick playing before she came into the house."

"The police didn't hear anyone else. Only Rick, running away. When he saw he couldn't make it, he bluffed by sitting down with the violin. Heather's been kidnaped, dragged all over the county, scared half out of her wits. She looks terrified if you just ask her an ordinary question. Who's going to believe she wasn't frightened by Rick Donelli into telling this story?"

Antek said slowly, "Not a jury, perhaps. But you, Saul?"

Saul shifted his big body restlessly. "The chief considers the whole case wrapped up, when we get Rick. Maybe a few loose ends."

"Look at the loose ends, Saul. Look at the loose ends!"

Saul said crossly, "I even thought about the girl, Heather. But she has no motive. She isn't even mentioned in the will. All those millions to the son Bartholomew, and he was in Pangulch, seventy-five miles away."

"You checked?"

"I'm checking."

"So you, too, are bothered by the loopholes."

"All I want is the guilty man, Antek."

The telephone rang. Saul winced. "Tell Jemima I'm on my way."

Antek picked up the phone, having difficulty with his crippled hands. He heard the door close after Saul. He said, "Yes, Jemima, he's on his way. No, really on his way, I assure you."

When he put the phone down finally, he stood for a moment, his birdlike figure bowed, as if with a weight greater than it could bear. Then he straightened his shoulders and with the inner toughness that had characterized him all his life, he moved slowly toward the door of his small extra bedroom. "It is safe now. He is gone. You may come in again, Rick."

Rick Donelli came into the small room, his blond hair mussed and wet from running. He had the gun in his hand. He said wonderingly, "You didn't tell him."

Antek sighed wearily. "I told you that I would not."

"You knew I wouldn't shoot you."

"Yes, I knew."

"But they could put you in prison for helping me." Antek shrugged.

Rick said, "If I ever get out of this, if I ever get another chance! But I'll never get out of it. Never!"

Antek said, "You have told me why you came back here instead of going to the mountains, where you told the girl you would go so they would look for you there. It is because somewhere in this city there is the person who really killed Old Garth. Because to clear yourself you must find that person."

"It sounds good. It's my only chance. But where do I start? It could be anybody."

"There has to be a reason for such a terrible crime. A deep reason. Hatred, money, jealousy, greed, revenge."

"A lot of people must have hated Old Garth. And I don't know who they were!"

"You must have faith. You will find out."

Rick lifted his dark eyes to Antek's. He said with deep emotion: "But not without friends."

Antek smiled. "There is only the old practice violin, but perhaps you will play for me?"

Rick tuned the violin with difficulty. For the first time in his life, with the instrument he loved so much in his hands, his mind was not on it.

He said wonderingly, "Just last night we were here, playing, and today, without my doing anything at all, I'm hunted, headed for the gas chamber."

"Play, Rick. It will help."

But Rick put down the violin. "There isn't much time, Antek. Whatever I do, I'll have to do while it's dark."

Rick borrowed an old jacket of Antek's and slid silently into the dark.

At the corner, he nearly ran head-on into Cass, the patrolman on the beat. Last night he would have said, "Hi, Cass." Tonight he had to duck down, hide until Cass passed, make his way through alleys. Would he ever be able to live again without hiding, looking over his shoulder, endangering his friends?

Only if I find the real murderer. He must be pretty confident tonight, with nobody looking for him but me. And I don't know who he is. But I've got to find him. And I'm going to.

Rick went on, his young face grim and determined. Hunted, but also hunting.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Lost Continent (Continued from Page 15)

continent-cum-flying-saucer sort of cranks. His hobby—and I can't think of a better for anyone living in the Azores—was Atlantis. He knew all the usual arguments for and against. Like so many seamen he was a great reader, though he had left school at the age of twelve. And he had a passion for facts. I tell you; he saw the difference between fact and conjecture much more clearly than some of my colleagues.

"What I want, Mr. Penkivel, sir," he said, "is to 'ave that cave excavated proper like. Not treasure 'unting! Every cupful of soil sifted by them as knows what's what. And I don't want nothink out of it for meself—and I'll pay the labor."

I asked him why me. Simple. He had turned up at the museum and demanded the bloke who knew most about ivories. Just possibly I am. But I also happened to be the bloke whom the porter was most annoyed with at the moment.

Now I really must repeat that there is no conclusive evidence for the existence of Atlantis. But as well as a so-called expert in ancient art, I am also a Cornishman. Part of us always dips into the ocean with the sun. So when I had taken Jim out to lunch next day and again convinced myself that he was dead straight, I decided I might as well spend the six weeks' holiday, which was coming to me, in running a trial trench through that cave. I did not tell my colleagues what I intended. They would have thought I needed a holiday even more than I really did.

Like all islanders Jim knew how to travel cheaply. When he returned to the Azores on a Portuguese cargo boat, I went with him—feeling self-consciously precious and wondering to what sort of society I had condemned myself.

I needn't have worried. Jim's background was in keeping with the man—simple and satisfying. He had a white, single-storied, peasant house, three acres of wheat and pasture and some terraces of fruit and vine, which wandered up the hillside. It was one of the highest farms on Graciosa, blazing with sun or hidden under blowing mist half a dozen times a day and looking out over a full semicircle of empty, secretive Atlantic.

All this he had married, together with *Senhora* Hawkes. It was certainly a love match, though it wouldn't have been possible without her inheritance. Maria Hawkes was a peasant poppet, with the face of an angel and the body of Humpty Dumpty. She, too, had got a bargain by her marriage. Her energetic little ex-steward, always wanting to know why, had doubled the value of her land. They had as yet no children. That allowed Jim his luxury of Atlantis. His excuse for the journey to London had been a visit to his brother, but the *senhora* knew as well as I did that his true motive was to explain the ivory.

His cave was on a steep, overgrown hillside, high above their land. The entrance was a horizontal cleft under an overhang of rock, so that it could be seen only by a man climbing up from below, and even then he might not spot it through the bushes for what it was. Beyond the cleft was a roomy, low-roofed chamber which ran back into the hill for seventy feet, narrowing all the way, until the passage ended at a fallen boulder.

It was just the sort of place to have sheltered early man. But the islands were uninhabited when the Portuguese discovered them; so I could not expect to find traces of anything larger than a rabbit. If I did, the historians and geographers would have a good deal of rewriting to do. That was a fascinating thought for a holiday, let alone the fact that I might come across another inexplicable ivory.

I don't normally dig; it's my job to give my opinion of what others have dug. But the cave would have been easy even for an amateur. Right inside, where Jim had made his find, there was only a layer of dust over the bedrock. We sifted all of this. It was quite sterile. I could trust him absolutely with the sieve. When I tell you that he managed to spot a rat's tooth you can imagine how keen he was.

Over the rock at the entrance were eight feet of soil, shallowing rapidly, of course, as one got farther into the cave. Through this we drove our trench with the help of two laborers whom Jim had hired. Meanwhile Maria Hawkes brought up enormous meals of fish and wine on a donkey and loaded the panniers with earth from our dig to put on her pineapples. She couldn't understand our professionally slow, patient progress. But if that was how her man wished to amuse himself she did not complain. Other wives had to put up with drink or gambling.

For the first week I was as happy as any fellow let out of an office can be. At the end of the second week I began to get bored. So did the onlookers, who left us for good. We found not a trace of man. The authorities are always right. A pity—except when I am the authority myself.

The only excitement came when one of our cross trenches hit charcoal only two feet above the bedrock. Jim Hawkes was bursting with expectancy and quite silent. He saw what it could mean. So did the laborers. But I had to tell them there was no evidence of a human hearth; it was undoubtedly blown debris from a forest fire. I think I shall go out and look at it again.

Jim wouldn't let me pay for anything, and I knew he could not afford to go on. The farm was being neglected; ready money was short after his trip to London; and dear Maria Hawkes had added to the expense by considering it her duty to feed the spectators as well as us. At the end of the third week I persuaded Jim to give up and dismiss the laborers. I felt like—well, like a doctor telling him he must lose his leg. But it had become quite obvious that excavation was not going to tell us anything of the ivory puma.

When the first idle day was over—idle for me—I scrambled up to the cave and, of course, found Jim already there. He had been up before dawn and hoeing ever since, but now he was chipping away with a cold chisel at the boulder which blocked the end of the passage.

"Know anything about explosives, guv'?" he asked.

I said I did. Not a very likely trade for an antiquarian. But in the war I was a sapper.

"Then 'ow about it? Think we'd be muckin' up the evidence?"

Yes. That was what he said. He had the instincts of a born archaeologist.

I told him I was sure there was no evidence to muck up, but that the boulder would take some smashing. It had fallen from the roof recently. Say, two or three hundred years ago. To judge by the narrowing of the cave walls, I decided nothing much could be behind it, except a cleft or vent. That had to be there, for an occasional draft of warmish air could be felt at floor level. The air had removed my last, faint doubt of Jim's story. It accounted for the preservation of the ivory—otherwise rather unlikely in the moist climate of the Azores.

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There was a wide crack down the middle of the boulder and a useful cavity below it. Doubtfully I told Jim my requirements. They didn't bother him. He spoke very serviceable Portuguese and was popular everywhere. He was back the next evening with a keg of old-fashioned gunpowder — excellent stuff for shifting rock—from the island's general stores, this time on my bill, and had got fuse and detonators free from the whalers.

He did not mention what we were doing, even to Maria—most women are inclined to be excitable in the presence of explosives—so we had complete privacy. I made a good job of it, although my main length of fuse turned out to be a lot faster than the sample I had cut. I'm not sure whether I shot out of that cave together with the blast or just before it.

When the smoke had cleared Jim and I opened up the passage. Fortunately, as it turned out, the whole force of the explosion had been directed outward, showering debris onto our working floor, cracking the rock, but disturbing nothing beyond it. We had still a couple of hours of work with pick and crowbar before we could reduce it to rubble and climb over.

To my surprise the cave had done all the narrowing it was going to do and continued as a very rough v-shaped passage. I am not enough of a geologist to be sure of its origin. A combination of earthquake and steam pressure, I think.

Keeping the beams of our flashlights as much on the untrustworthy roof as on the ground, we cautiously followed the tunnel until it ended at an appalling abyss in the volcanic rock. That was where the warm air came from. A steam-heated hell fed by the tricklings-in at sea level or below. We threw down boulders and heard not the faintest sound. The gap was too wide to jump but fairly easy to bridge.

While I was wondering if I could ever pluck up enough courage to cross the homemade bridge which Jim—I knew it—was going to insist on constructing, he gave a shout. He was lying on his stomach examining from a respectful distance the sheer edge of that terrifying drop. He pointed to what he had found. Two shallow grooves for the beams of a bridge had been chiseled out of the rock. Our flashlights showed two corresponding grooves on the opposite side of the chasm.

I have never been nearer to believing in a drowned continent. Who wouldn't in a place like that? I had quite unjustifiable visions of the very last of the inhabitants clinging to a barren peak which later became the green island of Graciosa and using the cave as their temple or treasure house. Nothing impossible about the rock cutting. Atlanteans, if they existed, presumably had chisels of bronze or obsidian.

Oh, yes, I thought of that! I took some scrapings and dust home in an envelope. No trace of bronze or any metal at all. Not conclusive, but in favor of steel. Particles so tiny as those from a steel chisel would have been oxidized and blown away on a breath. The microscope did show a glassy dust like a form of obsidian, but even my Cornish blood refuses to build on that. A thousand to one that it was a natural component of the rock.

Farm work went overboard again. Serious, this time. There was a sudden squall from the south which laid the heavy, overripe wheat. Maria wept, but Jim damned the weather and continued to square the ends of two twenty-foot lengths of pine sapling with a ship-builder's adz so that they would fit the channels. On to these spars we nailed planks from the bottom of an old farm cart. The donkey was busy all day hauling timber up the slope.

By the next evening our bridge was ready. I don't believe we would ever have thrown it across the gap if not for Maria. She had a marvelous head for heights and just laughed at her husband, whose distaste for this beastly brink of nothingness was just as great as mine. But he was far more determined.

The roof of the passage was not high enough for us to stand the spars of the bridge in the grooves and lower the far end by ropes. So we mounted the near end on a pair of wheels and kept up the far end at an angle of forty-five degrees by pulling on a rope. Maria pushed this contraption forward, or acted as brake if we raised it too high. When we finally dropped the bridge into position, axle and wheels went over the edge. We never heard a sound after the first bounce.

Maria greeted the accident with a merry laugh. She was perfectly happy standing a foot from the edge—and after all, the old wheels weren't worth anything. She strolled about on the bridge with plump unconcern. Jim and I went over it on our hands and knees.

After a few yards the passage opened out into an irregular rock chamber too large for the beams of our flashlights to explore. The *senhora*, becoming the weaker sex again, remained at the entrance with a flashlight of her own. She didn't like that place at all.

Working our way round the walls, we had just decided that this was the end of the cave with no way out of it, when Maria let out a piercing scream. She had sat down with her back against the rock and a pool of light in front of her to keep off the bogeys. She stretched out her left hand to make herself more comfortable and placed it on the face of a corpse.

We rushed across to her. The dead man was a Spaniard or Portuguese of the early sixteenth century. Body, clothes and weapons were well preserved in the still, dry air. He was on his back, with arms crossed on his chest. He knew he had had it and laid himself down to die with dignity, trusting in the mercy of God. And there in the dust, undisturbed since his last unsteady steps, were the marks of his loose boots.

He had taken a sword or dagger thrust low down on the side of the throat. I should not have noticed the perforation of the mummified skin if the linen of his shirt had not been dark with dried blood.

It wasn't the expert, the scholar trained to facts and nothing but facts, who saw the vital bearing of a four-hundred-year-old murder on the problem of the ivory puma. It was Jim, of course—Jim with his passion for never destroying the record of the past through avoidable carelessness.

"We can find aht what 'appened, Mr. Penkivel, guv'," he said. "Spend a bit of time on it and we don't 'ave to be Sherlock 'Olmeses."

He was right. The pointed, rather feminine tracks, though the edges were blurred, were utterly unlike our own and told the story. Two men had crossed the chasm. Side by side they walked to the far right-hand corner of the cave. There the dust was thoroughly trampled and disturbed as if they had been removing something which they carried away. On their way back to the bridge the man

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JOSEPH C. SALAK

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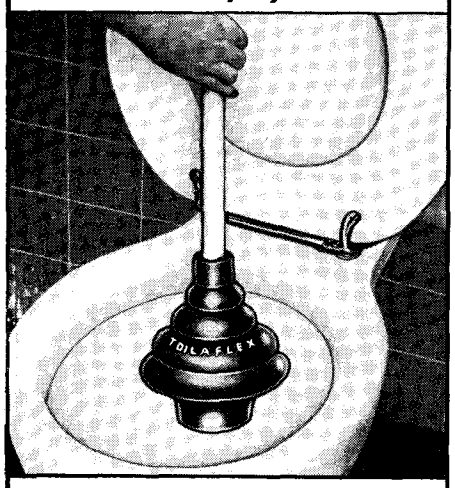

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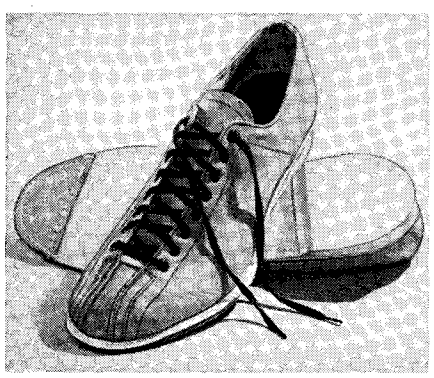

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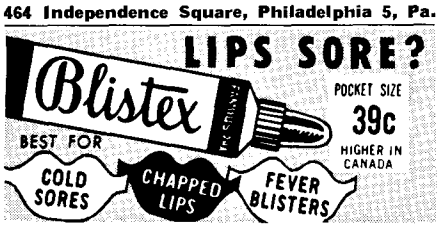


walking a little behind had stabbed the other.

The murderer's footprints had been overlaid by ours, and were muddled anyway; but a set of clean impressions which we found pointing to the gap seemed unexpectedly deep and firm. My astonishing collaborator was not content with a "seemed." He measured the depth of the heel prints. No doubt about it at all. The murderer when he left the inner cave was weighed down by his comrade's burden as well as his own.

The movements of the other were equally clear. When he fell forward he left impressions of his knees and body. About where his neck would have been, a patch of dust was caked by blood. Badly wounded or dying, he had then risen to his feet, staggered to where Maria nearly sat on him and crossed his hands on his breast.

You see why. Because the trusted companion who had stabbed him from behind made doubly sure of him by destroying the bridge. So he lay down to wait for the end. No weeping and cursing on the edge of that uncrossable abyss for him. His simple act made me understand the contemporaries of Cortes and Pizarro as no books could. Probably he had the sense to see that the sword had been merciful, that he hadn't long to live. Even so I think that if the corpse had been mine it would have been found on the brink of the chasm with arms outstretched and mouth open.

I could now make a plausible guess at how the ivory puma came to be in the outer cave. The murderer, repacking his loot, had got rid of it as an object of no value and inconvenient bulk. But it pleased him. He was a man of the Renaissance. I like to think of him as an Italian. So he stood it on the rock ledge instead of just throwing it away.

We found no concrete evidence of what the valuables had been. Maria with her quick fingers helped us to sift the dust. Nothing. Not even a spilt coin. But there was no need to drag in Atlantis. Boxes of gold and silver must often have gone astray in those days when the treasure fleets called at the Azores on their homeward voyage from the Spanish Main. The two adventurers, I suggested, could have been removing from the cave a hoard of stolen loot.

Jim did not deny it. He didn't stick to his lost continent. He merely pointed out, as modestly as the more courteous type of Oxford don, that I was ignoring inconvenient facts without explaining them.

"'Ow about the footprints of the blokes what put it there?" he asked.

I hadn't thought of that. Obviously the prints of the blokes who put it there—whatever "it" was—were not visible at the time of the murder or they would be visible still. So in the sixteenth century they had already been obliterated by slow time. In that case the treasure had been put in the cave long before the Azores were discovered.

By now I was unconsciously treating Jim as an authority. I suspect that my voice echoed through the darkness in a genuine academic falsetto as I tried to answer his question by complicated theories involving drafts of air cut off by the fallen boulder. But I had to admit that the case for Atlantis could not be finally dismissed.

You would have thought he'd have jumped at it and driven home another point, too—that the chiseled footings we had found suggested a permanent bridge, not the casual construction which would have been thrown across the abyss by two fearless conquistadors hiding or seeking a hoard of loot.

Jim stuck to the evidence, however, and nothing but the evidence. He squatted on the floor sucking his teeth—and then he blew his own beloved Atlantis sky high.

"Them two was puttin' somethink in," he said, "not takin' it aht!"

And he fiddled around some more in the marks of the heels with flashlight and foot ruler.

He was on to the truth. The tracks which led from the entrance to the disturbed corner were deeper than the tracks which led back to the site of the murder. So there it was. The two men *were* putting something in. They did not find a treasure in the inner cave at all. They carried it in across their bridge and dumped it.

So far, so good—but if that was what really happened, the murderer had to return from his victim to the corner in order to pick up the two loads and make off with them. And his tracks must still be there.

They were. Along the wall all the way. That's why we had missed them. Reconstruction was easy. Torch or candle had gone out in the struggle, so the murderer felt his way back to the treasure round the wall. Wounded man also had a pistol—a very fine one for its date—which may have influenced the cautious movements of the other.

"Not what you wanted, Jim," I said. "I'm sorry. But you're a lot better off."

"Fifty-fifty, Mr. Penkivel, sir," he answered sternly.

I knew he must have noticed it. There was nothing his eyes missed, though, of course, he could not know the value of the emerald set in the pommel of the dead man's sword. Nor could I in the beam of a flashlight. But it was worth a lot for its extraordinary size even if flawed, as it almost certainly had to be.

I turned his offer down flat. In proportion to his resources, Jim had contributed to an archaeological expedition more than any millionaire's fund ever dreamed of. He was entitled to the finds, if any.

And then that amazing man reflected doubtfully, "Would yer say we 'ad the right to take it aht, guv'? We're 'ere for knowledge, not treasure 'unting."

I assured him that there were plenty of sixteenth-century swords in the world and that this was of no special value except for the emerald set roughly and strongly into the hilt. Safest place to keep it, I suppose.

Well, yes, I must admit it was a superb weapon. But I wanted Jim to have the emerald; and I didn't know enough about the Portuguese law of treasure trove to be sure that if he produced sword and emerald as they were he would be allowed the value. Take it from me—state museums don't like paying out when they can get something for nothing.

"O.K., guv'nor," he said. "Sell it for me when yer gets 'ome because I wouldn't know 'ow. And you 'ave the ivory puma for the museum."

Why isn't it on exhibition? I've told you. Because the blasted thing is impossible! It asks us to assume a lost culture with affinities to both Old World and New. Yes, naturally, I had it dated by the radiocarbon method. The very large elephant which supplied the ivory died not later than 2000 B.C.

Origin unknown. All we can say. Nothing surprising in that. Every great museum has some lovely thing in the basement waiting for the day when our successors will know enough to be able to label it.

There was nothing else in the cave worth recording. Jim and I decided to leave the body where it was and remove our bridge. Like a couple of idiots we talked of cementing a ring bolt into the roof so that we could support the far end while we pulled it back. Maria's feminine common sense soon dealt with that.

"But why not drop it down the hole?" she asked in her lilting Portuguese. "We can always make another."

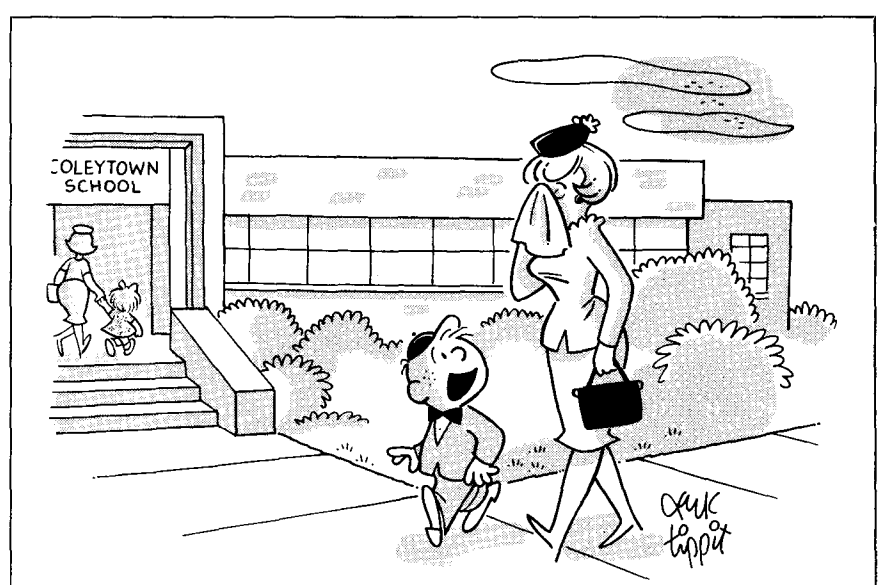
It's the end of the story. Unsatisfactory, as I told you, except for Jim. I got him six thousand pounds for the emerald.

The chiseled bridge footings? Oh, those! Well, the romanticist—that's me—finds them so inexplicable that he is reexamining (please keep it to yourself!) the case for Atlantis. The cold-blooded authority—that's Jim—suggested that our two adventurers made a solid bridge because they intended at some later date to bring over a heavy mule train of stuff which they did not want to risk losing.

Possible, but odd. Remember they only entered the inner cavern once. They never explored it at all while they were building their bridge or afterward. They carried in their mysterious loot straightway and dumped it. Doesn't that look as if the bridge was already there?

And doesn't it suggest a sudden, hasty decision, not the behavior of men stacking away valuables in a carefully chosen hiding place? My own guess is that they found the cave and the treasure at the same time. They didn't know what to do with such wealth, how to ship it and dispose of it. So they agreed to carry it into the inner cave for the moment and perhaps break down the bridge.

Where did they find it? In the outer cave, of course, where it had remained untouched ever since it was abandoned by desperate refugees from the sunken cities of the plain on the lost continent of Atlantis. THE END



"I'm only starting to school, mother—not going off to war."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How We Help Asthmatic Children

(Continued from Page 23)

shelters a variety of handicaps such as polio and rheumatic fever.

In Cincinnati as in every other part of the United States—and the entire world—there live many Andys. Since asthma, unfortunately, is not a reportable disease like tuberculosis, polio, cancer and many other conditions, public-health authorities have no accurate method of determining its frequency. Dr. Susan C. Dees of the Duke University School of Medicine reviewed available statistics concerning the incidence of asthma in the March, 1957, issue of the American Medical Association's *Journal of Diseases of Children.* This reported study shows that more than 500,000 persons have asthma in this country. This is probably a low estimate and does not include patients who have recovered from the illness. Doctor Dees states that 9.3 per cent of all admissions to the pediatric division of the Duke University Hospital in 1955 were for asthma. United States vital statistics prove that asthma is an important killer as well as a known crippler.

For example, asthma kills ten times the number of people who die each year in this country from diphtheria, whooping cough, typhoid fever and bacterial dysentery combined. Deaths from asthma rate with those from leukemia and congenital heart disease; they outrank by far annual deaths from polio and rheumatic heart disease.

A very conservative estimate of the prevalence of asthma in children is 250,000 active cases. Fortunately 90 per cent of juvenile asthmatics can be benefited and usually cured by good, accepted treatment on an office basis. The other 10 per cent fail to respond. This means that at least 25,000 children may be destined to be chronic, noncurable asthmatics.

Asthma is a disorder of the lung resulting in a narrowing of the small breathing tubes, which makes it very difficult for the victim to breathe air into or to force air out of his lungs. Many factors—allergy, emotional tensions, infections and family background—are responsible. Allergy, of course, is the dominant agent in many children, whose specific sensitivity to such allergens as ragweed, pollens, molds and dust may provoke an acute attack. Almost all asthmatic children, for example, are allergic to house dust, but seldom will one such sensitivity be the source of severe chronic asthma. Other contributing causes are necessary.

Emotional maldevelopment and psychological maladjustments may play a primary or secondary role. In a severe, intractable case like Andy's they are always of paramount importance. Children can actually "turn on" an asthmatic attack when they think it will accomplish a desired end—such as allowing them to get their own way with their parents. Often, however, the psychological frustrations contributing to their asthma are deep-seated, and at a subconscious level. Indeed, the maladjustments may be in the parents or brothers and sisters rather than the child himself. When he is temporarily separated from his family, his asthma will often disappear, only to return when he again goes home.

Heredity plays a prominent part in setting the stage for the emergence of an asthmatic child. Almost without an exception, in every such patient I have examined, there has been an allergic background. Some close blood relative—father, mother, grandparent, aunt or uncle—will invariably have had eczema (an allergic skin disease), hay fever, hives or asthma.

For ten years prior to my appointment as full-time medical director of the Convalescent Hospital for Children I was engaged in the private practice of pediatrics. Time after time during these years I encountered the severe asthmatic child in my office. Each time, despite referral to allergists and psychiatrists, I was unsuccessful in providing any consistent long-term help. Usually the child's parents had taken him from one doctor to another seeking the "miracle" cure. I was just another stop on the frustrating journey.

I became more and more interested in such children, whose childhoods are thwarted by chronic disease or handicapping conditions. When the opportunity came to devote all my time to these patients, I took it.

Our 100-bed hospital was designed for one purpose—the long-term care of young handicapped patients. From its beginning the child himself was the main concern, his handicapping condition a secondary one. The hospital was the result of a survey conducted in 1929 to determine the need for convalescent facilities for children in Cincinnati.

A visitor touring our institution will see from the outside a long, low, modern building surrounded by three acres of tree-shaded grounds, which are dotted with brightly painted swings, slides and merry-go-rounds—all being put to good use by laughing, shouting children. He will note a few crooked backs, an artificial arm or leg, huge body casts, a covey of wheel chairs and even some children in beds, absorbing the sun and freshness of the outdoors. Our visitor may be shocked to see our pet donkey drinking out of the children's drinking fountain and a large dog chasing a loquacious flock of ducks under a bed. He will meet Rip Van Winkle, our goat. He will probably see a group of boys building a chicken house for 100 baby chicks which the boys pooled their money to buy.

Inside the hospital things are similarly informal. "Lady," for instance, is nursing a litter of enthusiastic puppies in a converted grocery carton at one end of the hall. The main floor is ingeniously divided into twelve glass-walled wards of eight to nine beds each. At the moment most of them are empty, since the children are either out in the play yard or on the wide verandas opening off all the wards. Our visitor should be impressed with the abundance of modern medical equipment, air conditioning, therapy department and schoolrooms. He will see doctors, nurses and therapists busily performing their duties in what seems a setting of utmost confusion.

It was into this setting that Andy was admitted in the fall of 1956. He was withdrawn and depressed, his face a vacant expression of hopelessness—as if to say, "We've been through all this before." To isolate himself from reality he covered his head with his pillow. He cowered under his blanket. When other children teased him, severe asthmatic attacks ensued. Wheezing was his defense against the world—wheezing produced attention, concern by adults. Wheezing was a subconscious distortion of Andy's need for praise, affection and security.

To Andy, the concept that a hospital could be anything but a cold, sterile, efficient prison was completely foreign. Neither Andy nor we ourselves realized at this time that a controlled environment for an asthmatic child could be a rather mad, relaxed, informal, happy place.

"What do you think makes you begin to wheeze, Andy?" I asked him casually.

His forehead creased. "I guess I get mad at people—or mixed up. My stomach gets to feeling funny. Like a windup car with the parts broken. Then it works up here." His hand tightened over his shirt. "Then I wheeze, and they leave me alone."

During the last ten years, through the vision of a noted New York asthma specialist, Dr. M. Murray Peshkin, progress has been achieved in treating the child with intractable asthma. At the Jewish National Home for Asthmatic Children in Denver, Colorado, a two-year program for the rehabilitation of these children has been developed with the inspiration and guidance of the New York specialist. By separating the children from their own environment and parents, and by giving excellent medical care, which alone had previously failed, an almost miraculous cure was obtained. The doctors have proved that the climate in Denver has little or nothing to do with the results. In a recent article in the *International Archives of Allergy and Applied Immunology* Doctor Peshkin pointed out that seven children from Denver and twenty-four children from the Rocky Mountain region where the climate is similar have been admitted for treatment. These children showed the same improvement as did children from all other areas of the country.

Since this experiment disclosed that a controlled environment away from an asthmatic child's home was visibly beneficial, the way was opened for a new approach. Could a local program which utilized existing facilities in the child's own community produce the same results? Andy stimulated our search for this answer.

At the time Andy was admitted to the Convalescent Hospital his doctors planned to apply for his ultimate admission to the center in Denver. It was soon apparent, however, that amazing things were happening in Cincinnati. Andy was no longer wheezing. He was gaining weight rapidly. Pulmonary-function studies—special breathing tests—were showing, in an objective way, that real improvement was taking place. Even his damaged heart was returning to normal. His once drawn, frightened face had filled out.

One day a boy burst into my office. "Doc," he said, "Andy's in a fight! With boxing gloves! Beating up Bill, and Bill's a lot bigger. How come Andy ain't wheezing?" And so Andy had become a fighter. But now he was fighting with his fists, not his lungs. For the first time in his life he was happy.

Encouraged by Andy's reaction to our treatment, we admitted twenty more "intractably asthmatic" children such as Andy for a two-year treatment program, beginning in the fall of 1956. Twenty beds were all we could spare; only the most serious cases could be admitted. The allergists had a waiting list of 100 other cases. Community resources were marshaled to meet the needs of the children accepted. If the program was successful, similar centers could be set up in communities all over our country and, indeed, all over the world.

A five-point program was outlined. First, the child was to be separated from

NEXT WEEK

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS
DISAPPEARANCE OF OUR TIME:

WHAT HAPPENED TO JUDGE CRATER?

By Jack Alexander

MY VAGABOND DAYS

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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

The All-American Line-up

The Top Twenty Teams

A SCHOOLTEACHER
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WHY DO THEY MISBEHAVE?

By Edward T. Hall

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his home environment for a period of eighteen to twenty-four months. He would be removed from many of the allergic factors such as dust, carpets, drapes, feathers, certain foods and a host of other attack-provoking agents. He would be kept in a special air-conditioned ward free from pollens of trees, weeds and flowers until he no longer wheezed. He would be separated from the emotional tensions, frustrations and anxieties that exist in the home of every severe asthmatic and that are such potent factors in triggering an attack.

One of our first "graduates" of the program, ten-year-old Carl, taught us the necessity of resolving these problems if we were to provide permanent freedom from asthma for our children. His was a gratifying and dramatic improvement within a month after his admission to the hospital. His severe wheezing disappeared. He gained thirty-five badly needed pounds in six months. After eighteen months of seemingly perfect health he was discharged home. He seemed a happy, well-adjusted boy. Three days after arriving home he had to be rushed back to the children's hospital. After a year and a half of freedom from his dreaded wheezing he was confronted with the worst attack of his life. His doctors were forced to use every known method of suppressing an acute asthma attack: an oxygen tent, heavy sedation, and a new "miracle drug," adrenocorticotropic hormone, injected directly into his vein. This dangerous wonder drug will usually give effective, but only temporary, relief. Its use is reserved for the most desperate cases.

But was our eighteen-month effort to be of no lasting help after all? After a thorough analysis we realized our mistake. In this particular case the major cause of the asthma was a deep-seated emotional conflict between the child and his parents. When he was separated from them, he was well; when discharged home, the same tensions were present and the attacks recurred with renewed fury. The child was overprotected by his mother. On him she lavished excess attention and affection, neglecting her husband who became sullen and resentful. There was constant fighting between the parents, and abuse of the boy by his father. Carl's father was a mail carrier, his mother a grade-school teacher. She, of course, had been to college, knew a little psychology and believed she was an authority on children's emotional problems. She tended to depreciate her husband because of his lack of formal education. Carl's father—in a misguided attempt to protect his damaged manhood—was overly stern, occasionally cruel and physically abusive to the boy.

Carl was readmitted for another six months, during which time both he and his parents were given intensive psychological and psychiatric help. The exact nature of their conflicts and disturbances were uncovered. The psychiatrists working individually with Carl and his parents were able to interpret their confused feelings to them, and the necessary adjustments were made. The boy was again sent home. More than a year has passed since his second discharge, and he has been without an asthma attack.

Thus the second important part of the program is the individual psychological evaluation of the child and a study of his relationship to his parents and other members of his family. As in the case of Carl, emotional problems and tensions must be relieved if lasting freedom from asthma is to be a reality. Group-therapy sessions of the parents are conducted by a psychologist, so that together they can pool their experiences with their asthmatic children and gain support and confidence by group discussion. We feel that this pioneer attempt at prolonged group psychotherapy for parents of asthmatic children has been the most successful part of our program.

The sessions are held one night a week. Parents sit around a large table in a pleasant, homey conference room. After an initial warming-up period they freely communicate to one another and the psychologist their individual problems. Through skillfully guided group discussion, answers are given to these problems.

Closely concerned with this approach is our social caseworker, Miss Janet LaPlant, who goes into the homes of the children, discusses the parents' problems with them and helps to prepare them for the return of the child. She also sees that the child's home is improved for him. The house must be clean, as dust-free as possible. Foam-rubber pillows must be substituted for feather pillows. Mattresses must be covered with plastic. Drapes and rugs must be removed from his bedroom. Not infrequently the caseworker will have to help the family move to a more acceptable type of housing.

Miss LaPlant is a tall, well-groomed, intelligent young woman. She is well aware that before she can really help these families she must first be accepted and trusted. Often this is extremely difficult. For weeks she could not get anywhere with one family who were very suspicious of her. Finally she gave up all direct attempts to help and concentrated on a new approach. It turned out that both the mother and Miss LaPlant had relatives in the hills of Tennessee. This common origin was just what the family needed. They finally accepted Janet as one of the family.

Nurse Patricia Ashbrook with Daniel Bowles, a 12-year-old asthma patient undergoing treatment at the Cincinnati Convalescent Hospital for Children.

The bedridden child was brought outside to watch the game and to soak up sun. Most of the youngsters—including the football players—are asthma patients.

Our third approach to the child's rehabilitation is to provide expert medical and allergic care, administered by a team of specialists: pediatricians and allergists, who in turn may recruit other needed specialists—a heart specialist for the child with a damaged heart, a surgeon for the child with diseased tonsils and adenoids, an eye specialist for the child with sight difficulties. Poor vision does not cause asthma, but the tensions resulting from poor schoolwork and frequent headaches in an allergic child can precipitate asthma. Bill was such a child. He had failed his last year in school. This was blamed on his frequent absences due to asthma. Routine eye checks in his own school failed to reveal visual difficulties. After he was admitted to our hospital, our teacher especially trained to observe for any hint of physical defects requested that he have an eye examination. Careful tests by a competent ophthalmologist revealed a significant visual impairment. Glasses were prescribed, and Bill now is an outstanding pupil. His asthma is greatly improved.

The allergist must manage the patients' sensitivities. To specifically determine the allergy, skin tests must be advertently done. Desensitizing vaccines against the offending allergens must then be administered. When foods are the cause, they must be eliminated. Elizabeth, an eight-year-old Catholic child, is an example of the occasional great importance of food allergy. Elizabeth's family varied their Friday fish suppers with frog legs. Special skin tests at our hospital revealed that Elizabeth was very allergic to frogs. This accounted for the frequency of her severe attacks on Friday nights! A myriad other allergy techniques, medications and treatments must be instituted.

The pediatrician must treat and prevent infections, at the same time overcoming nutritional defects with a good diet, vitamins and nutritional supplements. The Convalescent Hospital uses atmosphere as well as food to entice children to eat. The pink-walled, multi-windowed dining room looking out onto a mass of initial-carved trees is not exactly a gourmet restaurant. But the youngsters gather here as expectantly and convivially as though it were an ice cream and candy shop.

Those in bed or on carts or in wheel chairs are pushed in by their more fortunate friends in the "up" group. Usually "Lady" is in attendance, tail wagging, and poised for surreptitiously dropped bites. The children—of all faiths—take turns saying grace, some occasionally preferring to offer "silent" prayer. Then the mad rush is on.

One child at each table serves the others. Complete freedom of choice exists, except for allergic foods. A child may request a particular food. Andy, for instance, wanted spaghetti every night along with the rest of his meal. He also wanted and was served ice cream on corn flakes.

Children whose bony frames attest to their previous faulty eating habits are soon gobbling every bite—carrots, spinach, cabbage, beef liver or mysterious casseroles, which would have produced groans and gagging at home. Poor eaters often gain ten to fifteen pounds in their first month's convalescence. The freedom from tension, which had previously interrupted mealtimes at home, is a major victory in their struggle toward health.

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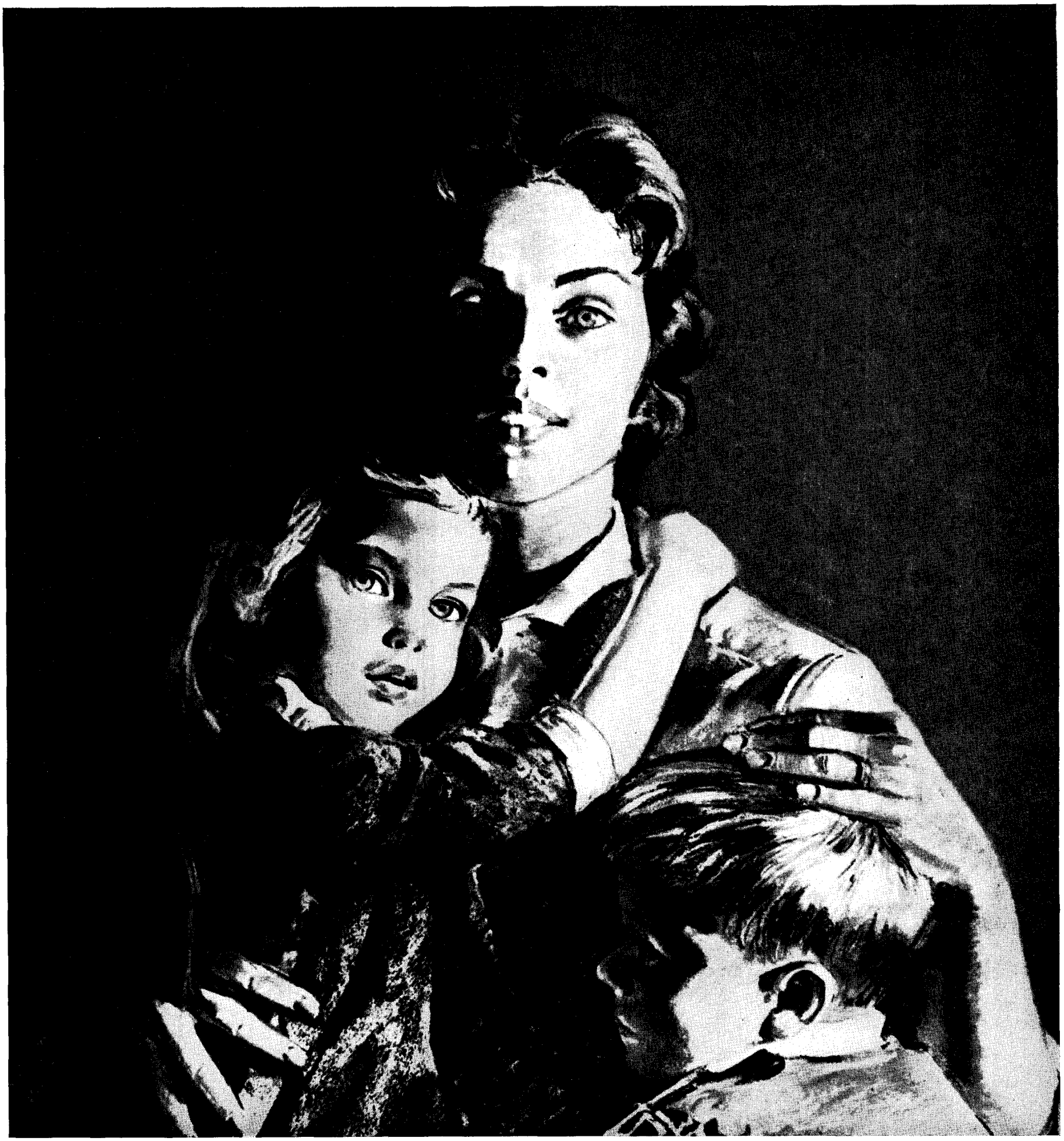

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(*Continued from Page 54*) Our No. 4 approach: An absolute requirement for a lasting improvement in the children who are discharged from the program is a continuation of close medical care and supervision. Only if the children remain essentially free of asthmatic attacks for the rest of their lives can we say the program is a 100-per-cent success.

This careful follow-up care, observation and continued treatment is easier to effect with a local community program than with a centralized national one. In his own city the child can continue supervision under the same doctors who managed his case while he was in the hospital. He can be seen week by week, and setbacks can be prevented by meticulous examination and treatment of any early sign of trouble. Dickie, a three-year-old Negro child—our youngest in the program—demonstrated the need for continued close supervision. This child was extremely susceptible to infections. His asthma disappeared while in the hospital, where his recurrent infections were promptly treated. Signs of trouble were noted in our follow-up clinic after he was discharged. Repeated colds and flu attacks were triggering mild asthmatic attacks. A new viral vaccine for prevention of flu and certain types of colds was utilized. This vaccine reduced the number of infections Dickie was having, and his asthma was again under control.

The fifth point of our program is scientific research. We recognize that despite the success of the program, there are many enigmas concerning the cause, treatment and prevention of asthma. New medicines and techniques must be developed and tested carefully before they can be tried on the asthma patient. Under study now is a new method of directly applied medicine by machine to the inside of the lungs. This forces moist, medicated oxygen into even the smallest divisions of the lungs. In progress also is psychological research designed to disentangle the intricate interplay between emotional upsets and asthma.

Research in the field of allergy and asthma unfortunately has, in the past, been pushed into the background by demands in other areas such as infection, polio, cancer and heart disease. Happily, increased attention is being focused on research in asthma throughout the country. As in any other branch of medicine, our goal is a method of prevention. At present this goal has not been reached.

How are these many complex and seemingly divergent attacks on childhood asthma really applied to a child like Andy, or to his best girl, Peggy—a twelve-year-old gentleman's blond dream, with precocious tendencies toward rock 'n' roll?

The answer to this question is, of course, *people*.

Meritorious plans are of no more value than the personalities, the sense of dedication and in specialized areas, the training of persons assisting the child. Regardless of what the assistance is, it must be rendered with love, with understanding, with patience and with humor.

The Convalescent Hospital dietitian, Pat Smith, is just such a person, who brings her profession to life for the children because she accepts each as her own responsibility; who encourages them to help prepare menus; who watches mutely when they assist in the kitchen, breaking eggs haphazardly and with faulty aim into mixing bowls, or sifting flour with arduous solemnity into a cake batter. She encouraged Andy to take a turn operating the cash register in the employees cafeteria, which to a twelve-year-old is big business—particularly since he is paid in cash for the effort. Her love for the children is reciprocated. Result: good eating, good health, good fun.

There are other people like Pat Smith on our staff of seventy-five. Every person, from the administrator down to the cleaning maids, has direct contact with the children and must be carefully chosen and trained. Main requirement: a warm, generous personality. Each member of the staff must work with a great variety of long-term illnesses: asthma, congenital and rheumatic heart disease, polio, birth defects, fractures, malnourished babies, muscular dystrophy, cerebral palsy and many, many other handicapping conditions.

Miss Joan Cairns, occupational therapist and director of our recreation program, is a lovely, dark-haired girl who believes in joining in her various projects with the children with great enthusiasm. One day our board of directors was having a regular meeting when they were startled by seeing our Joan, clad in blue jeans, galloping past the conference-room window on Jenny, the donkey—a child riding fore and aft!

Andy Viesen is our head laundryman. He always seems to have time to bring several of the kids into the laundry to "help him." A great treat for the older boys is to help run the huge laundry machines; for the girls to help run the huge mangle. Doll clothes get special care.

The hospital staff works as a team: the medical director, the administrator, pediatrician, allergists, psychiatrist, psychologist, social caseworkers, nurses, occupational and recreational therapists, physical therapists, teachers, technicians, dietitian, volunteers—a team whose goal is to ascertain that Andy, Carl, Peggy and all the rest of our children have the best possible chance to win their own, very personal battle against the grip of intractable asthma.

How can a community develop such a program? In Cincinnati it was accomplished in this way. Hospital beds and rehabilitation facilities were made available by the improved control of paralytic polio, after introduction of the Salk vaccine. Another community might utilize hospital beds made available in tuberculosis sanitariums by the steady reduction in tuberculosis cases. The board of the Convalescent Hospital for Children made possible the use of the facilities, the staff and the experience of this unusual institution. Allergists and other physicians volunteered their services. Departments of pediatrics, medicine, allergy, psychiatry and psychology of the University of Cincinnati made personnel and facilities—laboratories, X ray, clinics—available. The Family Service, a United Appeal-sponsored social-service agency, contributed a trained social worker.

To provide the type of hospital care needed for these children is, of course, expensive. At the present time our actual cost per day for each patient is ten dollars. This sum, while low compared with acute-illness hospitals, is still a formidable amount over a long period of time. Very few families can afford $300 per month for many months. We do believe, however, that all parents should meet some of the cost—even if it hurts a bit. They must know they are participating in the child's treatment. They must know he is their ultimate responsibility. They pay what they can afford—some as little as two dollars a week, others as much as five dollars per day.

The tremendous additional cost of the program was met through the ordinary sources of revenue of the Convalescent Hospital for Children, the United Appeal of Greater Cincinnati, public-welfare funds, private-hospital insurance, private contributions and patient's fees. Further support for the research program was secured by means of a grant from the National Institutes of Health. Volunteer lay help has been made available by groups of interested men and women.

All this effort, knowledge and money has been expended for one reason—so that Andy, and the other Andys of the world, may escape the prison of intractable asthma and lead normal, productive lives. Andy is well on his way. He has been graduated from the program with honors. He is free from asthma and he is attending school regularly. So far in our program there have been fifty such children as Andy. Thirty have been graduated. Most of them are greatly improved, the majority of them free of asthma.

During my good-by chat with Andy he commented, "You know, Doctor Allen, if someone had just told me to put on boxing gloves and punch when I was mad instead of hiding someplace and wheezing my head off, I could have saved you people a lot of time and trouble. I think I can handle things now." This is a good summation of our entire effort.

"Tell Them in Paris . . ."

(Continued from Page 28)

tall trees where sheep were grazing along the banks of a silvery stream—long since cemented in—and where some families of Spanish woodworkers and sandal makers were at home. Since then, the leveling of the old marine quarter along Algiers' water front has brought an influx of Italian fishermen and boatbuilders. And, what with Spaniards, Frenchmen, Maltese and Italians pouring in during the years when French Algeria seemed a Promised Land, the borough has become a melting pot where various Latin strains, after three or four generations of peaceful coexistence, have formed an alloy of their own. Bab-el-Oued even speaks its own color dialect, a spluttery, deep-throated French richly adorned with Arab, Spanish and Neapolitan expressions. A play about a typical Bab-el-Oued family, the Hernandez, performed by a troupe of local actors, was a major success in Paris a few years ago.

The name plates by the door of almost any Bab-el-Oued apartment house sing out the story: Carré, Rodriguez, Roland, Servol, Yaconna, Puig, Caruso, Gatto, Mas, Pelleja, Fiorentino, Chaussat, Amsallem, Massiot, Shicluna, Escoda, Lauro, and so on. "We may not all be of French blood," an elderly Italian said, "but we are French—more French, perhaps, than many Frenchmen. We have gone to French schools. We have fought in the French Army during the last war. Many of us already have French relatives. Our ideas are French, we sing the *Marseillaise*, our flag is the French tricolor. France can't abandon us!"

Seen from the bars and coffeehouses of Bab-el-Oued, the problem of Algeria looks quite simple. The argument goes this way: This handsome morsel of North Africa, conquered some 130 years ago and still officially an integral part of France, must remain French forever. While it was folly to grant independence to France's former protectorates of Tunisia and Morocco—flanking Algeria to the east and west—it would be downright criminal to let go of Algeria. For here, settled among 9,000,000 Moslems, live 1,000,000 Europeans—more than one third of them of French extraction, and nearly all of them French citizens.

Unfortunately, from the settlers' point of view, the Moslems—officially French citizens, too—do not always appreciate the privilege of being under the French flag. A powerful rebellion against French rule has been in progress since November, 1954; and, at this moment, a well-equipped French army of 500,000 men is fighting 30,000 Moslem *fellaghas*—"irregulars"—in the rugged mountains of the interior.

An Algerian "government in exile," set up in Tunis by leaders of the National Liberation Front—F.L.N.—has thus far countered France's offer for a cease-fire with a demand for more far-reaching talks that would lead, in the end, to independence.

It is the European community—by far the largest in North Africa—that holds the key to the Algerian puzzle. For some time past the European settler, remembering the French withdrawal from Indochina, has been afraid of a French "sell-out," leaving him high and dry. Two years ago his patience snapped. Convinced that Paris was pursuing the Algerian war without enthusiasm, French army and civilian elements throughout Algeria rose in revolt against the French Republic on May 13, 1958. They would have crossed the Mediterranean and marched on Paris in order to impose their will had not one of the few men they respected, General de Gaulle, stepped in at the last moment.

Addressing the applauding settlers from an Algiers balcony, he told them, "*Je vous ai compris*"—"I have understood you." On his promise to solve the Algerian problem—he never did say how—the aging soldier was elected President of France amidst much rejoicing, both in Algeria and in Paris.

But soon the settlers' happiness turned into leaden disappointment. When de Gaulle refused to promise that Algeria would be French forever; when he made mocking references to the "Algeria of papa," the settlers were beginning to suspect that they had been duped. And when, at last, he came out for self-determination in Algeria, another uprising became inevitable. Last January the outraged ultras marched on downtown Algiers, threw barricades across the streets, shot it out briefly with the French security forces and called upon de Gaulle to retract his self-determination offer.

He did not—and frustration lies heavily over Algiers. Nearly 1000 suspects have been interrogated in connection with the January events, arms have been confiscated right and left, and a handful of ultras are still in Paris jails on charges of sedition, among them the bearded "intellectual," Pierre Lagaillarde, one of the two ringleaders of the uprising. The other, a roughneck named Ortiz, is either a fugitive or dead.

Small wonder that those who cried "*Vive de Gaulle!*" the loudest now curse him as a double-crossing scoundrel. One Bab-el-Oued couple likes to show off its three-year-old son who, on request, will raise his little arms, de Gaulle-style, and crow, "*Je vous ai compris et je vous ai*

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eu"—"I've understood you and I've gypped you"—sending assembled friends and relatives into great peals of mirth. Not all political comments are so good-natured, though. Clandestine leaflets call de Gaulle all kinds of names, including "traitor," and there are people here who swear that, should he dare show his face again in Algiers, they'd kill him on the spot.

And yet, for all its swagger and ferocity, Bab-el-Oued is full of charm. This is an outdoor world, with all the earmarks of the boisterous, lighthearted, extroverted Mediterranean way of life. Snatches of music float in the soft air—the music of guitar and mandolin. In empty lots, men play a friendly game of *boules*, a distant relative of bowling. A noisy crowd of housewives presses around the stands of the open-air market, eying the day's display of fruit and vegetables, sausages, Oriental pastry, wickerware, pots and pans, and secondhand clothing imported from the United States. The turbaned venders won't be outhaggled, and every transaction represents a stalemate arrived at with much gesturing and a final shrug.

In colonnaded squares lush with subtropical shrubs and flowers, fierce little boys, some of them dressed up in the natty, camouflage-stained uniform of the French paratrooper, play soldiers-and-*fellaghas*, rattling miniature submachine guns while their spaghetti-fed mammas beam at them from the nearest park bench. Of a cool evening, half of the population strolls down the Avenue de la Bouzarea—named for the mountain that looks down its length—saluting friends or admiring the tawdry things that fill the shop windows and that fit both the taste and pocketbook of Bab-el-Oued.

Is there a war on? You are still frisked—"Do you mind? Thank you"—when stepping inside a department store or cinema, and at the latter you are not allowed to leave before the show is over—you might have placed a bomb under your seat. But such precautions have become part of the day's routine. No bomb or hand grenade has gone off in Bab-el-Oued for quite a while now. The heavily armed soldiers guarding street corners and public buildings look bored, and gratefully engage in small talk with friendly passers-by. To the good folk of Bab-el-Oued, the war these days seems far away.

This is their world—it is the world they made, and the mere thought of leaving it behind makes their hearts ache. "Is it the Arabs who built this town?" one Frenchman asked, taking in, with a sweep of his hand, the marvelous white crescent of Algiers. "It's us, the Europeans, who've made Algeria what it is. Like the poor and oppressed who set sail for the United States, we left a narrow, stuffy world behind to start a new life in a new, free, spacious land. Our grandfathers and fathers were the pioneers. We have our memories and our dead here. Ah—I love this place. I love this sky. Here I was born and here, my friend, I'll croak."

In the backroom of a small café I talked with three young workers, Bab-el-Oued lads employed in a factory on the other side of town. They had been on the barricades last January, and one of them had lost a cousin in the shooting fray that had cost twenty-one lives.

"Tell them in Paris we're not packing our bags," one of them said. "If France casts us away, we'll make a revolution, and this time we'll win."

"We'll only leave Algeria feet first," said another.

Bab-el-Oued's leading citizen is a stocky, balding, amiable fish dealer, Nicolas Loffredo—*Monsieur le Maire* to one and all. Elected mayor of Bab-el-Oued on an "Algeria-French-forever" ticket in April, 1959, he has since been replaced, in line with new administrative rules, by a French Government appointee. But his prestige was based on more than politics, and his removal is ignored. As the borough's most devoted sports and music enthusiast, Loffredo is the dominating figure in several of the twenty-three sports clubs and musical societies that make the social wheels go round in Bab-el-Oued. Like everybody else here, he works for a living. Every morning at 4:30 sharp he can be found at the wharves inspecting the night's catch of fish. And before lunch *Monsieur le Maire* will down his anisette with the truck drivers, soldiers and letter carriers who happen to frequent his favorite bar.

Loffredo's family comes from an island in the Bay of Naples, but the fact that his grandfather and father were born on Algerian soil gives body to his Frenchness—as does his World War II record as a French officer with Allied forces in Italy. When word went around, last January twenty-fourth, that the European settlers would demonstrate against de Gaulle's Algerian policy, Loffredo donned his blue, white and red mayor's sash and marched toward the center of Algiers—and, as it soon turned out, the barricades—behind the local brass band. All Bab-el-Oued was marching with him.

"Are we big landowners clinging to our acres?" he asked me. "Are we colonialists exploiting the poor natives? See for yourself! We are the workers, cobblers, bricklayers, cabinetmakers, the hand-to-mouth employees, the fishmongers and the small businessmen, who want to hold on to their meager incomes. We are defending our livelihood and our way of life. Don't let anybody tell you that this is a colonial war!"

The typical Bab-el-Oued apartment is a two- or three-room affair, and the living-and-dining room will be a showpiece, looking a little like a furniture store, with its oversized sideboard and matching chairs and dining table and its gleaming white, incongruous refrigerator. There'll be a television set, and possibly a gilt bronze stag, and a hand-colored photograph of papa in a French soldier's uniform with decorations. Your hosts, likely as not, will receive you in their flowered dressing gowns—it's hot, and one likes to relax at home.

Over strong coffee their hopes and fears, their virtues and their vices come tumbling out. It is like opening a coal chute. This is a borough full of orators, and you may see them foam a little at the mouth as they get heated up. "Why did de Gaulle commute the sentences of *fellaghas* condemned to death? Why clemency? And why keep Arab prisoners alive in concentration camps where they can smoke and watch television? They are criminals, and they should pay for it!"

And in the same breath you are told, "We have no grudge against the Arabs. They're good people, we have lived with them for generations, we know one another. Our children go to school with theirs. Those of us who have Arab employees joke with them as if they were part of the family. When the grocer tries to cheat us, we say, 'You won't do that to me, Mohammed, would you? We've known each other—let us see—for twenty years!' I tell you, we've always lived in harmony. All this rebellion—have another cup?—it's just a few bad men, their leaders. They're stirred up from abroad—Tunis, Nasser, the Russians, you Americans, excuse me. But once those bad men out in the hills are liquidated, I don't see why we shouldn't go on living side by side. Why change anything?"

There are no Jim Crow laws, and there is no apartheid. The Arab may sit anywhere he pleases in the trolley bus, he may be served in any restaurant, and there's equal pay for equal work. But few European men would give their seat on a crowded bus to a Moslem woman, few Moslems would dare enter a French restaurant, and the good jobs, in practice, are reserved for Europeans.

All this, the people of Bab-el-Oued feel deeply, is the divine order of things. They have already made painful concessions, such as addressing a Moslem as "monsieur" and a Moslem woman as Madame So-and-so rather than by a convenient universal first name, Fatma. How far are they expected to lean over backward? If there is a truth they hold to be self-evident, it is that men are not born equal.

Now, the inhabitants of Bab-el-Oued are certainly not stupid. They know that what the Arab world and all of Africa are fighting for is human dignity. "Social advancement is the one thing the Moslems are really after," said a French lady working in a bank. "And to their way of thinking, the only way to get that is to have political independence."

Here we come up against the basic proposition. No one here can believe that, in an independent Algerian Republic, 9,000,000 Moslems and 1,000,000 Europeans would form one happy family. It is too late for that. While some big landowners and well-off manufacturers might hold on for a generation in a free Algeria; while the European doctor, dentist or pharmacist might be invited to remain until enough Algerians are ready to replace him, the average "little man" would have his economic basis knocked out from under him by Moslems coming up fast from below. The exodus of Europeans from neighboring Tunisia and Morocco, which never held European communities anywhere near as large as that of French Algeria, is taken here as a sure sign of what's in store.

And there are other fears. The European settler is convinced that the equality he has denied the Moslems all these years would, in turn, be denied him in an independent Algeria. "We'll be pushed around," one Bab-el-Oued shopkeeper said. "They'll humiliate us. They'll show us who is master." And his wife added, "They'll treat us like dogs."

Life in such circumstances, all Bab-el-Oued agrees, is utterly unthinkable. And at this point the plight of the French settler takes on the visage of true tragedy. Where can these people go? Time and again in my talks with the Italo-Hispano-Frenchmen of Bab-el-Oued we ran through the same catalogue of dead ends. "In France there's no room, and the French don't like us. Spain is too poor. Italy has an unemployment problem of its own."

The prospect of having to start life over as refugees in a world already filled with refugees of every description—that prospect is a nightmare few can face. The only group that would have a "home" to go to are the Jews, about 10,000 of whom live quietly in Bab-el-Oued—most of them artisans, shopkeepers or small traders. But they have shown themselves no more inclined to move to Israel than their next-door neighbors feel like going "back" to Strasbourg, Naples or Valencia. French citizens since 1870, the Jews, too, look at Algeria as their country and, like their Christian compatriots, they dread the notion of exchanging this dear, familiar world for an uncertain future.

To make things worse, few families in Bab-el-Oued own enough cash for a one-way ticket out. That shiny set of furniture, that living-room refrigerator and that television set likely as not represent their owners' total capital—and there's money owing on them, for that matter. The Durands, Rossis and Gonzalezes here love a good show, and saving cash runs counter to their whole philosophy of life.

"You know, this rain-dance stuff is pretty silly—according to the radio this morning the high-pressure area is moving north!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Trusting the sun to shine tomorrow as it shines today, they've always spent with open hands, giving their children costly toys and a good education and blowing what is left on family feasts. There is no better way to understand Bab-el-Oued's expansive, sentimental soul than to attend a wedding at Padovani's ballroom by the sea, where young and old dance to the strains of one of the borough's celebrated brass bands while children scamper about among the tables laid with food and drink, and a fine time is had by all.

There are exceptions to the mass hypnosis of *Algérie Française!*—people who quietly concede that nineteenth-century colonialism is dead and that the European settler in Algeria lives on borrowed time. Among those who believe that Algerian independence must come are Bab-el-Oued's Catholic priests, most of them local boys themselves. One parish priest, during last January's uprising, deeply offended his parishioners by announcing from the pulpit that these were "not historic, but hysterical" days. The sometimes openly pro-Moslem stand of Algiers' clergy, which takes the long view and evidently plans to stay, causes much dismay among the largely Catholic European population. Archbishop Léon Étienne Duval of Algiers is known as "Mohammed" Duval to his exasperated flock.

And there they are. "Abandoned" by their government, "deserted" by their clergy, where can these people turn for aid and comfort? Waiting for new approaches to the French-Algerian cease-fire talks—once more indefinitely postponed at this writing—with "vigilance," they stubbornly reiterate that the only end to the long war can be the F.L.N.'s capitulation.

Yet, as one gets to know them better, one cannot help but feel that the good people of Bab-el-Oued have understood that *Algérie Française!* is a lost cause. What can a million settlers do against a continent in motion? One of these days, they know, the French Republic and the rebels will sign a peace treaty, and history will drop the curtain on what was so delightful while it lasted. Meanwhile, in the arcaded squares and busy corner bars you'll look in vain for signs of panic. Keeping their courage up with rousing words, oiling their submachine guns in the cellar, the citizens of Bab-el-Oued—great lovers of heroic opera—prepare themselves for the last act.

Treachery's Wake (Continued from Page 29)

cabin boy, a lad of fifteen years or so. Then there were two passengers, two gentlemen he had seen but little; they spent their time aft with the captain.

Of his companions, thought Amarillo, the less said the better. Most of them had come aboard drunk just before sailing time; the cook was even now at the lee rail, retching, pale and wan, his unhealthy bulk ashiver in the sun. He had been there some time. Amarillo walked over to him.

"First time at sea?" he asked sympathetically.

The cook granted him a baleful glance. "I've had more water hit my oilskins than you're like to see, young fellow," he said. "I was born on a barge, and that forty years by."

"And you're still seasick?" Amarillo marveled.

"Seasick, is it? Seasick? I've never been seasick in my life, and by the grace of God I never will be. It's mustard is wrong with me, lad. Mustard. Forced down my throat in a pint of water near to boiling that ripped the lining out of me."

"Aye, mustard," a new voice said. It was Captain Stiles. He had come up behind them and was grinning in a malevolent way that Amarillo realized was characteristic. "Mustard. That's the medicine to make a man human, bosun. That's the stuff to make them stop crying 'sick.' I'll have no cook drunk in my galley, and now he knows it."

"I was sick, cap'n," the cook protested.

"Yes. Well, if you're not better yet, there's more of the same. Or I've got other remedies. If you're ready for a dose I'll lash you to the shrouds and let you have it."

He turned and walked aft. The cook spat and cursed him under his breath. A little later the captain must have been telling the story to his passengers—Amarillo saw them watching the cook, talking and laughing. One passenger was still in his early twenties; Amarillo supposed him to be the nephew of the other. When they were on deck they sat on cane chairs with the captain—and otherwise kept to themselves.

In any other ship it would have been a good voyage. The wind continued fresh and steady south and by west; they traveled close-hauled across the Tasman for a little better than two weeks with very little necessity to alter the setting of the sails. A clipper might have set a record passage, but speed was beyond the poor old *Jessie*. Amarillo, in charge of rope and canvas, was the busiest man aboard—most of the running rigging needed replacing; yet the stores were inadequate for the purpose, so that he had to be forever compromising between his materials and his needs. By the time the storm came that he feared, the gear for which he was responsible was dependable. But the forecastle walls sweated and worked; the state of the fastenings was such that the timbers groaned and creaked incessantly; the noise from sail and gaff above seemed never to stop; the men were dissatisfied and frightened of the captain; of the mates, one was weak and the other dour and remote; and the cook, a constant butt of the captain, seemed to retaliate by doing the worst he could with stores that had not been good in the first place.

They reckoned they were two days off the southeast coast of Australia and four from Sydney when the wind, veering to southeast, strengthened to a gale. Running ahead of it now, with canvas stripped to essentials and reefed to the storm points, the *Jessie Seydon* picked up her heels and, as far as it was in her, raced for the distant coast. Her cargo had put her low in the water; the newfangled Plimsoll mark had been next door to under as she had lain in harbor. The men, as they came down from the yards, were put immediately to the pumps, and one of the mates was fairly constantly at the well, measuring her intake. But there was no alarm; indeed the crew was jubilant that they would see the Sydney girls perhaps a day sooner than they had thought.

"The girls are on the tow ropes," they said; and they sang rude and happy little verses as they worked the pump handles.

So they ran into the dark night, with the boiling water plunging and curling round their quarters; and at an early hour in the morning, just before the fales dawn raised a glow above their starboard quarter, they ran full tilt into the massive trunk of a heavy tree that rolled in the ocean where the offshore currents created a wild and stormy diversion.

Amarillo, in his thwartships bunk at the rear of the forecastle, was thrown to the deck. His first thought was that the ship had been driven on a rock; and as he reached for his trousers he was shouting, sending the awakened crew on deck. The secondary series of crashes, of cannonball reports and the thunder that followed testified that the sudden shock had broken away the masts. That was frightening. Even more ominous was the wash and surge of water within the ship.

While the rest of the crew ran past him and up the companionway to the deck, he fought a tendency to panic and opened the chain locker, striking a match for a quick assessment of the damage. At the level of his eyes the planks were sprung; somewhere below, the heavy stempost had broken, as he could judge from the angles of the timbers. The ship was lying well over on her starboard beam. The sea was free to enter her somewhere below the water line. Already water was round his ankles on the cabin deck and swiftly, swiftly rising.

There was obviously nothing he could do; the ship was gone. But he could make his report and he raced on deck. He found the most unutterable confusion. All three masts had gone, falling parallel, forward and to the right, their trucks still joined by the heavy jumper stay which, while it added strength to the normal rig, had ensured the totality of disaster. The masts were half under the black racing water, their butts pressing down on the broken starboard deck line, the remains of their rigging a fantastic web of stout line, weaving and snapping, that made progress on deck into that variety of obstacle race which is the stuff of nightmare. The thick darkness of the night, the rushing wind and the wash of ocean transformed the shouts of men into eerie croakings like the cries of distant gulls; and the new sounds, the grind and grate of wreckage, had replaced the pistol-crack noises, the whippings and the strainings of a ship under sail.

In one half of his mind, as he squirmed and struggled for the port rail at which he might reasonably expect to find a clearer passage aft, Amarillo was aware that the *Jessie Seydon* was still alive and responsive to the laws of wind and sea, swinging slowly on the new keel that the submerged canvas had formed, so that the port rail was now becoming the lee, sheltered from the main blast of the wind. That was good, he thought; the longboat on the port davits should be undamaged; in the new position of the *Jessie Seydon* its launching would be simplified. The bark was well down by the head now; the stern had hardly lifted, but the bow was almost under water.

He was the last to reach the afterdeck. Miraculously the whole complement had escaped death or being swept overboard; only the boy was clutching a shoulder from which a useless arm swung limp. Amarillo's eyes were used to the darkness now; the darkness itself was giving way to the promise of dawn.

"That you, bosun?" It was the captain.

"Aye, aye. I had a look at her, sir. Stempost gone, planks are sprung."

"No hope then?"

"None, I would say."

"Get three men and axes and clear the starboard davits."

That was it. He should have brought the ax from forward, and he had not. There were two axes socketed on the walls of the midships housing.

"Richards, Schmidt, Lane," he called.

The elder passenger was silhouetted against the glow in the East. His clenched hands were in front of his shoulders; he was lifting his face to the sky and crying like a woman. The younger man, bare legs appearing ridiculously under a knee-length greatcoat, was standing like a statue.

With his team Amarillo was making his tangled way for the axes and the boat davit, but he was aware of these things; as he was aware also of the captain's shouting to somebody to keep away from the longboat at the port rail. He mentally approved. Every minute they could afford to delay would make the longboat easier to launch. In his head, while he cut at the tangle in front of him, he worked out who would have been at the longboat—the second mate, the cook, and Martin Pilling.

The starboard boat was smashed to fragments; once they had cleared a little canvas from it it was obvious that no good could come of their further efforts. Ahead of it the small dory that they used for brief messages to the shore had one side broken out of it, the thwarts ending on air. By that time they were working knee-deep in water.

The *Jessie Seydon*, though, had leveled somewhat. Her stern was now little more elevated than her bows; the racing water had found an ample passage through her bilges to fill the after compartments too. It was now light enough to see the whole situation of the ship. The port side, now on the sheltered lee, was perhaps a couple of feet above the average level of the waves. It was difficult to tell; for the combers, under the pressure of wind, mounted the wreckage on the other side and raced wildly up the slope of the deck, creating a tangle and a swirl that made it doubly necessary to keep a handhold and a toehold at every shift of position.

Back at the stern the captain had left the ship's company and presumably had

Crank

By Norman R. Jaffray

I've no objection to old-car buffs
Except that they're so all-fired cute:
The gals have boaters and veils and muffs;
The men wear goggles and shoot their cuffs,
With linen dusters to shield their suit.

Once it was funny, I can't deny,
But hasn't this humor run its course?
I watch the corny cortege go by
And I stifle the terrible urge to cry
What they've all been waiting for: "Get a horse!"

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gone to make some last-minute requisition from his half-flooded cabin. The first mate took command.

"All right, lads. That's all we can do. Richards, Pilling, into the longboat. Stand to the blocks. The rest of you to the falls. Take it easy. Amarillo, watch the wash."

The normal exercise of launching the longboat from the davits was easier than usual: the only complication was the excitement of the men. They got her into the water and there was a scramble for places, a reasonably orderly scramble in which the mate kept some semblance of command. The boat seemed adequate. It was sixteen feet in length and beamy enough, but its load of men set it well down in the water. Still to come were the captain, the first mate and Amarillo.

Captain Stiles appeared from the still unsubmerged entrance to his quarters aft. Of all the men who had tumbled from their beds he was the only one wearing sea boots. The first mate, the two men and the boy of the starboard watch were shod; the rest were barefooted. From some still dry locker the captain had acquired a heavy coat, and he was walking even more deliberately than was his habit. He wore his captain's cap; indeed he was dressed as adequately as ever a man needed in the storm. And he was angry.

"Who gave the order?" he shouted. "Mister Mate, I'll have your skin. Offload, the lot of you. Get back on board. And keep the ship until I tell you."

"There isn't much time, captain," Amarillo said, and the officer swung on him.

"I'm the best judge of that, bosun. . . . Now, Richards, ship the tiller. Stand by the forward tackle, you there. . . . You, gentlemen, remain seated. . . . The rest of you—out! And step lively."

Pilling leaped for the rail. The rest of the men stayed where they were. They looked uneasy, but sullen.

Very deliberately the captain reached inside the fastenings of his coat, fumbled a second or two and produced a heavy revolver. Just as deliberately he shifted the safety catch and cocked it. "I'm master here, and by God you'll know it. Get out!" he roared.

Hastily, as hastily as they had got on board, yet, as seamen, watchful for the trim of the little boat dancing by the half-submerged hulk, the men came over the rail and stood. Except the boy; he remained sitting at the point of the bows, crying aloud, still clutching his shoulder.

"Now jump to it," the captain roared at him.

"He has a broken arm," protested Amarillo.

"Aye. Well, he'll have a broken leg to match. Boy, you jump when I say." The captain leveled the revolver, and Amarillo gave voice to a half-articulate protest. The gun swung on him. But the lad, sobbing louder, was scrambling for the rail. Hands reached out to help him, and he made it, with a scream of pain.

"That's better," the captain allowed. "Now hear me. I give my orders. Before that boat puts off she'll be well found. What kind of way is that to put to sea?"

The first mate protested. "All found, sir. There's sail in the forward locker and the mast aboard. The coast isn't more than twenty-four hours. Not that, perhaps."

"Mister, I know where I am. . . . Amarillo—the spare sail from the starboard boat. And a spare pair of oars if they're whole. . . . You there, cook—what stores have ye? Bring them out. Whatever bread you have. Pork meat. And a flitch of bacon. Step to it. Lively now. . . . Schmidt, help him. And canisters, with sugar and tea. An iron pot."

Amarillo, looking over his shoulder, saw him wave the gun in an eloquent threat. The men scattered, the captain still shouting his requirements.

The small lugsail stacked under the canvas in the broken boat was easy to retrieve. The bark was still settling in the water, but much more slowly now, and Amarillo realized that the danger was not immediate. The timber cargo below decks was supplying flotation. But under the thudding pressure of the tethered masts and the heavy canvas in the sea the breakup of the ship was beginning.

Forward the chain lashings of the deck cargo had snapped: up there would be a wicked danger, for the timbers were tossing hither and thither, smashing at what construction was in their way. A few sticks had floated free in the wash, and some were caught in the tangle overside.

A wave washed clean over Amarillo as he gathered in the sail; another sent him flying as he turned with it in his arms.

The captain was silent, his gun leveled now to preside over the confusion. He had two men loading the growing pile of stores on board the longboat. He saw the arrival of the spare sail.

"She'll be carrying a big overload," the mate warned him.

"I'll see to it, mister." The captain suddenly raised his voice. Then his malevolent grin showed, and he added, "She'll ride high enough."

Amarillo stopped dead in his tracks as the horror of the captain's intention dawned upon him. The man proposed to ensure his own safety, even his own comfort, at the expense of his crew. He would take every facility for survival—and leave some men on the sinking hulk.

"There's no water here," the captain was saying. . . . "Cook, bring out a small keg. Filled, you hear me. And jump to it."

The galley must have been half-flooded; but the drinking water, for convenience, was kept high up. The cook disappeared again.

The confusion was resolved into stillness, a little at a time; a stillness that encompassed only the human element; a heavy stillness overlaid with fear, as though the men were beginning to realize what was in the captain's mind. Knee-deep in swirling water the cook staggered out of the galley door in the midships housing, carrying a keg of about five gallons' capacity. The men were silent while it was stowed with the rest of the gear in the boat.

"All right." The captain waved the gun. "Now Mr. Mate, you and Mr. Andrews get yourselves on board."

Both mates hesitated briefly and went over the rail. There were now in the longboat Richards, Lane, the two passengers and the two mates. One of the center thwarts was still vacant, and there was a space on the seat aft, where the rudder was already shipped.

"Two more men that can pull," the captain announced. "You, Amarillo . . . and Pilling. And that's the lot. The rest of you can take your chances."

Amarillo stopped short by the rail. "There's room for the lad," he said.

"You heard me, Amarillo. Get on board."

"He can have my place."

"What use is he, with a broken arm?"

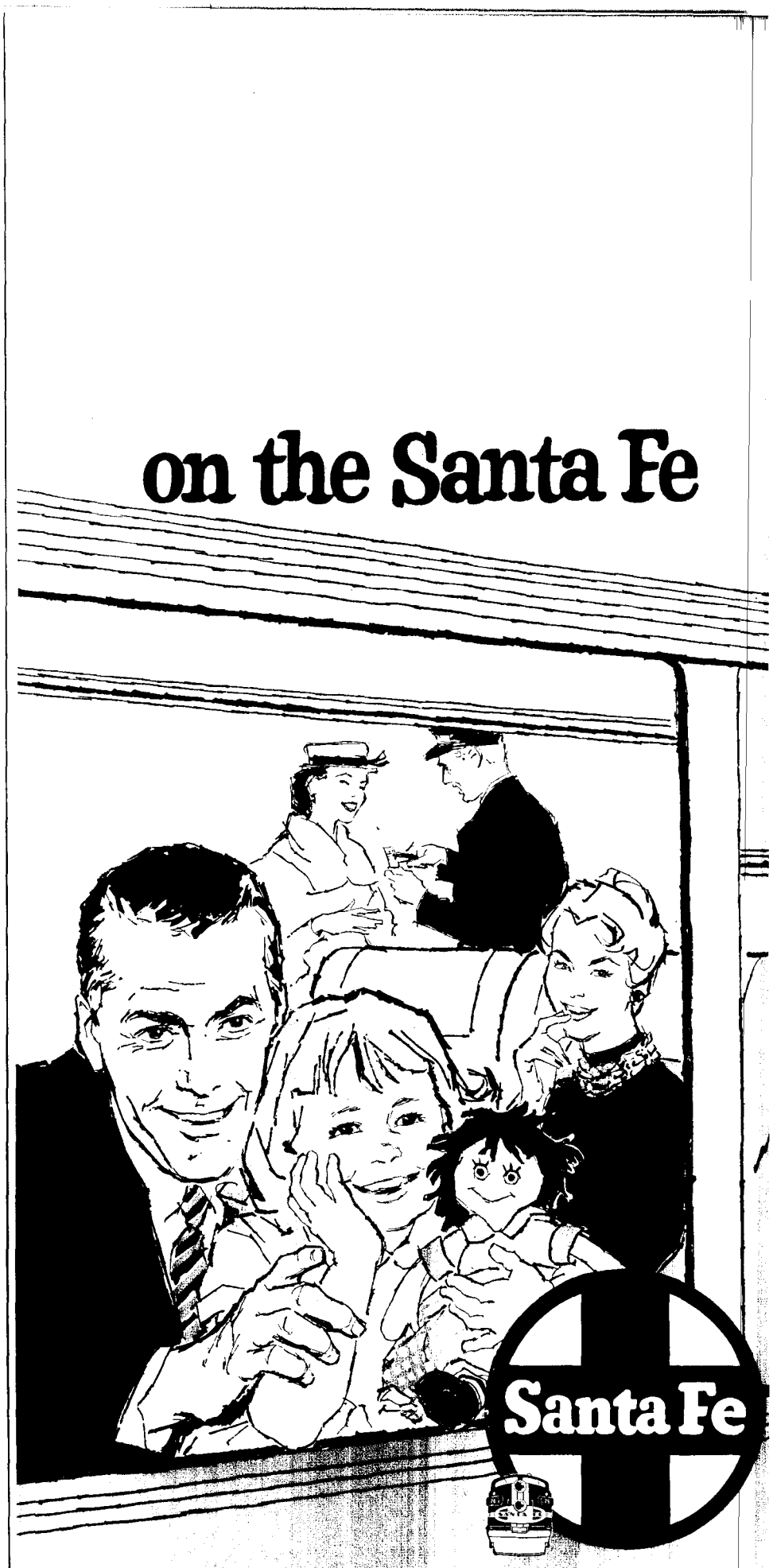
"I'll stay."

"All right. You'll stay. . . . Schmidt, take his place."

Schmidt moved slowly forward, like a man in a dream, hesitated at the rail and looked round, but dropped over into the boat. The captain followed him, made for the vacant place by the tiller and sat down.

"Cast off!" he roared.

A few yards from the side, Richards and Lane unshipped the oars. On board the hulk the cook reached down into the



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rack below the broken mizzen shrouds and grabbed one of the spare belaying pins; but before he could throw it the captain's gun hand swept upward. The shot whistled over their heads. The explosion was no more than the snapping of a line in the noise of that violence of waters.

Amarillo stood with the rest and watched the longboat on its course. At a little distance he could see Schmidt and Pilling stepping the short mast forward. The longboat was handling the seas with ease; lightly loaded as she was there was little prospect of trouble.

With the waxing dawn the wind decreased. Amarillo stood a long time, conscious of the low-toned bitter cursing of his companions, a sound varied by the sobbing of the lad; then he turned and sized up the situation, realizing with a start that the others were looking to him, that he was in command.

There were six of them: a lad with a broken arm, a cook, three seamen and himself. The seamen were that by courtesy; they were the fag end of the crew. There was Anders Anderson, a Swede who seldom spoke and who acted most of the time as though he were half-witted. There were Swayth and Collins, neither one of whom he'd have picked if he'd had the signing on of crew.

"We can build a raft, maybe," Swayth now offered.

"Maybe."

Where did one begin? How did one act? What was there to do?

"Does anyone know anything about a broken arm? Anyone to strap young Charley's shoulder?" he asked, and to his relief the cook nodded.

"I'll take care of it."

"Then that's that."

The next concern was survival, and survival meant provisions. He sent Swayth and Collins to scour the galley, rescue everything that could be eaten or drunk and bring it aft to where the housing above the captain's cabin offered a dubious protection. With Anderson to help, he took the axes and went to clear the rail of the wreckage of the masts. It was a task for giants rather than for men. When the mizzenmast was freed elsewhere it still stubbornly clung in the socket it had smashed through the bulwark rail. Levering it with short gaffs, waiting till the water surged away and then bending every effort gave them no more than an inch or two, though they used all the cunning of seamen to enlist the power of the waves themselves. Eventually Amarillo stood in a constantly changing equilibrium, one foot on the half-floating mast, the other on the constantly submerged rail and chopped the timber through again over the water. The mainmast gave them the same problem; the foremast slipped out as easily as from a launching cradle. Once the wreckage was clear the *Jessie Seydon* came back to an even keel, and slowly enough drifted away from the tangle that had been her driving force.

She was level, but at her midships she was under water. Only fore and aft her castles lifted above the waves like connected islands. The butt of the mizzenmast reared up about six feet; the foremast had snapped at deck level and so had the main.

The boy Charley was lying on the deck, his arm strapped to his side.

"He'll do," said the cook. "It wasn't his shoulder; it was the arm up close. Have you got matches dry? There's pork and some bread—wet, it is; but I could light a fire ——"

"Tonight we'll eat," said Amarillo. "Right now you're needed."

The hulk was floating; unless she broke she could be driven. Under forward way she stood a better chance of holding together. There was even a possibility that she yet might be brought to Sydney town.

Two spare booms were lashed inboard of the rail amidships. The biggest was short enough, but for a mast it was all the five of them could handle. With the bark lying level enough they cleared the loose timber, hammered broken lengths in place to make a rough socket against the forecastlehead, festooned the other end of the boom with blocks and stays, and led a line from it to the capstan on the foredeck. One man at the capstan, four at the stays, they raised it an inch at a time, working in water to their waists as often as not, with death threatening in every swing and plunge of the lifting boom. The men worked willingly enough, but without much hope; it did not seem that the poor old *Jessie Seydon* could long stay in one piece.

The sail locker was forward, reached from the flooded forecastle. There was an air space of a couple of feet between the mean water level and the deck, an air space that was cut across with the wash of water as the bark rolled soddenly. Stripped and waiting, Amarillo crouched on the companionway steps, watching his chance. He got the door open and an end of rope in his hand; and his companions above hauled it out. He had to repeat the whole procedure twice before he got a suitable sail—a spare foretop. The other two, though, they made fast on deck, against a later emergency, or lest they could jury-rig them somewhere to make use of more wind.

It was midafternoon before they had a sail hanging from a gaff at the head of the jury-rigged mast; they had not eaten since the night before. Charley, the boy, was still lying more or less where they had left him. He was shivering violently and in some sort of fever. But once Anders was sent to the helm and the sheets were made fast, the *Jessie Seydon* began to respond. She swung slowly, sluggishly, and headed into the northwest, where lay the port of Sydney.

Her pace was hardly to be distinguished. It amounted to no more than a knot, or a knot and a half; it was certainly less than two. It was by the grace of God that the wind was now behind them; and Amarillo prayed that it might hold direction.

The cook had bundled the available provisions in a square of canvas with a pot or two and tethered the lot to the housing above the captain's cabin, where Charley also was sheltered. Now, with a meal to make ready, he called for matches; there were none dry. The captain's cabin was more out of water than the forecastle; with some difficulty Amarillo salvaged the captain's telescope from a locker above his bunk, and unscrewed its end for a burning glass. They split dry timber from the heart of one of the beams and lighted the fire on the deck itself; the teak would burn hardly, if at all, and the fire didn't offer much danger. They all ate well except the boy; the cook had made a kind of soup for him with a mash of bread for thickening; but it was too salty and he could not keep it down.

The wind steadied to a light breeze with the night, but they made some headway, and in the morning it continued fair. The food lasted them five days; the voyage went on for eleven, and the boy died and was consigned to the sea upon the eighth.

But on the night following the tenth day they saw lights ahead. In the morning the yellow sandstone cliffs of Sydney lay before them, and in no more than two or three hours after that a steam tug moved out toward them. It was overhauled and finally left far behind by a small launch from which, as it reached the *Jessie*'s side, a small and dapper man, dressed in the height of fashion, jumped aboard with an agility incompatible with his city appearance.

"Waybrook, that's the name. Waybrook of the *Telegraph*," he said. "What ship is this, and who's in charge?"

"The *Jessie Seydon*, out of Auckland," Amarillo said. "And I guess I'm in charge. I shipped as bosun. Name of Amarillo."

The little man was staring at him. "But that's impossible," he said. "Not the *Jessie Seydon!*"

"The same."

"The *Jessie Seydon!* Mr. Amarillo, there's a mystery here. It's not a week ago I traveled down the coast myself to interview the captain, Captain Stiles. I had the words from his own mouth—he saw the *Jessie Seydon* underneath the waves. He was the last man to leave."

"They made it then?"

"Aye, they made it. And a rough and terrible time they had. Six men, they said, were lost in the other boat—that would be yourselves? You made it back to the ship? Mr. Amarillo, you have a story here, an epic, if ever I heard of one. And the *Telegraph* I represent would like to have it exclusively—you'll find my principals not ungrateful. There's six of you here?"

"Five," said Amarillo. "The lad died."

The dapper man touched his hat in a perfunctory gesture of respect, but hesitated only a moment. "The story, Mr. Amarillo," he said. "The story."

Amarillo was thinking fast. "It would seem the captain has a different version from our own," he said. "I'll have to ask you to wait, Mr. Waybrook. I have a story, but it is for the owners. Perhaps if you apply to them ——"

In any case he could no longer give attention to the journalist, for the tug was coming alongside. He went to deal with it, but the tugmaster, when he saw the condition of the bark's crew, put his own men on board. The ordeal was over.

And for all his disappointment the journalist played his part. His launch sped off ahead of them, back to the port, and before the *Jessie Seydon* could be berthed, the agent's launch had taken them all off, to good food and warm clothes and a quiet lodging at a waterfront hotel. The agents, Messrs. Piddington and Symes, were elated by the bark's delivery; Piddington, a large rotund man with a handle-bar mustache, listened to their stories again and again, and on the day following summoned Amarillo and the crew to a quayside office where clerks worked standing at chest-high desks.

"There'll be a Court of Inquiry, of course," he said. "As far as we are concerned, our judgment's made. Your stories are convincing; none more so than the story the bark itself tells. As for Captain Stiles, we'll come to a reckoning with him; he deserted a ship that could be brought home, and whatever way the court finds, he has done his last work for us. The *Jessie Seydon* goes to the shipwrights. Captain Amarillo—you have your ticket; we'll establish that—and if you'll accept command we'll put her in your charge as from today. We've wasted a lot of sympathy on Captain Stiles; he and those with him had apparently been through a terrible ordeal. They were in poor shape when they landed."

"It's hard to see why," Swayth offered. "'Twas a short-enough voyage they had to make, and the wind fair."

"It was the mustard," said the cook unexpectedly; and they all looked at him.

"I put it in their water barrel. A tinful of mustard—to send them off in the proper frame of mind."

"You might have been the death of them," said Amarillo.

"Maybe. And I'd have lost no sleep. There was no harm in it. Medicine, it is, to make a man human. The captain said so himself."

It was a long time afterward before Amarillo fell to marveling at the inventiveness of the vengeful cook; he was thinking of the *Jessie Seydon*. He'd promised himself never to sail in her again—but a ship under his own command? Well, that was something different. And besides, a man came to love a ship he'd taught to work miracles. THE END

"He popped the big question all right. Who do I think will win the National League pennant?"

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The Meaning of Mathematics

(Continued from Page 21)

built on these abstractions, such as formulas, embody the essence of hundreds of physical situations. Any knowledge acquired about these abstractions is many times more potent than that acquired about any particular situation, just as any fact applicable to all men is more powerful than a fact about John Jones. A second source of strength derives from the reliability of deductive proof. Hence the conclusions derived by the Greeks are still acceptable as logical consequences of the axioms and will be a thousand years from now.

But the power of mathematics rests on still another ground. The mathematician is the professional reasoner who devotes his life to learning what has been accomplished in his subject and to extending the results by new reasoning. Moreover, all of the results obtained by one generation are passed on to the next, and this one carries on from where the preceding generation left off. Each generation adds a story to the structure.

To appreciate the full power of mathematics we must examine its role in science. In the seventeenth century, when modern science was founded and received its first great impetus, several major physical laws were obtained by induction and experimentation. Of these we shall be concerned with the second of Newton's three laws of motion and with Newton's law of gravitation. These laws involve a few, by now, common concepts—force, mass and acceleration. Newton's second law of motion states that any force applied to a mass gives it an acceleration, and the quantitative relation among the amount of force F, the amount of mass m, and the amount of acceleration a is

(1) $F=ma.$

The Newtonian law of gravitation states that any two pieces of matter in the universe exert a force of attraction or gravitational force on each other and that the quantitative expression for this force is given by the formula

(2) $F=\frac{G\,m\,M}{r^2}.$

In this equation F is the amount of force exerted; m is the amount of mass in one body; M is the amount of mass in the second body; r is the distance between these bodies; and G is a constant, that is, the same quantity no matter which masses are involved and whatever the distance between them.

These laws concern force, mass and acceleration, which are physical concepts, and the obtainment of relationships among such quantities is the task of the scientist. However, formulas (1) and (2), regarded in and for themselves, are merely algebraic equations relating variables, and it is legitimate to ask the mathematician whether he can draw upon his stock of theorems and processes to deduce new significant equations from (1) and (2). He can. He observes first of all that it is mathematically correct to write formula (2) in the form

(3) $F=m\left(\frac{G\,M}{r^2}\right).$

He then compares (1) and (3) and observes that the two formulas have the same algebraic form. Moreover, formula (1) applies to any force and so, in particular, applies to the force of gravitation. Since the quantity which multiplies m in (1) is acceleration, the quantity which multiplies m in (3) must also be acceleration. That is, the acceleration which the gravitational force F between M and m imparts to m is

(4) $a=\frac{G\,M}{r^2}.$

Next let us apply this formula to a particular situation. Let M denote the mass of the earth. Equation (4) now gives the acceleration which the gravitational force of the earth imparts to any other mass, the acceleration which causes the mass to fall if released from a point above the surface of the earth. It is a fact that the earth acts as if all its mass were concentrated at the center. Then for objects near the surface of the earth the quantity r in (4) is the radius of the earth. The quantity G, as noted above, is a constant under all conditions. Hence, all quantities on the right side of (4) are constant no matter which mass m near the surface of the earth is involved. We may conclude that all bodies fall to earth with the same constant acceleration, a famous result which Galileo discovered experimentally, but which we have deduced from the second law of motion and the law of gravitation.

Now, says the mathematician, we can go a step further. If the quantities a, G and r in (4) are known, then (4) may be regarded as a simple first-degree equation in the unknown M, and M can readily be calculated. For, correct algebraic steps yield that the mass M of the earth is

(5) $M=\frac{ar^2}{G}.$

Let us see if we do know the several quantities which appear on the right side of (5). Since the acceleration of all bodies falling to earth is the same, one could take any falling body and measure its acceleration. This quantity had been measured by Galileo and is 32 feet per second each second. The quantity G is a constant under all conditions. It can be and has been measured many times in a laboratory where the conditions are at the experimenter's convenience. Its value is 1.07 divided by 1,000,000,000. The value of the earth's radius r can be determined by a simple application of geometry and was first obtained by the Greek Eratosthenes about 250 B.C. This radius is 4000 miles or 4000 x 5280 feet. After the known numerical values are substituted for a, G, and r in (5) one finds that

(6) $M=131 \times 10^{23}$ pounds.

(The symbol 10^{23} stands for the product 10 x 10 x 10 . . . containing 23 factors.) The mass of the earth is a staggering number, but what is more staggering is how easily one finds it.

With essentially such simple tools, Isaac Newton, his contemporaries and his immediate successors calculated the masses of the sun and the several planets, the paths of comets, the motion of the moon and the rise and fall of the tides. In particular, Newton showed that the Keplerian laws of planetary motion, which Kepler had obtained merely by induction from data, were logical consequences of the laws of motion and the law of gravitation. Thus the key laws of the heliocentric theory of planetary motion, which up to that time were unrelated to any basic physical principles, received indisputable support.

The work we have just described belongs to celestial mechanics, a field which has come to the fore again to treat the motion of satellites. It was followed by the construction of equally majestic theories for light, sound, electricity and magnetism, electromagnetic waves (which comprise the radio waves, the very existence of which was predicted mathematically); the flow of fluids and gases as

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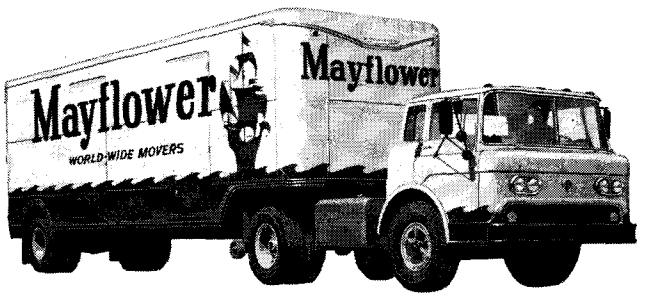

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applied to the design of ships and airplanes; relativity, atomic structure, molecular structure (now basic in modern chemistry); the biological science of mathematical genetics and the statistical treatment of social and medical problems. In all these domains the union of mathematics and science has been most fertile.

The contributions of a special, functional language and the deductive processes are a small part of the mathematical largess. Science seeks to obtain knowledge of the physical world, but that knowledge would be useless if unorganized. A mass of disconnected results is no more science than a collection of bricks is a house. The major results of scientific work are theories. In each of these, hundreds of results are organized in a deductive structure very much like Euclidean geometry. At the head of the structure are basic physical principles which play the role of axioms. From these axioms the various laws of any one theory are deduced. The large and overriding fact is that the entire structure of a scientific theory is held together by a series of mathematical deductions. The mortar which binds the bricks, or individual laws, one to another is mathematical deducibility. A scientific theory is, so to speak, a branch of mathematics whose axioms state quantitative relationships among physical concepts, whose structure is a series of mathematical deductions and whose theorems are mathematical affirmations about these concepts.

Mathematics plays still another role in science. The central concept in the most impressive and most successful body of science, mechanics, is the force of gravitation. This force, when exerted by the earth, pulls objects to the earth and, when exerted by the sun, keeps the planets in their paths. What is the mechanism by which the earth and the sun exert their respective attractive forces? Newton had considered this very question and, having failed to answer it, uttered his famous "I frame no hypotheses." The history of this subject is extensive, but the upshot of it is that no explanation of the action of the force of gravitation has ever been given.

What then do we know about the force of gravitation? The answer is formula (2) above. We have a quantitative law which tells us how to calculate this force and from which we can deduce how bodies will move, what paths they will take, and where they will be at particular instants of time. We have not a shred of insight into the physical nature of the force itself; it can with full justification be regarded as sheer fiction.

In the Newtonian age mathematics mounted the steed of science and took the reins in its own hands. Since the seventeenth century the physical behavior of nature has become less and less clear despite the vast expansion of the sciences, and mathematical laws have become the essence and goal of science. The mathematical conquest of science has by now proceeded so far that in our own century the late Sir James Jeans, the noted astronomer and physicist, claimed that the mathematical description of the universe *is* the ultimate reality. The pictures and models we use to assist our understanding are a step away. We go beyond the mathematical formula at our own risk.

While mathematical physics was growing to manhood, mathematics began to exert a formative influence on numerous other branches of our culture. Revival of interest in the physical world caused the Renaissance painters to abandon the unrealistic, highly symbolic style of medieval painting and to seek a veridical depiction of nature. To solve the problem of presenting on a flat surface scenes which would create the same visual impression as the three-dimensional world itself, the painters created a mathematical system of perspective painting. This introduction of depth, solidity, mass and consequent realism is the key contribution to Renaissance painting.

The mathematical treatment of matter in motion engendered the now famous philosophical doctrines that every phenomenon in the universe can be reduced to matter and motion, that all matter, including man's body, follows invariable and immutable mathematical laws, that man's will is bound fast, and that thought is but a mechanical reaction to material sensations impressed on the brain through the sense organs. Inspired by the success of the mathematical method in the physical sciences and enthusiastic about the power of reason exercised through mathematics, leading eighteenth-century thinkers undertook a rational approach to social problems and launched the sciences of government and economics. The spread of this same rational spirit freed man from superstitions and groundless fears and permitted him to breathe in a more tolerant atmosphere.

The proliferating demands of science, which first became urgent during the seventeenth century, stimulated an enormous expansion in mathematics proper. To obtain a deeper appreciation of the nature of modern mathematics we must look into these more recent developments. The mathematics which the Europeans possessed by 1600 consisted of algebra, Euclidean geometry and the beginnings of trigonometry. In the seventeenth century the need to study curves—whether the paths of light through lenses, the paths of cannonballs, the paths of ships at sea, or the paths of the planets—prompted René Descartes and Pierre de Fermat to create an algebraic method of representing curves so that algebra could be used to deduce the properties of curves. This creation is known as co-ordinate or analytic geometry.

The need to calculate varying velocity, force, pressure, and other physical quantities in problems of celestial mechanics as well as in navigation and gunfire was met by the creation of a new concept, the concept of a limit, and a new method called differentiation. This is the substance of the differential calculus. To obtain the sum of an infinite number of small quantities, for example, the sum of the gravitational forces which each bit of earth exerts on some external mass, the integral calculus was created.

The calculus was the beginning of a series of new branches commonly grouped under the name of analysis. Differential equations, infinite series, differential geometry, the calculus of variations, functions of a complex variable and vector and tensor analysis are but a few of the subdivisions of analysis. The domain of algebra was likewise extended to include such abstractions as complex numbers, vectors, hypernumbers, matrices, abstract sets and the theory of structures of algebra known as abstract algebra. Projective geometry, non-Euclidean geometry, algebraic geometry and topology joined Euclidean geometry.

The major motivation for all these creations was to further the leading physical studies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—the strength of beams in structures, the motion of ships, the flow of the tides, the development of steam as a source of power, the generation and utilization of electrical power, the improvement of optical instruments, ballistics, and dozens of other new or growing scientific interests. But we should not overlook the fact that mathematicians enjoy the creative mathematical activity itself, the intellectual challenge, the satisfaction of accomplishment and the beauty of proofs and results. Given the themes suggested by physical problems, mathematicians develop these far beyond the needs of science, often to find that they have anticipated other needs or have unintentionally supplied the concepts and frameworks for new physical theories.

While the proliferation of mathematics is a phenomenon of our modern culture, an even more startling development has been the realization that mathematics is not an absolute, all-embracing truth, or description of reality, in the sense that man had until recently thought it was. For 2000 years the axioms of number and geometry were accepted as self-evident truths. Since the theorems are logically necessary consequences of the axioms, the theorems, too, were believed to be incontrovertible truths.

"Sorry!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The creation of non-Euclidean geometry had the unintended effect of thrusting mathematics off this pedestal. Historically, non-Euclidean geometry was the result of attempts to find a simpler version of the Euclidean parallel-line axiom which postulates, in effect, that through any point in a given plane there is one, and only one, line parallel to a given line. In the course of this research, mathematicians deliberately adopted an axiom on parallel lines which contradicted Euclid's axiom. From this new axiom and the remainder of Euclid's axioms they proceeded to deduce theorems. They expected to arrive at inconsistencies within the new geometry; that is, they expected to find some theorems contradicting others because they had started with an axiom, which, so they thought, denied the truth. But these contradictions failed to appear!

The supreme mathematician of the nineteenth century, Karl Friedrich Gauss, was the first to see the handwriting on the wall. He realized that Euclidean geometry could no longer be regarded as the only geometry of physical space and that a non-Euclidean geometry might do as well. Further, his efforts to test experimentally which of the geometries, Euclidean or non-Euclidean, fits the physical world better, ended in failure. The situation became even more unsettled when Bernhard Riemann created additional non-Euclidean geometries. The potential applicability of all the non-Euclidean geometries was increased when mathematicians recognized that the physical "straight" lines used in the most weighty scientific work are not stretched strings or rulers' edges but paths of light rays. Since these paths are generally not straight, the geometry whose axioms fitted their behavior and the behavior of figures formed by such "lines" could very well be one of the non-Euclidean varieties. The mathematicians were ultimately forced to admit that there was no reason to believe in the exclusive truth of any one of these geometries. When the theory of relativity made use of a non-Euclidean geometry, the point was driven home.

Some mathematicians sought refuge in those portions of mathematics which rest on the number system and maintained that these at least offer truths. However, this thesis is also indefensible, for we now see more clearly that while the arithmetic we ordinarily use fits the common situations involving quantity, there are other arithmetics and their algebras which fit other situations. To mention a trivial example, an alternative arithmetic fitting a real situation is used when we state that four hours after nine o'clock the hour will be one o'clock rather than thirteen o'clock.

A word of comfort here to the nonmathematician who fears that he may have learned the rudiments of arithmetic and geometry in vain—or suspect that my earlier statements concerning the validity of mathematical processes are now contradicted. "Two plus two equals four" is still a valid deduction from the axioms of arithmetic just as the theorems of Euclidean geometry are still valid deductions from Euclid's axioms. However, the arithmetic and geometric conclusions can be applied only where experience tells us that the axioms are applicable. Thus we shall still use the fact that 2 dollars plus 2 dollars are 4 dollars, but not that 2 raindrops added to 2 raindrops are 4 raindrops. Two raindrops plus 2 raindrops make a puddle. Again, if we mix 2 cubic inches of hydrogen and 1 of oxygen, we obtain not 3 but 2 cubic inches of water. Philosophically this suggests that "truth" in mathematics, as in all human processes, is a many-faceted thing.

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Recognition of the shattering fact that mathematics, which had always been regarded as the anchor of truth and as conclusive evidence that man can attain truths, rests on pragmatic grounds was a direct result of the nineteenth-century questioning of man's assumptions concerning the physical world. Mathematicians had believed that the assumptions or axioms—and therefore the logical consequences—were truths. It was now realized that such axioms are man-made inferences based on limited sense data and are only approximations of what happens in the physical world. In fact, the word "axiom" should now be taken to mean assumption, rather than self-evident truth. We continue to use the axioms and conclusions, even though they are not truths, because they do offer some highly useful knowledge about the physical world—the best knowledge, in fact, that man possesses.

Oddly, though truth, the most prized possession of mathematics, was taken from it, the subject emerged richer for the loss. Axioms palpably untrue had led to geometries which proved useful. This experience justified the exploration of any system of axioms, however unpromising for application it might seem at the outset. Mathematics, which had been fettered to the physical world, passed from serfdom to freedom.

There is no doubt of the positive value of the new freedom. From the unrestricted play of mathematical imagination have come and will continue to come systems of thought which may prove to be far more valuable in representing and mastering the physical world than could have come from concentration on the two original systems of number and Euclidean geometry. So it was, when Einstein needed to know the structure of a particular four-dimensional, non-Euclidean geometry, that he found the information at hand.

Examination of the newer mathematics reveals another gradual change in its nature. The early concepts of mathematics, the whole number, the fractions and the several geometrical figures, were clearly suggested by immediate experiences. Mathematicians later found themselves developing and applying such abstract extensions of the idea of number as irrational, negative and complex numbers. Because they did not at first understand these new types of numbers or recognize their usefulness, even the greatest ones resisted their introduction. Having worked for centuries with numbers and geometrical figures which were suggested directly by physical objects, mathematicians had implicitly and unconsciously concluded that their concepts must be "real." What was involved in the acceptance of new types of numbers was a sharp break from concepts grounded directly in experience. Mathematicians have since learned the deeper meaning of the statement that mathematics is an activity of the human mind and now grant that any concept which is clear and fertile should be explored whether or not it has an apparent physical basis.

Paradoxically, to obtain insights into the physical world, we must plunge deeper into human minds, consider abstractions that are remote from reality, and explore the implications of axioms that not only transcend but even appear to deny our sense impressions. Though recourse to higher and higher abstractions seems regrettable, the case for it was superbly stated by the distinguished philosopher, Alfred North Whitehead: "Nothing is more impressive than the fact that as mathematics withdrew increasingly into the upper regions of ever greater extremes of abstract thought, it returned to earth with a corresponding growth of importance for the analysis of concrete fact. . . . The paradox is now fully established that the utmost abstractions are the true weapons with which to control our thought of concrete fact."

The pleasures and pains of mathematical activity have been recommended largely on the ground that they help us to achieve knowledge of the physical world. Why do we seek this knowledge? The ultimate goal of scientific activity is man himself. He wants to know the meaning of his own life and seeks the answer by attempting to understand the world in which he finds himself.

Mathematics mediates between man and nature, between man's inner and outer worlds. What mathematical concepts and methods have achieved in rationalizing nature have yielded our clearest and most weighty scientific doctrines. When solely for mathematical reasons Copernicus and Kepler adopted a new mathematical scheme by which to organize the observations of the heavens and placed the sun rather than the earth in the center, they caused man to recognize that he was an insignificant creature whirling through vast spaces rather than the central figure in the drama of nature. When Newtonian mechanics revealed a universe firmly controlled by definite mathematical laws and functioning both in the past and in the future to no end other than the fulfillment of mathematical laws, man had to cope with the implication that he was without will or purpose. If more recent creations such as quantum theory have cast in doubt the bleak, mechanical, deterministic implications of earlier theories and have given man some hope of reinstatement in an important role, it is still true that his outlook is confined and directed by mathematical chains of thought.

Science provides the understanding of the universe in which we live. Mathematics provides the dies by which science is molded. Our world is to a large extent what mathematics says it is. This body of man-made abstractions, wherein as Bertrand Russell put it, we never know what we are talking about nor whether what we are saying is true, this practical tool, model of all intellectual enterprises, and essence of our knowledge of nature leads through science to man himself.

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Eddington, A. S.
The Nature of the Physical World
Cambridge
$4.25

Kline, Morris
Mathematics in Western Culture
Oxford
$6.00

Kline, Morris
Mathematics and the Physical World
Crowell
$6.00

Sawyer, W. W.
Prelude to Mathematics
Penguin
$.95

Sutton, O. G.
Mathematics in Action
Dover
$3.50

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How much is enough?
It all depends on you!
"Enough" life insurance depends on your goals for yourself and your family—the standard of living you'd like to achieve. If *you* weren't working or weren't there how many dollars would be needed to do the job? General American's new Family Security Calculator can help you find the answer. Simply adjust the Calculator to your wife's age or yours. It shows at a glance how much life insurance will do the job you want to do—protect your family and assure enough money for your retirement.
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Return to Terror (Continued from Page 37)

a month ago in Zagreb. All the old wounds had broken wide open. Her coming to Brussels, though, was no coincidence. She had phoned his hotel in London and was told that he had gone to Brussels, but she had not counted on the possibility of Sarolta's being there too.

She locked the door of her room and walked down the one flight of stairs that separated her on the third floor from the Drakes' suite on the second. There she knocked gently, the way they had knocked on each other's doors as children—five quick taps.

"Why, June," said Jed, a little surprised. "Come on in. Sit down. Did you have breakfast yet? You're up early, aren't you?"

"I didn't dare use the phone, in case you were still asleep." Her eyes narrowed slightly as she saw that the couch had been made up as a bed. Had Sarolta and he quarreled? She went on quickly. "But I see I needn't have been so considerate. You're up and dressed and"—she sniffed—"you've been out already. You smell of rain."

"I went for a walk."

"Did you?"

She was looking at him, her lips parted as though she wanted to ask a question, but she said nothing. Jed knew what was on her mind. At one point, in Zagreb, he had had to tell her about Kendeffy. Her absolute discretion, coupled with a reporter's ease of interviewing people, had made her the safest choice for delivering a vital message. She was entitled to know what was going on.

"Yes." He lowered his voice. "If Kendeffy is on your mind—something went wrong."

"What? What happened?"

"Laszlo—the man you went to see that time when I couldn't go—he wired that he had been taken sick. That's all we know. But I can't help feeling that the whole plan has been betrayed. So I didn't let Kendeffy go. I made him come here to Brussels. I've just come back from his hotel—the Urania. He's registered there as a Professor Montel." He sighed and added, "It is nonsense, of course, but I felt I was being trailed."

June whistled softly. Better than anyone else she knew how much Kendeffy meant to Jed. She would never forget the summer after Jed's father had died and the Hungarian professor had taken the desperate youngster on a trip to Europe.

"I could go to Zagreb and see what I can find out."

Jed smiled, touched by her impulsive offer. "No, no. That won't be necessary. I have asked a lawyer in Vienna, Meier-Schmitt, a man I've had dealings with before. He was able to attend to it right away, and I expect him to meet us at the Urania this evening—around six. I will be at the Urania from five o'clock on."

June felt a sudden touch of fear. If Kendeffy had been betrayed, it was obvious that anyone connected closely with him would be in danger. And if Jed had thought he was being trailed —— She was just going to ask him more about it when he motioned with his hand toward the closed door of the bedroom. "Sari doesn't know anything about all this."

June almost gasped. "Why?"

"There's no reason why she should. Besides, it would only upset her."

"I see," said June. But she saw far more than what she was referring to. She saw that she knew something Jed's wife didn't know, and not for a moment did she believe the reason Jed had given for keeping it secret. She sat very still while a maid came in to remove the bedding from the couch, and the waiter brought the breakfast Jed had ordered. But when they were alone again and she had poured coffee, she put her hand on his arm. "Jed, are you happy?"

Jethro Drake had never liked personal questions, but June was an old friend. "Of course."

June took one large swallow, put her cup down and said bluntly, "I don't believe it." He had not expected her to pursue the subject of his happiness; he looked up, startled. June spoke very quickly then, like someone who has made up her mind to dive from a dangerous height and can do it only now or never. "When you wrote me that you were going to marry the girl you had just met, I took for granted that it was love, love, love. Even when I met you in Zagreb, I still thought so. But now I've seen you together—yesterday, last night. You aren't in love with her, Jed."

He came close to telling her the truth, then decided against it. "Love means something different to each one of us."

"Oh, don't give me that." June shook her head. "As if I didn't know. What's wrong between you, Jed?"

"Nothing," said Jed. "It's just the way we are, both rather reserved in front of others, not demonstrative."

If I let it go now, thought June, *I won't be able to talk about it again.* "Not demonstrative? You can say that for yourself, perhaps, but not about her." She laughed. "I watched her yesterday, and so did you, with Pista—holding hands, dancing cheek to cheek as if they were alone. Not demonstrative? Really!"

"She was very gay last night."

"She is gay," said June. "She is gay and passionate, but not with you. And both of you know it. Maybe you were in love when you first met and married, but now"—she shook her head—"you are beginning to get a little bored, aren't you?"

Bored? thought Jed. *Good heavens, no. Not for a moment.* From the very first, even in her sadness, Sari had fascinated him. How in the world could June, who knew him so well, think he was bored with Sari? But June did not seem to notice his surprise.

"You told me yourself that you leave her alone often, for long periods."

Because it became too difficult to be close to her, Jed wanted to say. *So I buried myself in my work, took over cases that made travel necessary.* But all he said was, "Sari was much too unnerved to travel before."

June took a deep breath. "Well, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you still think you're in love. But Sari certainly doesn't. Not the way she behaves. Perhaps she's been in love with Pista all the time."

She saw his face grow impassive, the way it did when he was no longer willing to discuss anything. *I must be careful*, she thought. *After all, what is the difference between true and imaginary love? None.*

"Sorry," she said. "I'm probably wrong." She rose. "I have to go now. I have an appointment with the hairdresser here in the hotel. Will you take me to lunch, Jed?" Without waiting for an answer she went on, "I'll give you a ring when I'm through."

Jed had hardly closed the door behind her when Sarolta came into the room. "How late is it? Did I oversleep? I thought I heard voices." She stood in the middle of the room, rubbing her eyes with both fists like a child.

"I'm sorry we woke you. It's still quite early."

"Yes," said Sari. "It must be. Miss Bettigole isn't here, and she is really more reliable than a watch."

"I told her I wouldn't need her until afternoon."

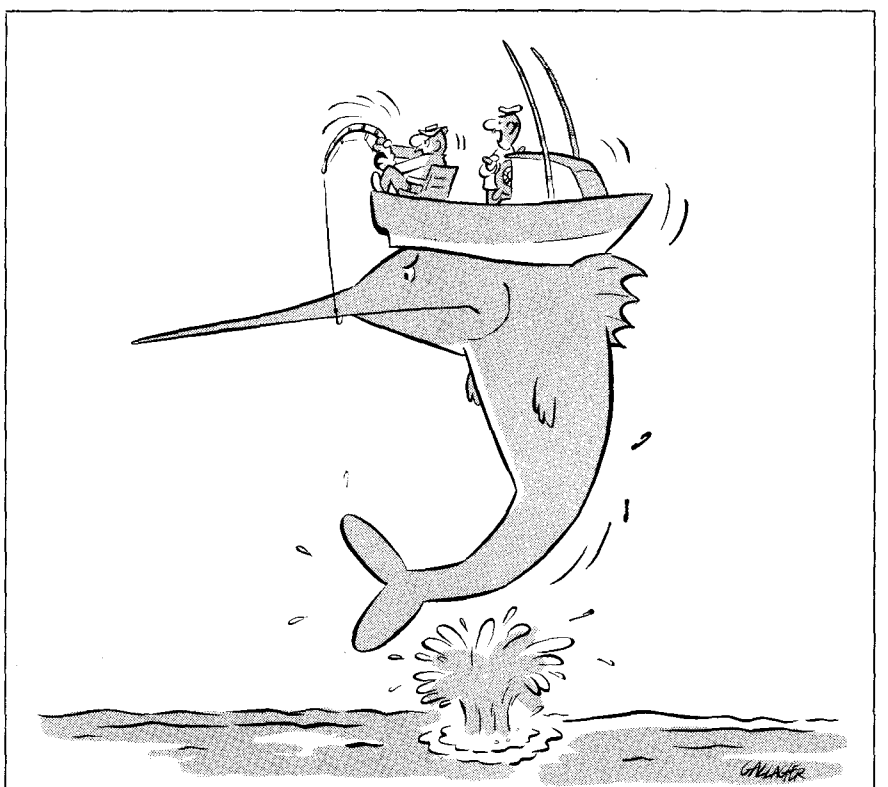
Sari walked over to the couch. Jed saw her stop as she noticed the remains of a breakfast for two. "June had a cup of coffee with me."

Sarolta picked up a glass of orange juice June had neglected to drink. *There's nothing I can do about it*, she thought. *Or is there? Is there something I should do?* She sat down in the chair June had occupied, forgetting, like June, to drink the juice.

How young she looked, thought Jed, with the white bathrobe closed demurely up to her neck, her hair still tousled from sleep. "You looked very lovely last night," he told her.

"Did I? Oh, I was so happy."

Yes, last night she had been happy, she reflected. She had been able to forget Farkas, and the doubts about her decision to warn Jed of his presence had not tortured her for a while.



"Let him have a little more line."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Pista always makes me feel carefree and gay," she said. "You liked him, didn't you?"

In his mind's eye Jed could see the young man in his gray, baggy flannel trousers, who had made all of them laugh with his caustic wit—and the way he had danced with Sarolta, holding her close, putting his cheek against hers, kissing her once in a while, as if it were the most natural thing for him to touch her hair with his lips. And instead of putting him in his place, Sarolta had smiled at him. Did he like Pista? "He seems to be charming."

"You don't like him," said Sarolta. She sounded almost defiant.

Jed looked at her, surprised that she had caught his veiled opinion. "I didn't say that."

"But you don't like people who make fun of important issues and refuse to take anything seriously." This time Jed thought he could detect something like criticism in her voice. He shrugged.

"Cynicism is never constructive," he said. "Maybe I had imagined him differently from what you told me."

"He was always like that," Sarolta said. "And I'm glad he hasn't changed after all he's been through."

But he should have, Jed thought. That was just what irritated him—that after all Pista had experienced, he was apparently unchanged. "When I see young men like Pista, who ridicule serious problems without showing the slightest inclination to remedy them, who have no set of values, I want to take them by the scruff of the neck and shake them."

"But you're unjust, Jed," said Sarolta. "He's not half as frivolous as he seems to be. You've never seen his paintings. He's so gifted. Really. That's why he was given a grant to study. And doesn't it take some kind of inner strength to be able to push the horrors of prison out of one's memories and concentrate on creative work?"

"Maybe I am unjust." *Because I am nervous*, Jed told himself, *and apprehensive, because I still don't know what Meier-Schmitt has found out in Zagreb.*

"It meant a lot to you to see Pista again, didn't it? You were quite changed last night."

"Of course it meant a lot. We were children together. There are memories only he and I share now."

When did Jed notice that I am changed, she wondered? *And I am changed. I am changed because I have discovered I can love again.* If only she could tell Jed what he meant to her. If only she could put her arms around his neck and lay her face against his cheek. She stared at the lipstick that stained the rim of one of the coffee cups. "There is something I want to talk to you about."

"What is it, Sari?"

"I think I've loafed enough. When I get back to the States, I want to start working. I'd like to train to be a nurse."

Jed looked up, surprised. "Didn't you tell me you had planned to study medicine?" Her father and mother had been doctors, and she had said she couldn't think of any other profession for herself.

Sarolta avoided his eyes. "That takes an awfully long time—years." She swallowed. "I don't think I should—you've done so much for me as it is. I should not impose on you any longer."

"What nonsense! Thank heaven, I can afford to help you. I told you I would."

"I know you did. And there are no words to tell you how grateful I am. But you also said that we should stay married for about two years—to make it look right—so that I would have a chance to put down roots in America. Well, the two years are almost over, and I feel very much at home in the States."

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"Yes," said Jed. "Go on."

"You said we could get a divorce any time."

Here was the opportunity to tell her that he loved her, to tell her that from the first he had wanted her to be his wife, not in name only. But June's words, spoken only a little while ago, seemed to fill the room—"*Perhaps she's been in love with Pista all the time.*"

"Are you listening, Jed?"

"Yes. Do I understand you want a divorce?"

"Yes," said Sarolta. "I think it would be best if both of us were free. Don't misunderstand me, Jed, but ——"

He rose. What irony, that at the very moment when she was able to feel again, he should lose her. "We'll arrange it as soon as we get back to New York," he said. "Of course I understand."

Don't think about it now, he told himself. *Think about Kendeffy. Farkas. Although intelligence has found no trace of Farkas, it does not mean he is not here. Remember what Kendeffy said, that unless Farkas has come to Brussels officially, he will never be found. Remember that only a little while ago you felt you were being trailed. Think of the possibility that Farkas may have found out everything. Don't think of personal matters now.*

"I'll have to leave you now," he said. "I have to be at the embassy at ten."

"Pista was going to call around that time to find out if I wanted to go to Bruges."

"By all means," said Jed. "I'll have to see people all day. Have fun."

Sarolta watched him go to the desk, unlock a drawer, take out a briefcase, stuff his tobacco pouch in one pocket, light his pipe and go out. He came back, though, his raincoat over his arm. "Have fun," he said again. "See you later."

It was the raincoat over his arm that brought back Farkas. *I must tell him*, thought Sarolta. "Jed!" But the door was already closing behind him. She wanted to run after him, but somehow could not bring herself to do it. She went over to the window and stared down at the square. After a couple of minutes she could see Jed get into the car he had rented and drive away quickly.

If only she didn't love him so much. In despair she thought, *That's why they are so powerful. Because they can turn the sentiments of decent people into weapons to be used for their own purposes. And I am letting myself be used. But if I did what I know is the only right thing, then—because I want to preserve my self-respect—I might have to blame myself for Jed's death.* And then she thought of Pista. Pista could be trusted. Maybe she could talk to Pista about it.

The car Pista drove was an old model, a four-door sedan that showed signs of age and use. A big dent in the left front fender told of a recent collision, the window next to the driver would not close and, unless you knew just how to work them, the door locks jammed. But the motor was brand-new and ran smoothly and reliably. It wasn't Pista's car, but belonged to the two old sisters whom he had talked into buying it, offering to act as their unpaid chauffeur.

"*Édesem, édesem*," said Pista, taking his eyes off the road and grinning at Sarolta. "Darling, darling, isn't it wonderful that we are alone? I was hoping for a chance like this."

He had been on his way to Farkas, to tell him that he had trailed Jethro Drake to the Hotel Urania, to room number fifty-seven, where Jed had seen a Professor Montel and was expecting the man called Meier-Schmitt at six o'clock this evening; but then Pista had suddenly thought of Sari and what her reaction would be if she were to discover what he was doing. She must never know the truth. And in his mind's eye he had seen her again, as she had looked last night, and he had remembered the ring which had felt so cool against his lips when he had kissed her hand—a deep-green emerald. And the fact that Sari's husband was a successful lawyer—well-to-do, Pista had thought—had become significant. He had decided he could afford to wait a few hours before reporting to Farkas. And he would make the best of those hours. Sari was his only chance.

He pressed his lips together hard and opened them again with a smacking sound. "That's a kiss," he said. "And now tell me all the things you couldn't tell me last night. Shoot."

"You know everything." Sarolta shrugged.

How subdued she was today, Pista thought. Last night she had been radiant.

"What about you?" she asked.

"There's really nothing to add to what I've written."

"Isn't there a girl in your life? Aren't you in love with somebody?"

"With many, yes—not with somebody." He made a face. "I'm not exactly the type for the Belgian damsels. They are used to something more solid, more stodgy and they do like money. Only nobody calls it money any more these days. Security—I tell you, security has become the great seducer of the twentieth century. This is no time for Casanovas or penniless geniuses."

"But the two old ladies who let you have their attic for a studio—you wrote that they spoiled you."

"Hypocrites," said Pista. "One's got a mother complex, the other thinks she's doing something for one of 'those poor refugees.' Any other kind of charity would cost them ten times more than I do. Me they can use. I polish their shoes, I shovel snow, I mow the lawn, I drive them to seaside places and I paint portraits of their horrid little nieces and nephews—all in exchange for a living space with northern exposure and some food."

"You sound so bitter."

Pista didn't answer. Bitter? Perhaps. Unhappy, mostly, despising himself. How would it feel to be able to look into the mirror and not have to turn away, shuddering? Pista started to dream of that moment.

They had left Brussels behind them quite a while ago, taking the express highway that circumvented towns and villages, past Ghent, to Bruges. Pista drove fast but carefully. In Belgium there was no law forcing drivers to take an examination to prove they could handle a car, and he had had some unpleasant experiences with motorists.

"And your painting? Are you progressing?"

How could anyone progress with a Damocles sword over his head? "I think I am, but I haven't sold anything yet."

Sarolta looked out of the window at the flat landscape. Trees, laden with apples, huge dahlias neatly tied to their poles, the roofs of endless greenhouses, then nothing except the tower of a castle or a church spire cutting into the windswept sky, and then the same thing all over again.

"You were so gay yesterday," she said.

"That was yesterday," he told her. "Yesterday I was swept along by the anticipation of seeing you. Today I know only that next week, at the latest, you will be gone. Then I will be alone again."

Sarolta put her hand on his knee. "Jed will do his best to get you to America. He keeps his promises."

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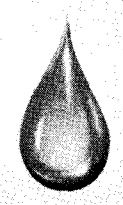

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"Sure," Pista said, and lighted a cigarette. "I'm sorry. Watch me turn on the charm." He let the corners of his mouth droop exaggeratedly, then pulled them up in a wide grin. "And here we are entering Ghent," he proclaimed, "the Florence of the north. But like Florence, it cannot be seen and appreciated in a day or a week. Even a month would be too little time to show you all the churches, castles, museums. I will take you only to Saint Bavon."

It was raining when they stopped in front of the cathedral, and Pista took off his duffel coat and held it over her head like a tent. And he kept it there even after they had entered the church. "I don't want you to look at anything but just this one thing." A few minutes later Sarolta heard the sound of coins being exchanged, then the coat was whisked from her eyes, and she found herself standing in a small side chapel, facing the van Eycks' *Adoration of the Lamb.*

"Sit down," whispered Pista, motioning to a row of chairs. "Don't try to think. Just look."

Gradually the many single panels that had seemed so distracting at first began to fall into place to form an overpowering totality of color, beauty and conception. Then a guide with a group of people arrived. They were talking about the theft of the central panel, which had been found, and the one of the Just Judges, which had never turned up again, and the two men next to Sarolta began arguing about what was Jan and what was Hubert van Eyck's work.

The men's voices disrupted the mood that the very confirmation of beauty had created for Pista. Besides, he could not afford to waste much more time. Farkas would be expecting to hear from him.

He pulled Sarolta up from her chair. "I wanted you to see it undisturbed," he said, like a disappointed child whose plans have gone wrong. "But apparently that is asking too much." And he didn't speak again until he pointed to the octagonal tower of the belfry, visible long before they reached the Grand' Place of Bruges.

"I wish I could make all forty-seven bells chime for you right now, to tell you how glad I am you are here."

Again he fell silent as he drove slowly about the town, stopping a minute or two whenever possible at a spot he liked particularly, to let her drink in the enchanting sights. They went into the town museum and then into the St. John's hospital, but Pista's dark mood had infected her and even the glory of the Memlings did not bring the consolation she had hoped for, nor could they erase the picture of Farkas or soothe her feeling of guilt. On the contrary, it was as if the perfection of the masterpieces highlighted her defection to a terrifying degree, making it seem even less forgivable than she had thought. She was almost glad when Pista said, "And now let me show you my castle," and helped her back into the car.

Around the corner of the Béguinage was a small house with a lace shop in the front part of it. "That's it."

A bell clanged when Pista opened the door but nobody answered it, only a parrot called harshly, "*Verboden te roken,*" and Pista turned to throw his cigarette out into the street, as if the bird had power to arrest him. One day soon he would not have to hear the parrot screeching the old ladies' orders. Damn the bird. It had been driving him crazy now for a long time.

A curtain divided the shop from a small living room. Pista put a finger over his mouth, and Sarolta followed him on tiptoe, past the chattering bird and an old lady asleep in a rocking chair, through a miniature kitchen and up a steep staircase which led to the attic. There was a couch with a few pillows, a desk, a chair and, behind a flowered screen, an oil burner and a washbasin. Everything was neat, clean and bare.

"And I won't show you anything of what I've done." Defiantly Pista turned some canvases front to back that stood leaning against the wall. "Not after what you've just seen. Please don't argue."

"If that's what you wish," said Sarolta, hoping he would change his mind presently. She sat down on the couch and picked up a rubber bone lying on one of the cushions. "Oh, this must be Nini's, the little dog you wrote about, that you found wandering around lost. Where is she?"

Pista stared at the rubber bone in Sarolta's hand. At that moment he could see the Chihuahua as he had seen her last, nestling on Farkas' feet. He couldn't help it—he broke into a roar of laughter and for quite some time could not stop.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing. She ran away."

"Pista, you're hysterical."

"Yes," he said, trying to get a hold of himself. "There are times when I—well, it sort of gets me, things from the past do. I can't control it."

"I know," said Sarolta. "I have nightmares too—still; not often, but once in a while." She hesitated, looking up at the skylight on which the rain was spattering. "Remember a man called Farkas?"

Pista stopped laughing. "No," he said. "Who was he?"

"The AVO man my brother trusted, who arrested us. I thought ——"

Of course he knows him, she told herself. *Farkas arrested him too. He just chooses to draw a blank. Heaven knows what Farkas did to him. But how can I tell Pista now when he is in such a state?*

"What about him?"

"Just that there are nights when I dream about him."

"My love. Forgive me if I don't want to hear about your dreams. I have mine. If we start talking about them, we both won't sleep tonight. One must be able to forget or one can't go on living."

There was a little moment of silence, and Pista was not sure if he had said the right thing. Perhaps it would have been wiser not to deny knowing Farkas but, on the contrary, to tell her how much he had suffered through him. It might have made her feel more compassionate toward him. He looked at her again. Her eyes were clouded, but her mouth was set. He asked himself, afraid suddenly, if she possibly mistrusted him. By behaving as if he could not remember Farkas, had he aroused her suspicion? *Nonsense,* he told himself. She would never be able to imagine that, to save himself from torture, he had in the end consented to pose as a refugee and spy on his fellow exiles.

He felt sweat breaking out all over him. "Sari ——"

"You are quite right," she said. "One must be able to forget in order to go on living."

Pista watched her take off her jacket. She was wearing a very simple but elegantly cut brown woolen dress and no jewelry except the large dark green emerald on her right hand. "Jed tells me all the time ——"

"Do you think your husband is really going to help me get to America?"

"If he says so, he will."

"You love him, don't you?"

"Of course."

Pista let the tap run and put on some water to boil. "How lucky you are."

"Yes," said Sarolta. "Very."

"A man you love—living in America."

In the silence that followed, Pista measured out some cocoa; and when the water had boiled, he brought two cups of the hot drink to where she was sitting on the couch. "Have this to warm up. Then I'll take you to a little restaurant; then we'll drive back. And he's rich too, isn't he?" He handed her one of the cups.

"Well, not exactly rich. Why?"

"I just wondered," said Pista slowly. "It might take an awfully long time to get me into the States. But if I had some money, I could try —— Sari, this place is driving me crazy. I can't work here. I'm going insane here. All this beauty and peacefulness is killing me. Any other country—oh, I can't explain. You wouldn't understand. Could you—would you—could you ask him to lend me some money?"

"I don't know," said Sarolta. "He might not see any reason for that. You were given a grant, you have enough to live on, you are suffering no hardship. Why? Are you in trouble, Pista?"

"I must get away," he said. "If he won't help, you can." He pointed to the ring.

Sarolta drew back. "I can't give it to you."

"Why not? We've always been friends. You wrote that you'd help me, that I could count on you; yet all you ever sent were a miserly ten dollars once in a while."

"It's not my money."

"Nonsense. You are his wife, aren't you? And he seems to have plenty. Or how could he afford to go traipsing all over Europe?"

"Pista, what's got into you? When Jed travels, it's on business. He works harder than almost anyone I know. What right have you ——"

"Let me have the ring. You can say you lost it. I'll pay you back one day. Here." And as quickly as he had turned his canvases to face the wall a few minutes before, he reversed them now for her to see. There were the bold strokes she had expected, the strong colors, the daring conception.

"I think Jed might like to buy one of your paintings."

"If he bought them all, it wouldn't be enough. Why won't you help me? Why won't you give me the ring?"

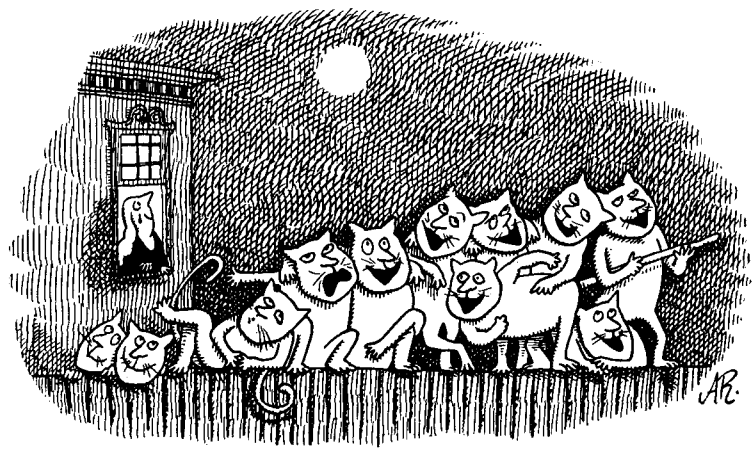
"Because," said Sarolta slowly, "I don't consider it mine. It's a family heirloom. I'll wear it only as long as I am his wife. And I won't be his wife much longer." She saw Pista gazing at her, lips parted slightly. "Because, you see, it was all arranged before we married. Jed has never loved me." And then she told him the whole story.

Pista didn't interrupt her once nor, when she had finished, did he make any remark. He knew that anything he might say would be useless. She would never act differently from what she thought was right. For a moment he hated her because she could afford to behave as she thought right. And all hope left him.

"All right. Let's go."

"Pista," Sarolta said again, when they were heading back to Brussels. "Won't you tell me what your troubles are? Maybe ——"

His lips parted, then closed again. *For the money the ring is worth,* he thought, *I could have bribed somebody to get my mother out of Hungary. There are always*



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Alicia loved her cats so much that she could not bear to give their kittens to strangers who might mistreat them. When the total of felines reached forty, however, the neighbors sued to restrain Alicia and her cats.

"No human beings should be subjected to living in the same block with a horde of mewling, screeching pests," counsel for the neighbors argued. "Alicia's cat sanctuary has become a public nuisance."

"Cats are the most perfect house pets," Alicia replied. "There are laws requiring dogs to be leashed and muzzled, but no such measures ever have been necessary with cats. My neighbors are simply prejudiced and intolerant of pets."

If you were the judge, would you rid the neighborhood of cats?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The court limited Alicia to four cats, a number which she could manage without annoyance to the neighborhood. She had to get rid of the rest. The court said that when cats upset the well-being and home of people, the cats must go.

Based upon a 1959 Oklahoma decision.

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people one can bribe. Other people have got out. And once she was out, safe somewhere under an assumed name, Farkas would have no more power over me. Next time he summoned me, I'd simply not turn up. I'd tell the police about him. I'd—but now my last chance is gone. Now I will have to report to Farkas.

After Pista had reported and gone, Farkas sat in the chair he had pulled close to the window. He sat almost motionless except for his hands, which were stroking the small animal, asleep on his lap.

There was no kind of murder that was unknown to Farkas. He was an expert in killing. And if you had the power, you could decide how a person was to die. You could mete out an easy death or a horrible one, make a man give up his soul slowly, while suffering the agonies of hell, or you could beat him into his grave. But in Kendeffy's case, Farkas had little choice if it were to look like an accident.

This was a pity, because he hated Kendeffy, hated him because he had managed to get away when he, Farkas, had sworn to get him. Kendeffy hadn't left Hungary with the first wave of those who, at that point, had preferred any other to their native land. Carried away by the elation of the first days, Kendeffy had believed that the revolt was going to be successful. And even after the Russians had arrested the Hungarian negotiators at a banquet given for them at their headquarters in Tököl, Kendeffy had fought on. Farkas would never forget those days in which he had searched for Kendeffy. He had been so certain of finding him then; and when he had not succeeded, he had been just as sure of trapping him at one of the borders which, by that time, had become impenetrable. Yet somehow Drake had got Kendeffy out of the country.

Farkas was practically certain that Professor Montel in room Number fifty-seven, to whom Drake had spoken, was Kendeffy. Why otherwise should Drake have made an appointment for the man he expected at six o'clock at the Urania and not at his hotel? But he had to be sure.

He picked up the telephone and, when the Urania answered, asked for Professor Montel. A moment later he heard the low, compelling voice which he had listened to so often over the radio, on television and in lecture halls. "Hello," said the voice in English, with a quite definite Hungarian accent, and then, when Farkas remained silent, "Who is it? Jed? Hello, hello—Professor Montel speaking." Then came a slight noise in the apparatus as Kendeffy apparently tried to get the operator to re-establish the connection. "Operator . . . operator?" Now he was speaking French. "Something must be wrong with my line. The phone just rang ——"

And then Farkas spoke, also in French. "Operator? You have given me the wrong room. Sorry." He replaced the receiver and smiled. Then he called Sandor.

An hour later a new guest arrived at the Hotel Urania. He was on the tall side, blond and blue-eyed, and he could have been taken for a German, a Dutchman, a Swede, even a Belgian. His clothes were unobtrusive—a tweed jacket, gray flannel trousers, a brown coat. He carried only one small suitcase, which was plastered with stickers from many different countries. He looked like a traveling salesman who had managed a free day between trips to see the fair. On the card he filled out, in a handwriting that was rather hard to read, he gave his name as Mr. Sulla.

The desk clerk glanced at it only fleetingly. During the run of the fair he had learned that it was a waste of time to get personally interested in people who intended to stay just one night. He had also learned to look upon the bribes offered him for a room as nothing unusual. Rooms were almost impossible to obtain at a moment's notice, and guests who had been careless enough not to reserve one were only too willing to pay anything for accommodations—like this nondescript fellow. The desk clerk had saved a tidy little sum from the money slipped to him like this. Mr. Sulla was given a room on the fourth floor, Number forty-seven.

As soon as the elevator boy, who had shown him to the room, had closed the door behind him, Sandor made himself comfortable. He took off his jacket, loosened his tie and unlaced his shoes. He hated shoes. No matter how much money he spent on them, he could never find a pair that really fitted; and even those which did not actually hurt, made his feet sweat and, in consequence, itch. He began slowly and carefully to survey the room which he knew was identical with that above, Number fifty-seven, where Farkas had found out that Kendeffy was staying.

It was a dismal room. The carpet was worn and discolored in places. The mirror in the old-fashioned clothes cupboard had a crack through the bottom half. The top drawer of the dresser doubled as a writing desk. The couch opposite the bed was too narrow to sit on comfortably, the one standing lamp had only one bulb, instead of the three for which it was fitted, and the door leading to a small bathroom stuck and had to be pushed hard. But to a man who had never known the luxury of so big a room and a bathroom all to himself, it was like staying in

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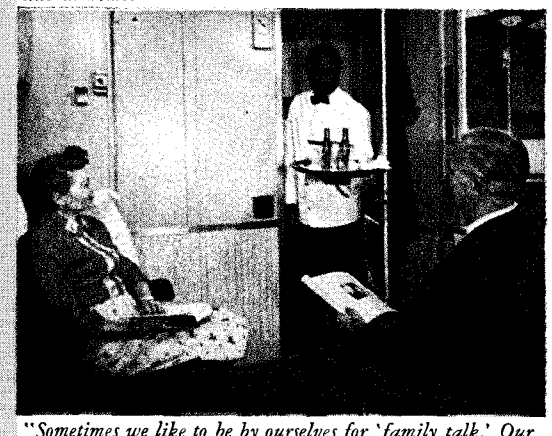
"For a change, we had dinner 'downstairs.' The Steward again received us with 'western hospitality' which we enjoyed throughout our trip. As at lunch, the food was delicious and prices less than we expected. Another delight, to me, was the attractive and unusual table arrangement."

"The lounge car was a thing of beauty with attractive furnishings. Cooling beverages and current magazines were available. A private cardroom completed the picture of relaxation. I said to Bill that it was like being in our own club at home."



"Sometimes we like to be by ourselves for 'family talk.' Our bedroom was a restful retreat. I admired the vanity mirror and handy cosmetic tray. For room service we just touched a button. We really got attentive, courteous service."

"Having lunch in a dome car was a new and delightful experience for both Bill and me when we took the 'City of Los Angeles.' While we were intrigued by the picture-window views of the romantic West, we couldn't fail to appreciate the wonderful food."

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another world, a world in which one was not cramped for space, where nothing was shared, where lights could burn at all hours, hot water run day and night—a world of waste. It made him feel uneasy, almost lonely.

He went into the bathroom and put his ear to the hot-water pipe, a rather large pipe that ran from floor to ceiling next to the washbasin. He could hear somebody talking, but could not make out what was being said. He went back into the room and over to the windows. There were two, both facing a little courtyard. He opened them and looked out. At once he could hear voices coming from all directions, but they were mostly the voices of maids cleaning the rooms and calling to one another about fresh linen, a vacuum cleaner, things like that. Sandor left the window open. The sound of other people talking made him feel less isolated.

He unlocked his suitcase. It contained a pair of slippers, a dressing gown, two changes of underwear, a dark suit, gray overalls and an electrician's tool kit. He took out the dressing gown and suit and hung them up. Then he put on the overalls and unpacked the tool kit. Dressed as an electrician he could move freely about the hotel without arousing suspicion.

And it would cause no surprise, Farkas had said, if the lights suddenly didn't work. In a hotel like the Urania many small things could get out of order temporarily. On chilly damp days such as these, guests were constantly asking for heaters. The wires could easily be overloaded, causing a short.

Sandor went out of his room, saw no one in the corridor, met nobody on the stairs and made straight for the service pantry on the fifth floor, which was directly opposite Kendeffy's room. All he had to do was busy himself there and he would have a good chance to watch Kendeffy's room. He knocked on the door of the service pantry and, when there was no reply, took a quick look around, memorizing every item that might be valuable to remember—the dumb-waiter that brought up food from the kitchen, the shelves with extra dishes and vases and spare bulbs, the table on which messy breakfast trays were piled on top of each other. Toward late afternoon there wouldn't be any trays. Unlike Kendeffy—as Farkas had explained—the normal guest had only his breakfast served in his room. In the left corner of the pantry was the fuse box. Sandor nodded to himself, returned to his room and locked the door. Then he took off his overalls and threw himself on the bed.

> The trouble with owning a swimming pool is that you have to wait until winter to find out who your real friends are.
>
> CAM WILLIAMS

He seldom thought back to the days of his childhood, but the unusual quietness of his surroundings was like a screen onto which things were suddenly projected that he had forgotten long ago. And they were not pleasant things. He had been only nine years old when the Germans had occupied Hungary. From them he had picked up German and from the Russians, later, quite a good knowledge of their language. And the terror of the occupations, the hunger, cold and destruction of war had taught him one thing—to choose one's masters carefully.

As a youngster he had had a dream, a dream of becoming something more than the uneducated boy who caused pain whenever he tried to be gentle. He therefore had trained to become a boxer. And then, one day Farkas had spotted him, and his whole life had changed.

To have to kill somebody didn't upset Sandor in the slightest. Everybody had to die anyhow. If a little sooner—what difference did it make in the end? It was better, in any case, than getting old and decrepit and useless. What was slightly unusual about this job was that he had to tackle Kendeffy twice. For, as Farkas had impressed on him, it had to look like suicide. He was therefore to watch the trays going into Room Fifty-seven; and when he was certain that Kendeffy was alone, he was to sprinkle a few grains of the powder Farkas had given him into any food or liquid which was going to be served him. It was simply a question of timing and distracting the waiter for a few moments. After that, he was to make his way quickly to Kendeffy's room, because the stuff would knock him out almost immediately. Once in the room, he was to drag Kendeffy to one of the windows, kneel down so that he could not be seen and gently lift Kendeffy from below and push him out the fifth-floor window. Sandor whistled to himself. When the body was discovered, even if it should be right away, which was improbable, the ensuing commotion would give him plenty of opportunity to get out of the hotel unnoticed. He and Farkas would leave immediately.

He looked at his watch. It was a brand-new one. He had bought it in Brussels. Wait until it has grown dark, Farkas had advised. He still had time, time enough to take another look at the fair. There was one spot Sandor liked particularly, a whole little village in which to have fun. Some parts of it reminded him faintly of the village in which he had grown up—small houses, bridges, cobblestone streets, a market square, jugglers, organ grinders, flower girls, brass bands and the many cafés and snack bars where you could eat anything you could pay for, unrationed.

I must not forget to ask for my bill, thought Sandor. *I must pay it when I come back and impress on them that I am leaving very early tomorrow morning.* He rose. He straightened his tie and put on his jacket, smiling in anticipation of spending some time at the "Merry Belgium" again. He didn't even mind putting on his shoes.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Considerate Embezzler (Continued from Page 19)

"Clawson's. The assistant cashier sets the time lock."

"Who checks on him?"

The hot indignation in the dark eyes gave way to sudden wariness. "Well, the cashier is supposed to, but yesterday was my first day. After all, Clawson had been doing it for more than sixteen years! Why would I think he'd do any differently last night?"

"There's always a first time," Joe said. He wrote elaborately in his notebook, enjoying the other's growing discomfiture. Glibness was something Joe could do without. In his business he ran into a lot of glibness; it usually masked inability, ignorance or a slack conscience. He looked up. "Now, what can you tell me about Henry Clawson that might help us find him?"

"He's little," Hadley snapped. "Short, about five six or seven. Weight, maybe one-forty; quiet and sly—sneaky. All these years, waiting for this moment."

Joe looked at the man. "And before you became cashier, Mr. Hadley?"

"I handled installment loans."

Joe pursed his lips. "Would you say you'd been jumped over Clawson?"

The dark eyes veiled. "I like to think my promotion was a result of merit."

"I'm sure it was," Joe said. "Well, what's Clawson's home address?"

The pudgy blonde touched a handkerchief to the corners of her eyes. "I tried to be a good wife. For over fourteen years I kept house and cooked and cleaned—and this is the thanks I get."

Sgt. Joe Hunter watched the performance noncommittally. The apartment windows were streaked from last week's rain; there was dust on the table at the woman's elbow; last night's paper was scattered around the room, and there was a half-emptied box of chocolates on the coffee table. Myrtle Clawson was still puffy with sleep, but she'd taken time to put mascara on her eyes.

"Yeah," Joe said. "Do you have any idea where he might have gone, Mrs. Clawson?"

"How would I know? That bank, that's all he ever cared about. He never missed a single day! The bank and cooking and reading. He liked to fuss around the kitchen weekends; and nights the only place he wanted to go was to the library for more books."

Joe made a note on his pad. "What kind of books?"

She snorted. "Adventure. Sea stories and things like that. He was in the Navy during the war, and you'd think he'd won it all by himself, when all he was was a cook!"

"Uh-huh. Did he take the car, Mrs. Clawson?"

"Car? You think we could afford a car on the money he made? Why, he hadn't got a raise in four years. Wouldn't even ask. They walked all over him." Her voice hardened. "The little jerk!" she said with sudden viciousness.

She grabbed up a cigarette and pounded it angrily against a long, manicured thumbnail. "Think of it! Most people have two cars, and we haven't even got one. Didn't want to get in debt, he always said. And I listened to him."

"Sure. Do you have a picture of him?"

She jerked her chin at the TV set. "That's him when he was in the Navy. The little one."

Joe Hunter picked up the enlarged snapshot of two sailors. Henry Clawson, fifteen years ago, was a sober little chap. "Has he changed much?"

"He looks just the same," she said angrily. "Hair's getting gray, but he doesn't look old at all!"

"I'll take this if you don't mind," Joe said. He slipped the photograph in his pocket.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" she said. "After all these years, wouldn't you think he'd at least leave me enough to buy a car? He knew how much I wanted a car—but he wouldn't even give me enough to buy a car."

Joe looked at her a long moment. "People who steal are usually pretty busy running away, Mrs. Clawson."

She snorted again. "I'll bet he went off on a bus. It'd be just like him." She got up and stalked over to look out of the dirty window. "If you catch him, how long'll he get?"

"We'll catch him," Joe said simply. He picked up his hat. He was beginning to feel a little sympathy for Henry Clawson. "Grand theft's good for anything from one to twenty years."

She spun around. "Fourteen years I wasted on a jerk like that!" She pushed up her hair in frenzy. "Not any more! I'm through. I'm gonna get dressed and hunt up a lawyer."

Joe Hunter sat in the streetcar dispatcher's office, thinking that all railway offices had the same smell of wood and cleaning solvent and tobacco smoke and decadence. Opposite him the long-faced conductor held the photograph at arm's length, making a production of his inspection. Joe checked his rising impatience, reminding himself for the umpteenth time that detective work was done with the feet, not the head. Yesterday morning Henry Clawson had walked out of the bank with a hundred thousand dollars in a black bag—and just disappeared into thin air. There were still no clues.

The customary dragnets had turned up nothing. Nobody had seen him at the bus or airport terminals. No cabbie had come up with a possible identification. This was the only lead that had come in—from a streetcar conductor.

"Well, sir," the conductor finally said, "it's kinda like him—I guess. Like I told Bill Schock here"—he nodded to the dispatcher—"this polite little guy rode all the way to the end of the line. Got off my car right out there, where we turn into the yard. He sat there in his seat, this black bag on his lap, passing the time of day like he hadn't a thing on his mind. Didn't think much about it till I read the bulletin on the board. Always read the bulletins, you know—we're supposed to."

"That's fine," Joe told him.

The conductor laughed a little and shook his head as he handed back the photograph. "Can't be him, though. Who ever heard of a guy knocking off a bank for a hundred grand and then fleein' the scene of the crime on a streetcar?"

Joe put the photograph back in his pocket. "He went somewhere, on something. This is the only lead we've had so far. Did you see which way he went when he got off the car?"

The conductor shook his head. "Didn't notice. Only place to go around here is down to the highway. Got a diner there—at the corner. They mighta seen him."

The big, hennaed waitress frowned at the photograph. "Yesterday morning? About what time?"

"It'd be early," Joe said. "Before nine."

"We're jumpin' from five until about ten," the woman said. "You know, I think he just mighta been in here. Yeah." She turned toward the counterman. "Hey, Harry—doesn't this kinda look like the little guy who wanted the omelet *fines herbes?*"

The counterman cocked his head, then grinned. "Yeah. Funny little fellow. Sat right there by the door. Here's the place loaded with truckers eating everything we got like they never had a meal in their life, and he's telling me just how to make

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his omelet. *Fines herbes*, he wants. I give him a cheese instead. Sure, that looks like him."

"I didn't see any black bag though," the woman said. "What you after him for?"

Joe took back the snapshot. "Just want to talk to him."

"Murder?" she asked hopefully.

Joe smiled. "No. I don't suppose you noticed where he went after he left here?"

She shook her head. "Hitched a ride maybe. East or west—they're going through here all day long."

"You know," the counterman said suddenly, "he was talking to Herb Riley, there at the table."

"Riley," Joe said. "Where do I find Herb Riley?"

The waitress shrugged. "He's a trucker. One of our regulars; hauls fish for somebody down at the harbor; big guy—eats like a horse. Let's see—Elmquist, that's who he works for. Remember it on the side of the truck—Elmquist Fish Supply." She shrugged. "I don't know the address."

"I'll find it," Joe told her.

The Elmquist Fish Supply Company was housed in a white building adjacent to a steaming, rattling cannery. The wet streets were narrow, crowded with trucks between which darted red-faced men wearing boots and bright yellow aprons. Joe found a place to park. A smell of warm fish oil hung over everything, and he breathed shallowly until his system was willing to tolerate it.

He was lucky. Herb Riley was due in for his route run in half an hour. Joe went back outside, climbed the bulkhead and looked down on the fishing boats, stacked up, waiting to unload. Obviously there was a big run of fish on. He watched the confusion for a while and then returned to the office.

Herb Riley was big, red-faced and eager to talk. "Sure, I'd say it was the same guy," he said, studying the snapshot. He grinned suddenly. "You'da died, hearing him try to tell old Harry Verburg how to make that omelet. I thought he was kidding, but he wasn't. He was real serious."

"Did he say anything about where he was going?"

Herb shook his head. "I don't think he knew. I told him I was headed for the harbor, but I'd let him off any place when we went through town, but he said the harbor was O.K. What's he done?"

"Want to talk to him. You didn't see where he went when you let him out here?"

"Naw. Well, just up to the bulkhead, to look at the boats. Matter of fact, he got right out and went over there and forgot his bag. I had to call him back." He grinned again. "I told him he could lose his shirt, walking off and leaving his bag like that, and he said it didn't matter—there was only money in it."

"That's right," Joe said.

The trucker blinked. "Huh?"

Joe stood up. "He had a hundred thousand dollars in cash in that black bag."

The driver's mouth dropped open. "He wasn't kidding?"

Joe sighed. "It's kidders like him that give me such flat feet." He opened the door, then stopped.

"Why, I might have seen him," the office girl had said suddenly. She turned to the driver. "It was about half an hour after you'd checked in, Herb. . . . I remember looking out the door, and there was this man going by." She smiled faintly. "I noticed him, I guess, because he looked out of place around here. You know, a business suit and his hat on so square." She glanced at Riley. "Most of the men down here look like bums."

"Was he carrying a bag?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. I could only see the upper part of his body." She hesitated. "I really couldn't say if it was him. Honestly, it just sort of half registered with me."

Joe looked up the street. "What's up the street? Where might he go?"

She shrugged helplessly. "I wouldn't know. It's just the usual stuff—ship chandleries, fishhouses, repair shops, that sort of thing. I'm sorry."

Joe smiled reassuringly. "Every little bit helps. Thanks."

He walked up a couple of blocks. It was a district dedicated to fish and fishing. He didn't see anything that might attract Henry Clawson until he noticed, in the distance, the tracery of a roller-coaster ride—an amusement park!

Joe turned back abruptly for his car. Amusement parks often had a shadowy element around the fringes. He felt a sudden alertness. An easygoing trucker like Riley might think Henry's remark about the bag's contents a gag, but there were others, living by their wits, who would show more curiosity. In a matter of moments Henry Clawson could be plucked as clean as a fryer.

The carnival booths were just opening for business. Almost without exception, the operators spotted Joe for what he was. They knew nothing. They hadn't seen anyone who even remotely resembled Henry Clawson. All their customers of the day before had been big men, six-footers or better. The sallow man behind the counter at the shooting gallery swept up the broken clay pipes and leaned on his broom.

"Look, copper," he said sullenly. "I ain't seen a guy like that, see? I'm legitimate; they got my fingerprints. I pay my bills. Your hangin' around ain't good for my business, see?"

Joe studied the deserted sidewalks and turned back. "I'll buy a round of shots for anybody you could hit with a beanbag."

"The word gets around, see? Everybody knows you're here. Go shine your star in somebody else's eyes, huh?"

It was a dead end. Joe spent two patient hours talking to every single operator, with the same results. Either it was the closest-knit bunch of independents he'd ever heard of, or else Henry Clawson hadn't been there. And he knew enough about carnies to know that somebody always had a grudge against somebody else. Joe went back to his car.

He put his hands on the top of the steering wheel and rested his forehead against them. Henry Clawson—mild, conscientious, hard-working, put-upon; so starved for recognition that he had finally kicked over the traces. The amount he'd taken, an even hundred thousand dollars, and the note he'd left so his colleagues wouldn't have to work overtime tracing the shortages, proved that. Joe knocked back the lurking feeling of sympathy; it didn't make any difference why Henry had done it—it was his job to find him, and quickly.

Henry Clawson liked to cook, to read adventure stories and had once upon a time been in the Navy. Joe's head came up with a jerk, and he swore softly. He drove back to the water front, parked, went into the cannery office and introduced himself to the manager.

"How would I go about getting a job on a fish boat?"

The man smiled wearily. "With this mackerel run on, all you need is a weak mind. They've been going for five weeks. They're so pooped they fall asleep standing up. In this business you make it while you can, and the men go until they drop. Then they try to find somebody to fill in and go right back out again. There are two boats out there now waiting for crews. One of 'em's only got the skipper left."

"We'll take it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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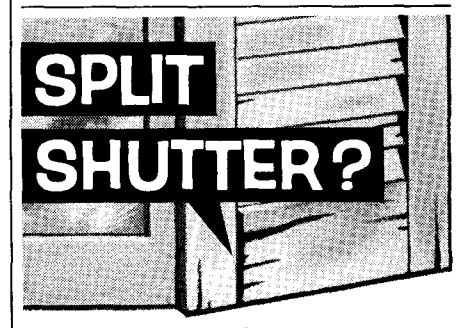

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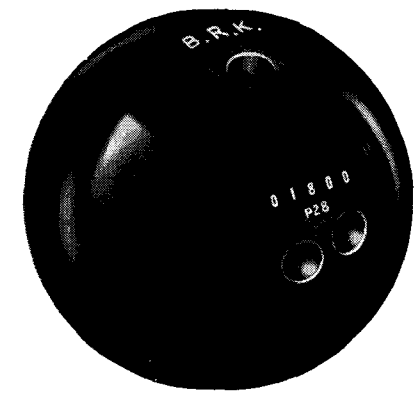

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"How many boats went out of here yesterday?"

"I can tell you how many unloaded. If they aren't outside in the channel, they've gone back to the fishing grounds."

"And when'll they be in again?"

"Two, three, four days."

"I'd like to see the list that might have left about noon, or later, yesterday," Joe said.

There were three boats that were possibilities—*My Gal*, *Estrellita* and *Stormy*. He asked the cannery to notify him the moment any boat that had left the afternoon before came in. Then he walked up the street and turned into the first ship chandlery.

Henry Clawson, or someone very much like him, had bought a sweat shirt and a pair of work pants. The clerk couldn't remember a black bag.

Joe called the police station, then checked into a nearby motel. He haunted the fish dock. He could have shipped on half a dozen boats—ten dollars a day, and they didn't care whether or not he got seasick.

The call came at six-thirty on the second morning. *Estrellita* had arrived. Joe threw on his clothes and drove to the cannery. It was a cool, misty morning which would probably burn off into a fine day.

He made his way carefully, across two other boats, to where the *Estrellita* lay moored. A big, broad-shouldered, swarthy man stood at the stern, coiling a line, looking back down the channel.

"Hi, there," Joe said.

The fisherman turned, looked Joe carefully up and down, then dropped the line and moved forward.

"Skipper aboard?" Joe asked.

The man jabbed his chest with a big, scarred thumb. "Me, Tony Mesen, the skipper."

"Mind if I come aboard?"

Tony Mesen shrugged. "You got legs."

Joe stepped over the bulwark. "I'm looking for a man—Henry Clawson. Little fellow, carrying a black bag. Have you seen him?"

"Why for?"

Joe pulled his identification from his pocket and let the fisherman study it. "I want to ask him some questions. Have you seen him?"

"Three days now I been to sea. Just now I get in."

"That's not what I asked you," Joe said irritably. "Have you seen Henry Clawson?"

The skipper shrugged. "Nobody like that here."

Joe held his temper. "But he was."

The man shrugged again.

"You want to tell me about it here," Joe snapped, "or down at the police station? Make up your mind, quick!"

The dark eyes, hot with anger, swung on him. "Why you pick on fine little fellow like Hank? Best cook I ever have. Big seas roll like hot-damn, and he never get seasick, never miss meal. Pancakes like feather, pot roast in wine like you never eat, omelets, biscuits, corn fritter. All the time plenty hot food, day or night—Hank happy to cook it."

"Where is he?" Joe barked.

"Sure, he take money from bank," Tony said. "He show it to me. But he gonna take it back. He no want it. All little fella want is somebody say, 'Good work, Hank.' But nobody say it to him—wife, bank, nobody. But Tony Mesen say it. I say, 'Hank, you best damn cook I ever saw. You get out of jail, you come fish with Tony.'" He poked a long, weathered forefinger into Joe's chest. "Little fella work heart out, nobody notice. So he take money and then everybody notice. Now, he go take it back. You put him in jail for that?"

"He's got a hundred thousand dollars in that bag," Joe exploded. "That's like carrying dynamite with a lighted fuse. Suppose he shows it to somebody else?"

The hot, dark eyes cooled abruptly. "By damn," Tony said softly, "you right. Nice little guy, he trust everybody, no?" He turned and pointed back down the channel. "I let him off back by oil dock."

Joe found him six blocks away, walking backward, trying to thumb a ride. Joe slowed the car and stopped beside him, and Henry Clawson opened the door gratefully.

"Thanks," he said. He put the bag on the floor, got in and shut the door. "I was going to the bus station, but nobody'd pick me up." He smiled at Joe. "Thanks a lot."

Joe started off again. "Bus station? I don't know where it is."

"Any place downtown will be all right," Henry said. "I can find it. I'm going to Middleton."

"I'm going to Middleton," Joe said. "Give you a lift all the way.'

"Gee, that'd be wonderful."

"I'm going to the corner of Bush and Cedar," Joe said casually.

"Bush and Cedar!" Henry Clawson exclaimed. "Why, that's where I ——" He broke off. "Used to work there," he said quietly.

"Yeah, I know, Henry."

Henry Clawson made a sudden, ineffective gesture with his hands, then dropped them into his lap and looked down at the bag between his feet.

"I didn't spend any," he said leadenly.

"I know you didn't. You spent fourteen cents for carfare, ninety-seven cents for a cheese omelet and coffee and seven dollars and thirty cents for clothes."

"I don't know why I did it," Henry said.

"I do," Joe told him.

Henry turned his head. "*You* do?"

"Yeah. You got fed up," Joe said harshly. "But everybody gets fed up, Henry, even when he has a little help along the way. It's a hard cart to push alone. But you're supposed to push it, alone or not."

"I know," Henry Clawson said. "But sometimes you forget that." He paused. "How long will I be in jail?"

Joe shrugged. "Grand theft's good for anything from one to twenty years."

Henry sighed. "Myrtle will divorce me," he said after a moment. "But I guess she's never liked me very much. I think all she ever wanted was a meal ticket." He looked at his hands. "It's all right. I just never stopped to think things out, I guess. On a boat you can do that. At night, when it's rolling slowly and the stars are swinging, you can think things out. I know what I want to do now, when I get out of jail."

Joe looked at him from the corner of his eye. Henry's head was up, and he was looking straight ahead, his jaw set determinedly. At the moment he was the picture of a sturdy little man.

"For what it's worth," Joe said with sudden gentleness, "banks don't usually press for a conviction if they get their money back."

The tightly pressed lips quivered a little. Henry swallowed once, twice. When he spoke again, softly, his voice was filled with awe. "Did you ever watch the last gull of the day, sweeping over a boat's wake, silhouetted against the sunset?"

It wasn't a question really; it was a dream. A dream a man could get lost in—get lost in and then find himself. Joe didn't answer. THE END

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Missouri: Four States in One

(Continued from Page 13)

Today the charming little river port is a dusty cameo out of the past, crying for a restoration à la Williamsburg. Full of eighteenth-century houses—a rarity west of the Mississippi—the town has been forgotten by the rest of the state. Its lovely houses have been allowed to run down or be vulgarized by modern additions. The Bolduc House, handsomely restored by the Colonial Dames of America, and Matthew Ziegler's Ol' French Inn, an authentic tavern where visitors can still eat goli-she-was, a distant Gallic relative of the hush puppy, are the only reminders of what life in this elegant pioneer settlement was like. This curious neglect of Missouri's "first city" is all the more puzzling in view of the fact that Missourians are unusually history-minded, with a state historical society that has more members than any other in the United States.

St. Louis, on the other hand, seventy miles up the river from Ste. Genevieve, is vitally concerned with sprucing up the mementos of its past. Missouri's second settlement, it quickly wrested the lead from Ste. Genevieve because of its strategic location near the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. And for almost 200 years it has been the dominant city in the state, as well as one of the most important in the nation. A town of wealth, grace, culture and considerable complacency, it has only recently begun to stir itself from its lethargy and tried to recapture its early bounce.

A city of such solid and diversified industry that it never really felt the depression the way other places did, St. Louis has been shocked into action by the sobering march of statistics. Fifty years ago, for example, it was the fourth city in the nation. In the 1950 census it had sunk to eighth place. Today it is tenth. In the last decade alone it has lost more than 100,000 inhabitants, most of whom have fled to the suburbs, leaving a 30 per cent Negro population behind.

The gigantic effort the city is now making to rehabilitate itself and entice many of its former citizens back into a rebuilt town will, it is hoped, be crowned with success by 1964 when St. Louis will celebrate its 200th anniversary. It also hopes to point up its renaissance with a 615-foot stainless-steel arch, which will dramatize the city's position as "The Gateway to the West."

Kansas Citians, who now live in the state's second-biggest city, also feel they represent "The Gateway to the West," and they refer to St. Louis's projected arch as "a $6,000,000 croquet wicket." But this slur doesn't bother St. Louisans, who are notoriously aloof from the rest of the state. In fact, most of them have a downright ignorance of what goes on in the rest of Missouri. Not long ago, for example, a twenty-one-year-old St. Louisan, fresh out of St. Louis University, was offered a job in St. Joseph. He had no idea where the town was, even though it is Missouri's fourth-largest city.

Historically St. Louis, sedate and conservative, has always looked to the south and east. Kansas City, brash and go-getting, has looked to the west. Proud of its cultivated traditions, St. Louisans founded the second-oldest symphony in the United States and insist they were enjoying regular opera when Chicago was still a mud flat and Detroit a forest clearing. They created the nation's first outdoor summer theater with their popular Municipal Opera.

Their self-possession is legendary. The St. Louis author, Winston Churchill, whose novels, *Richard Carvel* and *The Crisis*, were runaway best sellers at the turn of the century, once got a letter from the English Winston Churchill at the time the latter was beginning to come into prominence. The Britisher expressed concern about the duplication of names.

The Missouri novelist wrote back, "You, sir, had better insert your middle initial. I, having been born in 1871, owned *our* name unchallenged for three years!"

When the letter was received, the British author and future statesman took the admonition to heart. He dutifully added an "S" (for Spencer) as a middle initial, thus changing his signature to what has become one of the most famous by-lines of our time.

St. Louis, settled by the French, later added Spaniards, Germans, English, Scotch, Irish, Italians and Jews to the mixture. And whether because of the alchemy of the melting pot or because it got a superior type of immigrant to begin with, the city has always had a rare flavor of tolerance. The Nazi Bund, for example, never made any headway with the large German population during World War II, and the New Englanders who settled there left their puritanism and blue laws behind. An aura of cosmopolitanism and maturity persists to the present day.

Bill Mauldin, the famous World War II cartoonist, arrived in the city two years ago and took a job on the *Post-Dispatch*. He immediately started drawing cartoons that inevitably pointed up weaknesses in the local scene. But although he received many letters of protest, pointing out where he might be wrong, he was never once challenged as a "newcomer" or "outsider" who had no right to criticize.

"There is no nervous, aggressive defensiveness such as one finds in many hinterland cities," says Mauldin. "There is a high degree of acceptance. These are not an edgy people, scared of ideas."

Architecturally the city presents a fantastic bouillabaisse of styles, almost as mixed up as the population itself.

On the one hand it possesses one of the country's important landmarks in modern design—the Wainwright Building, which has been called the first real skyscraper. A steel-girder structure of unusual freshness and imagination even today, it was designed in 1891 by Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright's teacher.

On the other hand, close by is one of the most tedious nods in the direction of the past—the Civil Courts Building constructed in the 1930's. Atop a modern structure is perched a free and frightening reproduction of one of the original Seven Wonders of the World—the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus. Shortly after it was finished, a citizen pointed it out proudly to the celebrated Chicago architect, Sam Marx. His only comment was, "It'll be hard to ignore, won't it?"

Others have not been so gentle. In fact, it's been fashionable to take verbal shots at St. Louis's buildings for decades. The late Irvin S. Cobb called the city's Union Station one of the two ugliest structures created by man. The other, he declared, was the derby hat.

It is typical of the city's split personality, however that opposite the benighted station is what may be the most beautiful fountain in America, *The Wedding of the Waters*. This Carl Milles group commemorates the meeting of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. The nude figures in the fountain—a man and woman about to meet and embrace—raised some eyebrows before being approved, a rare situation for a generally easygoing city. Strongly opposed by a group of church women who urged Milles to add some clothing to the unclad figures, the late Swedish sculptor finally blew his top with the insistent spokeswoman.

"Madam," he demanded, "do you suppose that when your father rushed to your mother's arms on their wedding night, he was wearing a dress suit?" His eloquence saved the fountain. After that there was no more trouble.

It is perhaps also typical of the state that *The Wedding of the Waters* is nowhere near the actual meeting place of the two rivers. They meet twenty miles northeast of the city in an uninhabited willow swamp.

I did not discover this, however, until I had left the city and was well on my way to Hannibal, the Mississippi River town 100 miles northwest of St. Louis. It was in Hannibal, of course, that Mark Twain spent his boyhood. Later he drew inspiration from it for his classics, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*.

Generally speaking, Hannibal didn't awaken to its great literary heritage until 1935, when the world came knocking at its door to celebrate the writer's 100th anniversary. But today it is busily engaged in what some cynics call "the Mark Twain industry." Here the author's name is used to sell everything from household loans to overnight rooms. The town is so bespattered with gasoline pennants, neon signs and store fronts blaring the hard sell that the visitor needs unusual imagination to evoke the images of Tom Sawyer, Becky Thatcher and their friends in the nineteenth-century river town.

"I'm afraid," admitted George D. Clayton Jr., a former mayor and one of the town's leading citizens, "that the community hasn't done much to enhance a wonderful attraction."

With perseverance, however, the tourist can still find most of the things he's looking for, including the romantic cave which Tom and Becky explored by candlelight and which is now equipped with raw light bulbs. Also intact is the white frame house where Mark Twain lived as a boy. The fence, involving the famous whitewashing incident, has been restored, even though the restorers, not having read *Tom Sawyer* carefully, have set the boards the wrong way.

Mark Twain's actual birthplace was not Hannibal, but the little village of Florida, some thirty miles to the southwest. On this site the simple two-room cabin where the writer was born has been lifted up and placed inside a huge modernistic building constructed for the purpose. Here, it is said, the cabin will be protected forever from the ravages of the weather.

Leaving Florida and the Mark Twain country, I headed west across the state. Mostly I drove north of the Missouri River, occasionally recrossing it to visit such towns on the southern bank as Hermann, a German city with the Rhineland setting, and Jefferson City, the capital.

In general, the fertile country north of the river is known as "Little Dixie," a land of aristocratic Southern traditions, with horse racing, hunt breakfasts, politics and gracious living. There are few Yankees here, and they can be spotted by their small houses and big barns. "You can tell a Southerner," said my informant, "by his big house and small barn. He likes to live it up."

I wasn't in Little Dixie long before I had confirmed what I'd suspected—namely, that the state of Missouri is in reality four states. St. Louis is one, Little Dixie another, Kansas City a third, and the southern, Ozark region, a fourth. Some argue that a fifth state could be carved out of the "boot-heel" region which hangs like an appendage in the southeast corner and contains some of the richest cotton land in the state.

These divisions in the state are readily apparent in the capital, where big, handsome Gov. James T. Blair Jr., a product of Little Dixie himself, tries to create a measure of unity in a legislature which is practically Balkan in its politics.

As might be expected, schisms are sharpest in the matter of taxes. "In this," said a legislator, "the country boys delight in kicking the city boys in the teeth. And they have the votes to do it." In general, voting strength does not follow population strength, because each county, however small, has at least one delegate in the state house of representatives. This leaves a city like St. Louis, with 20 per cent of the state population, controlling only 11 per cent of the seats. The situation is similar for Kansas City.

Consequently, rural legislators now dominate the state. Essentially opposed to spending, they make tax money hard to come by. Per capita expenditures on public schools by the state, for example, are unusually low—Missouri ranks forty-first in the nation. On the other hand, the state has the third-largest old-age pension list in the country, spending approximately 23 per cent of its income for a kind of welfare highly popular with rural voters.

St. Louis has been so frustrated in trying to get back from the state anything near the amount of money it contributes in taxes that it was recently forced to pass an earnings tax—a levy on wages earned in the city. In this way it has managed to stay solvent. Kansas City is also talking about such a tax.

One thing that the legislators did agree on, however, was art. Back in the '30's they voted the state's outstanding but controversial painter, Thomas Hart Benton, $16,500 to paint a mural in the State Capitol's committee room. But by the time it was finished many of them wished they hadn't.

In depicting Missouri's "social history," free-wheeling Benton had given prominence to such questionable characters as the homicidal Negress, Frankie, and her lover Johnny, the bandit Jesse James, Mark Twain's Nigger Jim and others. "The state has been slandered," roared a legislator. "Benton says our history is one of social depravity when we know it's one of refinement and nobility."

Viewing the murals today, one wonders what all the fuss was about. They are done with color, humor, good draftsmanship and electric vitality. And over the years both legislators and ordinary citizens have got used to them. In fact, Missourians have become so reconciled to the murals that the state has to keep them behind (*Continued on Page 73*)

... ...

To a Baby Just Christened

You drowned the amens and
responses.
You yowled till the climate was
blue.
Such names you kept calling
the pastor!
We could hardly hear *what* he
called you.

Ethel Jacobson

... ...

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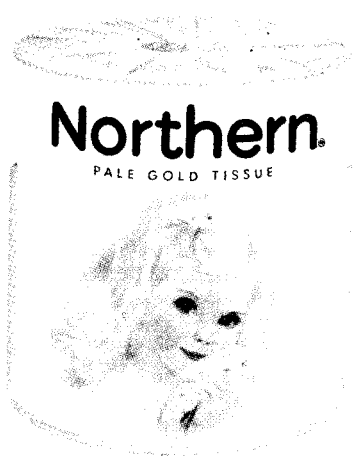
For prints of Northern's 4 little girls (11″ x 14″) send 25¢ in coin to Northern, Box 170, Green Bay, Wis.

When nature does
her best for you
Softness comes
in colors, too



Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is made with fluff
Nothing else is soft enough

In fresh, clean colors and purest white

Another fine product of American Can Company

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(*Continued from Page 71*) lock and key so that visitors will not cut off little pieces of the canvas as souvenirs, as they have been doing in the past.

Today Benton is hard at work on another mural—in the Truman Library in Independence. When I suggested to his patron that he might have to lock up the new mural to protect it from vandals, the ex-President sighed. "You remember what our soldiers said in World War One," Mr. Truman reminded me. "'The British fight for freedom of the seas, the French fight to save their country, and Americans fight to bring home souvenirs.'"

Harry Truman is having his own troubles with souvenir hunters at the moment. The tulips planted by his wife, Bess, in the library garden were pulled up as soon as they blossomed. Now a stout wire fence encloses the whole area. So far no one has tried to tear off a piece of the almost-complete Benton mural, although the outspoken painter is as outspoken and provocative as ever.

Unlike most Missourians, Benton rarely hesitates over an answer. Neither does he underestimate his own importance. Recently, when someone told him he probably knew more about the craft of painting than any other man alive, he snapped, "Quite right."

Independence is today a suburb of Kansas City, but before entering that metropolis, I rode up to the northwest corner of the state, mostly to see St. Joseph.

This city of 75,000 is interesting as an example of what boosterism can do—that is, Kansas City's boosterism! In the nineteenth century there was every reason for St. Joseph to be the principal city of Western Missouri. The first railroad in the state ended there, and the Pony Express started there. But Kansas City, with supersalesmanship, talked "St. Joe" right out of its lead. The upstart city fifty miles south soon built itself into the cattle, grain and railway center of the west, and "St. Joe" never had another chance. For years it remained the third city in the state, but recently another up-and-coming town, Springfield—"The Capital of the Ozarks"—shoved it into fourth place.

Today "St. Joe" lives largely on its past. Jesse James was killed there, and the "James industry" is an important part of the town. The house where he died—"See the bullet hole! Fifty cents"—is wedged in between a gas station and a motel and draws lots of sight-seers. So does the old Pony Express barn—now a museum—with its 100-year-old advertisement:

WANTED: Young, skinny, wiry fellows, not over 18. Must be expert riders willing to risk death daily. Orphans preferred. Wages: $25 per week.

Kansas City, on the other hand, wants little to do with the past. Its spirit is expressed by Roy Roberts who, at seventy-two, still works hard in the *Star*'s city room. He summed up his creed for me in the words, "I am interested only in the future!"

This may be because in the old days Kansas City was a rip-roaring sin town, catering to the lusty tastes of the cattlemen who came to the city, sold their beef and hogs, and had money to burn. Strip-teasers were the order of the day at businessmen's luncheons, nude waitresses served food, drink and what-all at downtown clubs, burlesque flourished without the restraint of G strings, and gambling was open and continuous. During the '30's, its political boss, Tom Pendergast, managed not only to control the city but the state as well. Wags called the State Capitol in Jefferson City "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He also controlled a cement company, and it is said that his henchmen examined everything. If it didn't move, they poured cement on it.

In the early days of World War II, however, Pendergast was finally sent to prison on an income-tax rap, and his empire fell apart. A reform government took over and ruled the city for fourteen years. Recently the reformers were voted out of office, but there is no sign of the lid's being snatched off again. Reform taught the city that respectability pays off, and seldom is there even a flicker of the city's once-flaming past. Burlesque, for example, still operates every day in the week, including Sundays, but G strings are strictly *de rigueur* and there's a freshly painted sign over the box office declaring: INTOXICATED PERSONS WILL BE ARRESTED IMMEDIATELY."

"The only trouble with Kansas City," laments its loyal and popular columnist, Bill Vaughan, "is its name. The words 'Kansas City' make Easterners shudder. They think it must be a treeless plain."

Visitors soon discover, of course, that the city is beautifully situated on heights overlooking a bend in the Missouri River, and green, rolling hills are everywhere. The residential area south of the town is one of the lushest anywhere, with lawns clipped as precisely as poodles.

Perhaps the most striking thing to a visitor is the town's vitality and good humor. Completely strange people will wish you a good morning on the street, and will go out of their way to point out an address. Even though many informed citizens—including Roy Roberts—feel that taxes are inadequate and are moving their residences over the line to Kansas, where they can have better schools for their children, most Kansas Citians would not live or work in any other area. Situated in almost the exact center of the Continental United States, they lead a pleasant, full, hedonistic life. This was pointed up recently by a Kansas City speaker who opened a meeting with the words, "The only real problems we have here are how to lose five pounds and where to find a parking place!"

South of Kansas City, however, in the vast Ozarks region that covers most of the lower part of the state, life is not nearly so prosperous, although it may be equally hedonistic. This is the "poor" part of Missouri, the area that's always pulling the state's economic averages downward. This is Missouri's "Sicily," where the mountaineers wring a meager living out of their bony, marginal land.

To describe this region as mountainous is something of a misnomer. The highest peak of all is only 1772 feet. Nevertheless, its inhabitants are unimpressed with belittling statistics. "Our hills ain't so high, but our hollers is deep," is the way the hillbilly sees it.

Despite their economic state, however, the Ozarks and its people give Missouri what Dr. Floyd Shoemaker, the state's outstanding historian, calls "its color and spice." Unlike mountaineers in coal-mining states who are eager to leave their valleys, or "hollers," because their plight has become desperate, Ozarkers have no desire to move at all. A proud, self-contained people, they are content with a meager living and are not concerned with status. They feel they already have all the status they need. For example, an Ozark garbage collector in a small town I visited had no hesitancy at all in inviting the leading banker to join him on a fishing trip. Furthermore, the banker accepted. Ozarkers would rather fish than eat. In a town like Nixa—pronounced Nixy—school closes on certain days so that everybody can go fishing.

Not long ago a businessman moved into an Ozark town and tried to buy an acre of ground where he could build a hunting cabin. Everyone liked the newcomer, but no one would sell. One landowner he approached was typical. He had 160 acres on a stream, and he lived with his wife and nine children in a one-room cabin he'd built himself. There were no luxuries in the cabin and few comforts. Yet he and his family grew almost all they needed, and when money had to be raised for something that couldn't be grown, he cut some wood and sold it to a sawmill. He required nothing more, and nothing could induce him to part with an acre of land.

This does not mean that the Ozarks have not been commercialized. Actually the area has been much exploited as a tourist-and-retirement center. But the process has been carried on mostly by outsiders.

More than a half century ago Harold Bell Wright camped near Branson for a while and wrote a novel about it called *The Shepherd of the Hills*. In my travels there I was never able to find anybody who'd actually read the book, but this has not prevented the establishment of a flourishing "Shepherd of the Hills industry," rivaling the Mark Twain and Jesse James ones. Today the Wright novel is selling everything from caves to quilts.

> Some folks worry about what the younger generation is coming to because they remember where the older one has been.
>
> HAROLD COFFIN

Occasionally there is an overlapping of industries. The Jesse James one, for example, has spilled over into the southern section, and so many caves have been billed as places in which the desperado hid out that one cave owner is doing a good business by advertising his as "the only cave Jesse James did *not* hide in."

Recently the tourist industry has been greatly accelerated by the artificial lakes created by dams built in the area. The largest, the 129-mile Lake of the Ozarks, came into existence when the Union Electric Company of St. Louis built the Bagnell Dam. Unfortunately no zoning or planning has been applied to most lakes, with the result that every type of cabin, dance hall, hot-dog stand and gas tank sprang up to give a honky-tonk touch to an otherwise lovely landscape. Today the motorist who gets within miles of one of these lakes finds the roadside breaking out in a rash of billboards offering chicken dinners, pottery, zoos, boats, and so on. "Free enterprise at its worst," is the way Dean William L. Bradshaw of Missouri University describes it.

Another criticized by-product of the lakes is that they have destroyed thousands of miles of clear streams, largely wiping out the Missouri sport of float fishing. As a result, a strong movement is now afoot to curtail further dam building and save the streams. "Nobody ever drove two-hundred miles to see a kilowatt," is the rallying cry of Jim Owen of Branson, a leader in the campaign.

Despite the fact that the Ozarks may not have been developed as aesthetically as possible and that they are unusually hot in summer, there is no doubt that they are popular with the majority of visitors. Above all, many additional square miles of water for boating, swimming and fishing have been created, a fact which appeals to the thousands of office workers in the big cities.

One traditional Ozarkian sport which has not been changed by the influx of tourists is the fox hunt. Moreover, it is unlike anything practiced elsewhere. In an Ozark fox hunt the hunters rarely bother to go after the fox. Instead, they sit on the ground around a fire, pass jugs of corn liquor around and let the hounds do the hunting for them. Between conversational pauses they listen to the baying of the hounds and occasionally remark that such-and-such a dog seems to be "on the trail." When the evening is over, they call in the dogs and start the thing all over again some other night. The occasional capture of a fox by a hound is considered unfortunate.

The Ozarkers, wholly Anglo-Saxon in origin, have been called "the most deliberately unprogressive people on earth." Yet a person like Frank Martin, who has lived all over the world and who recently moved into the heart of the Ozarks—at West Plains—where he bought a newspaper, wouldn't live any other place.

When I called on him, he told me a story about the Ozarkers, who have been called "suspicious" and "unfriendly to strangers." Shortly after he moved to town he rented a cabin on a stream where he occasionally went to fish. In the beginning he made it a point to call on the people in the neighborhood and spend a few moments in chatting. Before long the neighbors started calling on him. Pretty soon they loaded down his car with gifts whenever he left for home—sassafras roots for tea, homemade huckleberry jam, and so on. Finally his neighbors became so friendly and their visits so prolonged that there was no time left for fishing. Reluctantly he had to start looking for another cabin.

Ozarkers, of course, are only one part of the Missouri mixture. And though they may do more than their share to depress the state's economic statistics, they more than make up for it by helping to give an image to an almost-imageless state.

Just how long these fiercely independent people will retain their special qualities, no one knows. Experts predict that in a few years roads, cars, radio and television will complete their standardization and that they will be just like everybody else. However, it's my guess that in any homogenizing process going on, these stalwart individualists will be the last to be shook up.

To a lesser extent, of course, the Ozarkian fetish for nonconformity is shared by the rest of the Missourians, aided and abetted by the distinct sovereignty of its several "states." It is perhaps for this reason that the Missouri "image" fails to come into a single focus. For one thing, the state hasn't been able to get together on even something so basic as how to pronounce its name. Some say "mi ZZOU'ree"; others say "mi zzou'RAH." A radio station in Kansas City once attempted to do something about this, and ordered all announcers to use only "mi-zzou'RAH." But the campaign failed to produce any uniformity, even in the city, and was ultimately dropped.

It is obvious that uniformity, which is taking over so many parts of the United States, still has a long way to go in a mixture like Missouri. And as I reached the Mississippi River again and ended my tour of the state, I thought of the words of a Missouri friend of mine, now living in New Jersey. "There's still a lot of Missouri left in Missouri," were his cryptic words when I had announced I was going to visit his home state. A month later, when I'd come back, I understood exactly what he'd meant. THE END

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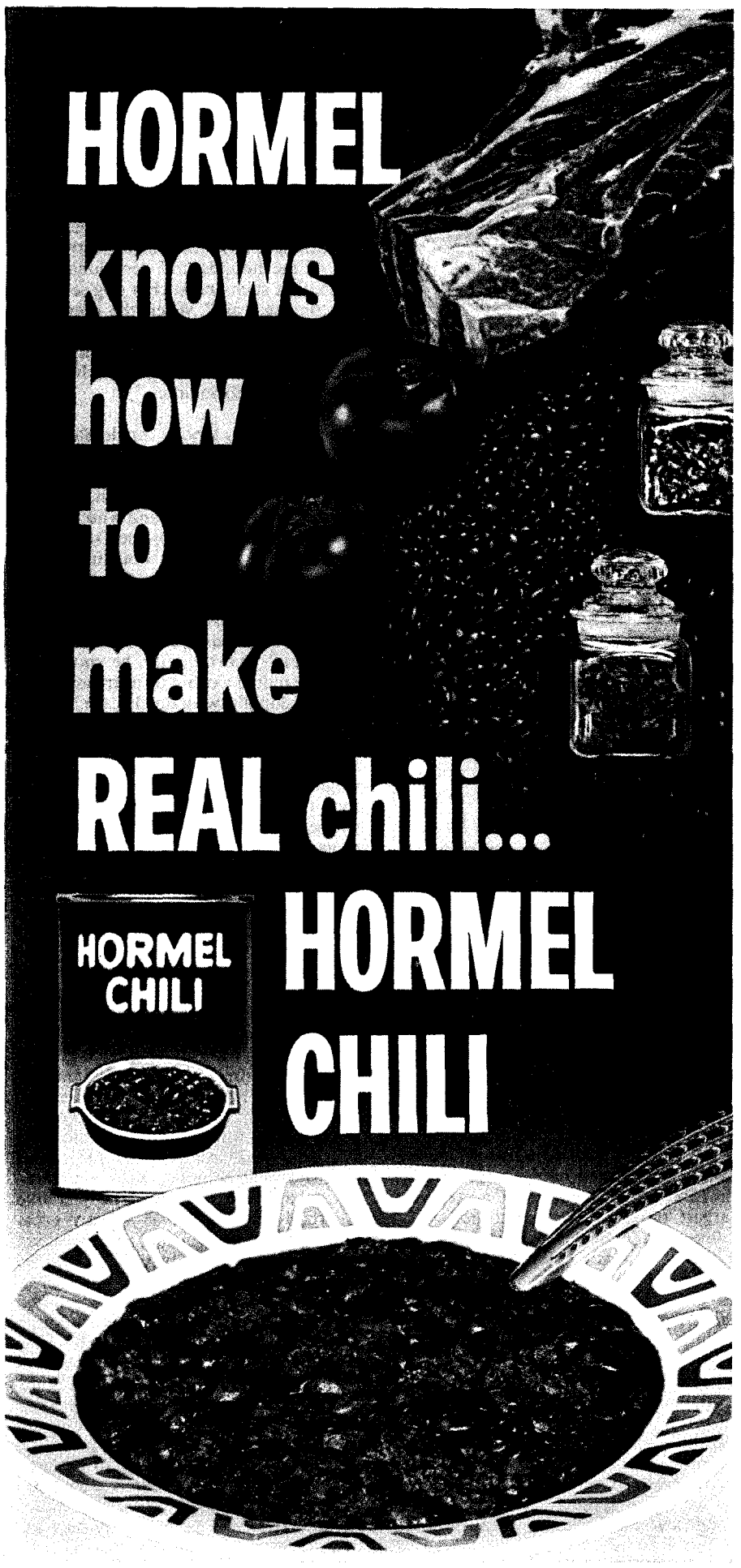

WE START with tender, juicy chuck beef, which is an extravagance right there. We insist on only plump, perfect Idaho beans, selecting the best ones with electronic machines. (Isn't science wonderful?) And then we take *time*. Old-fashioned time, to slow-simmer the beef and beans, to cook in the rare and racy chili spices that are a Hormel family secret. We *coax* our chili along gently, patiently, to the perfect flavor you find only in *real* chili. Not too hot, not too mild. Just right. A flavor you seldom find even in home made chili, let alone on a grocer's shelf. Hormel Chili is the largest selling chili in all America. Do you suppose that's because it is *real* chili? *Geo. A. Hormel & Company, Austin, Minnesota*

HORMEL

They Say She Can Sell Anything

(Continued from Page 35)

tours and stopped to chat with two salesmen in the furniture department. A third clerk approached a customer who was strolling about aimlessly and asked him, "Would you like to be helped?"

"No, thank you," the stroller said and continued ambling. Mrs. Grimm eased up to him and asked in a throaty, almost secretive whisper, "Are you attracted to sofa beds?"

Perhaps he was attracted by her voice—good selling, Mrs. Grimm believes, is always low-voiced—or the glint in her eye. He thought about it tentatively and stuttered, "Well—kinda." In a few minutes he owned a new sofa bed.

"Never ask a customer if he wants to be helped," she says. "It's too easy to say no. There are better ways of turning a frozen turnip into a sofa-bed customer. My sister thought black olives were awful until I went to work on her."

Mrs. Grimm sometimes succumbs to the selling urge without an immediate profit motive. Once she decided to "manage" a woman silversmith, Anna Halasi. She arranged a party at Mrs. Halasi's home and came in jangling with jewelry. When guests asked, "Where did you get that?" she replied, "The hostess made it," and then led them to Mrs. Halasi's workshop, where she took orders. She sold several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry that night. Then she sent a telegram to Georg Jensen, Inc., in New York, suggesting that this fashion-setting firm should take a look at Mrs. Halasi's wares. Mrs. Halasi has been designing jewelry exclusively for Jensen's—and Edith Grimm personally—ever since.

The Grimm influence extends well beyond Carson's and its locale—the mercantile main stem of Chicago's State Street. It was she who dreamed up the term "casual clothes" to promote women's sportswear. She developed a college shop that served as a model for others, and sparked many other services now taken for granted in department stores.

In 1934, her first year on the job, she was sent east on a four-day assignment to check the telephone-selling departments of four stores. She stayed twenty-one days and researched forty-five organizations. Her seventy-five-page report, worked out with the help of Bell Telephone engineers, became the basis for a new telephone-order board and merchandising plan that added $1,250,000 to Carson's sales in its first year. The system is used today in many other stores.

Ideas drift her way from everywhere. A shy young man once gave her a little bundle of money and asked her to do his Christmas shopping for his bride-to-be who was—and still is—Mrs. Grimm's secretary, Angie Doring. Mrs. Grimm gave the money to Angie, told her to take the day off and go shopping for a customer—a young bride en route to Paris. Angie was surprised and delighted to find her purchases under her own Christmas tree. But the incident lighted another spark in Mrs. Grimm's agile mind. Why not have a special shop for men only—no women allowed but the salesgirls—where timid males (and 90 per cent *are* timid when it comes to shopping for women, she says) could buy for their wives and sweethearts without embarrassment?

Using a small space in front of her own office and plying customers with coffee and pretty salesgirls in all sizes she pioneered the then revolutionary for-men-only business. Sales climbed from $3000 the first Christmas season—1936—to an annual average of $250,000. Representatives from fifty stores came to study and to imitate.

That same year, Mrs. Grimm also conceived the idea of hiring and training professional bridal attendants to go to weddings—equipped with everything from smelling salts to a brand-new penny for the bride's shoe. One bride coughed and sneezed her sequins off. It was no easy feat to sew them back on, but Carson's attendants got the lady to the church on time. When another wedding gown failed to reach an Iowa bride on the promised day, Mrs. Grimm dispatched a corps of attendants to Iowa. They brought along the same dress in a larger size—lacking one in the correct size—and an electric sewing machine and all the necessary paraphernalia to cut it down as required. The store picked up the tab.

Carson's once managed an average of only eleven brides a year, now caters to 5000. Even Macy's sent representatives to watch how it's done; and Macy's present bridal buyer, Dorothy Cavenaugh, is a Grimm trainee.

Mrs. Grimm's merchandising spectaculars have provoked hair-tearing among bigger-name competitors and the revival of a colorful era in Chicago's commercial history. The Windy City's State Street became a mecca for merchants in the 1860's. It is one of the world's most concentrated shopping centers. Merchants sometimes vied for trade by giving away silver dollars, tossing overcoats from the roofs or free turkeys with gift certificates attached into the street—finders keepers. The corner of State and Madison streets—where Carson's is located—became known, at least to its promoters, as "the world's busiest corner." It is Chicago's Times Square.

Edna Ferber once said, "If I should get to heaven, I would like to be given a short furlough and a rocking chair and sit at the corner of State and Madison and watch the people go by."

On a good day about 130,000 of these people now drop in at Carson's. Those who have watched the store grow consider it a nice touch of irony that Marshall Field once owned the land on which Carson's stands and that Edith Grimm, State Street's merchant queen, got her start in a seven-dollars-a-week part-time job at Field's—which she now prefers to call "that little shop up the street."

In 1955, when Mrs. Grimm put on one of the splashiest import fairs ever staged in a department store, one of Field's executives, tired of being needled over Carson's success, finally exploded, "Damn it all! We have four times as much import merchandise as they have—and did four times worse a job of promotion."

The fair was a good sample of Mrs. Grimm's flair for merchandising. First she spent two months in Europe, with sixty-eight stops in eleven countries, buying samples for fifty-five departments—from one-dollar ash trays to $100 salad bowls. She spent $500 for an ancient London taxicab which was used to haul V.I.P. customers around Chicago. In Barcelona, Spain, on an Easter Sunday she persuaded the president of the largest department store to open it for her. He sent her an attendant and the keys to the showcases and told her to help herself—and pay later.

Back home, she wrote to the mayors of 2000 European cities and villages, asking for free arty posters. The mayor of Manchester, England, decided his city should be represented in a more substantial manner and sent heavy machinery instead. It was returned—at no small expense to Carson's—with a tactful note of regret. However, enough posters—5000—arrived

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to plaster Carson's walls, as well as forty-two show windows. The store looked like an art gallery. The poster show kicked off a fair that increased Carson's import business by 140 per cent in one year and established the store's reputation in the import field.

Mrs. Grimm has had other opportunities to venture into new fields with instant authority. During the war she was made director of the interior-decorating department. "All I knew about decorating was that I didn't like lamps and tables in pairs," she says. Nevertheless, at a time when new furniture was hard to get, she was assigned to scout the country for inexpensive antiques and to design and decorate an eighteenth-century village for twentieth-century—wartime—living. It drew 3000 potential customers on opening day.

She was assisted in this project by Malcolm Franklin, who was then the store's antique buyer and whose job it was to teach Mrs. Grimm the ABC's of the antique business. "She had an eager leaping mind and learned fast," he recalls. He regards Mrs. Grimm as the only true genius he has ever met—though it took him a while to get used to her rather zany approach. It was her habit, especially with stodgy New England dealers, to open a conversation with, "We're Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Carson Pirie Scott. My husband collects baby dolls."

Mrs. Grimm, who has been called the Zsa Zsa of retailing, is often imported to New York for important events in the trade. However, her New York debut—at a banquet in a large hotel—was marked by a momentary untypical stage fright. She opened her mouth to speak, and not a word came out—a historic event in the opinion of those who know her well. With apparent calm she unpinned her orchid corsage and tossed it into the audience, like a bridal bouquet. The gesture brought the house down, and she quickly recovered the use of her vocal cords. She was such a hit, in fact, that later, when the American Institute of Decorators decided to give its first big show for the public—at the same hotel for an audience of 5000—institute president William Pahlman insisted on importing Chicago's Edith Grimm as its star attraction. *Harper's Bazaar* editor Carmel Snow once wired Mrs. Grimm after an important trade meeting, "That's the best meeting I've ever attended in my entire life. How do you do it?"

She does it by being herself—in any situation. For an upper-crust symphony-and-fashions audience in Gary, Indiana, for example, she threw away her script and ad libbed blithe verse—"Hey, nonny nonny and a few zoot toots, you'll be bonny in a suit that suits." Then, *sotto voce:* "Every Gary home should have one." In 1956, when the Chicago host committee of the Democratic National Convention was trying to decide to whom it should entrust the production of its fashion show, Sen. John Kennedy's brother-in-law, R. Sargent Shriver Jr., president of the Chicago Board of Education, settled the question—"If you want it done right, you'd better get Edith Grimm." They did, and she did.

Mrs. Grimm doesn't let her job interfere with her personal life. No one could look at this career woman and conclude, "It's not worth it." If she rarely seems to fit the lady executive's mold, it is because she enjoys being, first of all, a woman.

Her husband was Hungarian-born Dr. Emery Grimm, an endocrinologist at Chicago Wesley Memorial Hospital and on Northwestern University's medical faculty. He died last year. Their friends—scattered all over the world—still refer to their life together as the "ideal marriage." Their home, a refurbished old South Side brownstone, reflected their warmth and humor and was a mecca for artists, doctors and other kindred spirits. The Grimms collected people from everywhere, including a Bavarian zither player and an Austrian maid who ran off with a delivery boy from—of all places—Marshall Field and Company.

Mrs. Grimm doesn't know how to sew on a button, but she has a way with garden parties. Once when her back yard was not lush enough to suit her, she ordered six dozen pink geraniums and stuck them into the ground an hour before the party.

After her husband's death she moved into a duplex apartment in the money belt of Chicago's Near North Side. Her household staff includes a cook, housekeeper and a Northwestern law student—twenty-three-year-old Joe Costanza, who gets his room and breakfast for walking Mrs. Grimm's poodle, Tammy.

An acquaintance of Mrs. Grimm's said recently, "I doubt whether she ever looked at the executive offices, as girls do in novels, and made a vow that someday she would sit there." The fact is she would have preferred to have a houseful of babies. Since her marriage remained childless, however, she persuaded her husband to let her get a part-time job.

She was not well equipped for a business career. As a bright youngster she had skipped three years of grade school in Seneca Falls, New York, her birthplace—and also the "birthplace" of women's rights. But neither women's rights nor book learning fascinated her. In fact, her older sister, in a campaign to keep Edith out of the ranks of the illiterate, paid her a nickel a page for the first book she ever read. At college—the University of Chicago—she distinguished herself in tennis, witty conversation and making honor grades without half trying. She majored in English but, upon graduation, decided to teach algebra "because it's so much more definite than *Lady of the Lake*." Her only merchandising experience was as buyer for a team of kids who sold candy to raise funds for a high-school-class trip to Washington, D.C.

Nevertheless, Field's hired her to write comparative shopper's reports—seven a week at one dollar per report. When offered a promotion that required coming into the store and keeping regular hours, she resigned. She then went to Carson's to try to sell them on starting a personal shopping service. While waiting for an interview, she overheard an excited conversation outside the president's office. It was plain that the store was in a jam over the refusal of the city's foreign consuls to attend an international toy-fair luncheon the next day.

She stepped up and said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, maybe I can help you."

One of the gentlemen, Bruce MacLeish, now seventy-eight and an executive-board director, recalls the incident vividly. "How could I forget it?" he asks. "We were rather over a barrel. Then suddenly here was this tall gangling girl with sparkles in her eyes, standing there telling us she could deliver the foreign consuls."

It happened that Mrs. Grimm knew many of the diplomats socially, and they loved her dearly. She delivered them without difficulty to Carson's—along with herself and Doctor Grimm. She was sorry, she said, to have to invite herself to the luncheon, but the Italian consul, who was something of a prima donna, had agreed to come only if he could sit next to her. He did, and by desserttime the store's brass had convinced Doctor Grimm that he should share his wife with Carson's.

Her first assignment was to reorganize the mail-order department, a project that enabled her to pursue an old hobby—studying the foibles of humanity. A railroad man wrote, "Maybe you will remember me as the fellow who wears long winter underwear. Please send me two suits and return balance of my check." He enclosed his pay check from the Pullman Company. A customer wired,

AM HAVING BRACELET ENGRAVED FOR EVERLASTING FRIEND. PLEASE CHANGE TO EVERLASTING LOVE.

Another letter began, "My husband is very, very ill, and I feel that I shall need clothes. . . ."

Mrs. Grimm is at her best in meeting challenges of this kind. In her first year, she increased mail-order sales 40 per cent by adding a personalized touch to correspondence, persuading buyers to pay more attention to mail-order trade and filling orders faster. At the same time she halved the staff—without firing anyone. Those who couldn't keep up with her dropped out like soldiers on a forced march.

Her pace remains the same today, but toward employees who perform well, Mrs. Grimm is duly sympathetic. One Christmas week she invited the best first-floor salespeople—who have the important initial contact with customers—to a surprise meeting. After asking for their suggestions, she gave each ten dollars to buy dinner and make up for commissions lost through the meeting.

Her whimseys notwithstanding, Mrs. Grimm knows how to make people do what she has in mind for them. Last fall Carson's installed a young foreign artist in an improvised Left Bank studio—wedged between banks of mattresses and sofa beds—to paint murals while potential customers watched. He decided he did not like the lights, the easels, the smoking ban, the staring people or the mattresses. So he went on a sit-down strike.

Mrs. Grimm sent for him and, with what her colleagues call the Grimm leer, she purred, "Young man, something tells me you feel sick. Shall I take you to the medical department?" This is what Mrs. Grimm calls her "open technique" of mesmerizing people. It catches the victim off guard and leaves him wide open for her next move—usually an ego-building compliment. Somehow she conveyed to the painter the idea that Carson's would like to keep him happy but also had to sell mattresses. At any rate, I had watched him storm into her office, red with anger, and saw him emerge smiling twenty minutes later to return to painting cheerfully among the mattresses. The next night he turned up with Mrs. Grimm at a decorators' fancy-dress ball, masked as Salvador Dali and festooned with a big sign, I WAS BORN A GENIUS.

As Norbert Armour, her senior associate, sums it up, "She is a genius at handling people. We all know when we're being handled, but Edith does it without stepping on toes."

She knows how to tell a department head to get rid of his chewed-up wastebaskets and when to add four grapes to a table setting; she can tell a top male executive that his neckties are wrong or a woman that her lipstick is heavy—and nearly always she manages to make them think that it was their idea, not hers.

Some of her notions are fairly radical. One morning during a blizzard she told the entire personnel to stay home and enjoy themselves. Mr. Pirie arrived to find his counters covered and unstaffed. Fortunately there were no customers either. It turned out to be the winter's worst snowstorm. Eventually Mr. Pirie ordered the store closed and went home.

Throughout her trade Mrs. Grimm is known for her enviable skill at balancing two useful faculties—dreaming and scheming. But, more than anything else, she is instinctively a merchant. A salesgirl, trying out her selling technique, once sold a customer an expensive handbag for his wife. Then, earnestly striving to prove herself, she sold him a wallet to go in it, then a cigarette case, then a lighter, then a key case, then a case for his wife's eyeglasses and—the final touch—a small bottle of cologne.

She knew Mrs. Grimm would be pleased. She could hardly wait to tell her. Mrs. Grimm, however, listened to the story and, with a twinkle in her eye, said, "Didn't you forget something? You could have sold him a crisp white handkerchief."

THE END

"Walter—Mother wants to go home!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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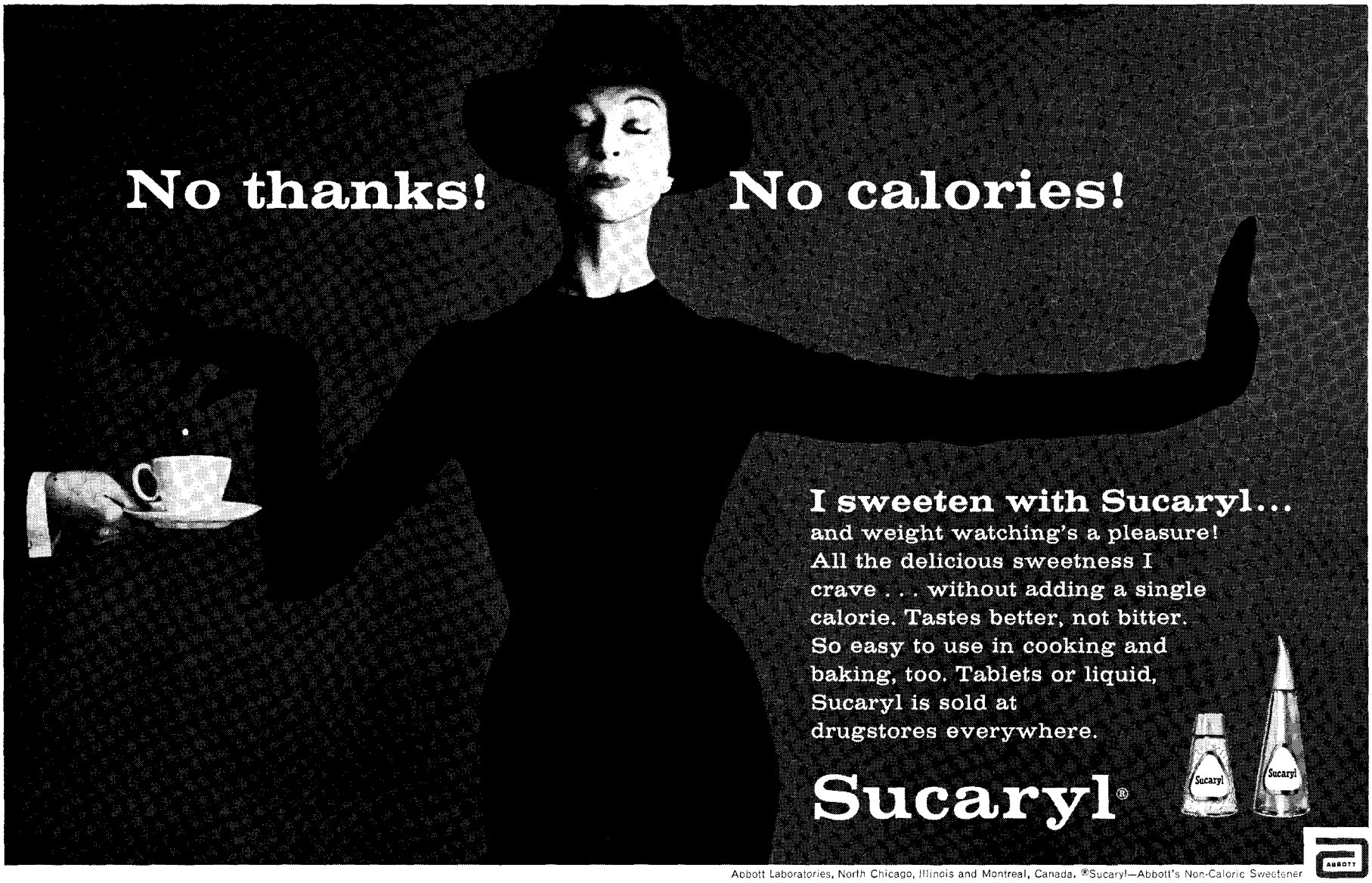
No thanks!
No calories!
I sweeten with Sucaryl...
and weight watching's a pleasure!
All the delicious sweetness I crave . . . without adding a single calorie. Tastes better, not bitter.
So easy to use in cooking and baking, too. Tablets or liquid, Sucaryl is sold at drugstores everywhere.
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ABBOTT
Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ®Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener

Our Troubled Waters (Continued from Page 25)

fact noticed in accident reports under headings like "had been drinking" or "intoxicated." The Coast Guard has a case, at this moment unresolved, in which three men left a bar after a few evening drinks, got into a small cruiser and set out on the open water of a sizable bay. In the area in which they were cruising there was only one object available for collision. It was a buoy which carried a light that could be seen for three miles. The odds against any necessity for boat and lighted buoy to come together were infinitely high. But the boat hit the buoy, fortunately without a casualty.

Numbers of organizations and government divisions take a deep interest in the frequency of boating accidents. Unhappily none really knows how many occur. One of these organizations is the Outboard Boating Club, with more than 100,000 members. The O.B.C. is vitally concerned with boating safety, since 75 per cent of our recreational fleet are outboard boats, and has made studies which indicate that annual boating fatalities have been stabilized in the last two or three years at approximately 1200. But these studies are by no means complete, and they suggest that less than a fifth of our annual 7000 drownings are in connection with boats, which seems doubtful.

Both the United States Coast Guard and the Army Corps of Engineers keep meticulous statistics on water accidents by number and kind, but in each case the jurisdiction of the reporting body is limited and they cannot present the national totals in complete form. One of the strong points of the Federal Boating Act of 1958 is that it will, for the first time, compel prompt reporting of accidents on a standard report form which has been worked out by the Coast Guard.

The Federal Boating Act of 1958 is more often known as the Bonner Bill, after the man who introduced it in Congress, Rep. Herbert Bonner of North Carolina. Congressman Bonner is sixty-nine years old and at first glance has no apparent reason for crusading for increased order and safety on the nation's water. But he does have a reason, and a warm interest in the subject. Some years ago he lost a favorite grandson in a water accident. And for a lifetime he has observed at first hand the need for preventing chaos in boating. Bonner lives on the shore of a beautiful and busy boating river, the Pamlico.

The Bonner Bill requires that all unnumbered and undocumented boats operating on navigable waters of the country and powered by more than ten-horsepower machinery must be registered and numbered. Deadlines for this action vary somewhat, but are all in 1960. The numbering may be done by a state, and at this time thirty-eight states have approved laws which provide them with their own systems conforming to the Bonner Bill requirements. In the remaining states the Coast Guard will perform the numbering service, for which a small fee is charged.

When this boat numbering has been concluded, and admittedly it has been slow and somewhat confused, every boat in the country operating with more than ten horsepower will carry identification on its prow. If this requirement had been in effect a year earlier on Lake Texoma, along the Texas-Oklahoma border, perhaps one boat which got away would have been identified and a criminal apprehended. The boat that escaped had invaded a swimming area and had then sped off, never to be identified. It left behind a swimmer whose legs were so slashed that they had to be removed at once to save his life.

Identification numbers under the Bonner system will serve much the same purpose as automobile license plates. They will be equally valuable. Compulsory accident reporting also will be highly useful. It will permit the boating industry to measure and classify its potential waterway dangers. They may turn out to be more numerous than anyone has imagined.

Boating is undeniably an exhilarating sport. It is so much fun, and seemingly so comfortable and safe when things are going right, that participants can easily forget the chance of sudden change and the harshness of the penalties imposed for error. In one respect the waterways are worse than the highways. The death penalty for mistakes runs a higher rate per accident than on the highway. When boating mishaps throw hurt or unconscious people into the water, victims are frequently doomed. The moment of an accident is a poor time to recall that the nearest land is forty feet below and that a victim who might recover if he lay on a highway until someone came along to pick him up, does not have that same chance in the water.

Even if solid land is not that far down from the scene of trouble, there may still be the risk of sudden panic. Three men and a boy once went out in shallow water in a small boat. The vessel foundered from a common cause—the operator's loss of balance while starting the outboard motor, the usual lunge to regain balance and the shipping of too much water from too little freeboard.

A prime rule of water safety is: Never swim away from a floating boat. In violation of this rule the three men, fully clothed, swam for the nearby shore. The boy could not swim, but held onto a safety cushion. The boy was saved; the men were drowned. At the scene of the accident several extra lifesaving cushions were found floating. And worse, the boat, buoyed by flotation compartments, never did sink. In fact, its stern was resting on the bottom.

In even shallower water a mother and son were once drowned. They were standing on the bottom with their hands on the transom of a small boat. The water hardly came to the son's shoulders, and the boat was tied up to a dock. But a mere trickle of voltage from a battery charger hooked to the boat's battery found its way into the metal hull. The victims became part of an electrical circuit, were knocked unconscious and drowned.

Last year on big, beautiful Lake of the Ozarks in mid-Missouri a water skier lost his life. He was a competent and experienced skier. The fact that he could not swim was no handicap because he always wore a life jacket—always, that is, except once. The day he forgot to wear his jacket he looked down at himself in mid-lake and realized that he was without the flotation which had always made him safe. The knowledge was apparently too much. He found himself stiffening, as if from fright, then losing his balance and plunging under the surface. An equally unlucky skier on the same lake did have his jacket, but the boat towing him suddenly stopped and left him helpless in the path of a commercial launch. The launch operator, having calculated that the skier would have cleared the point of intersection between their courses before the launch reached the spot, had turned his attention from the wheel for a moment. The launch's prow struck and killed the skier.

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There is apparently some correlation between seemingly safe waters and accidents. Bad weather apparently does not cause a large proportion of accidents. Nor do big bodies of water, the ocean shores and the Great Lakes. According to the O.B.C., 71 per cent of 1959's accidents occurred on inland lakes and rivers. The Second Coast Guard District, which has its headquarters in St. Louis, regards the Lake of the Ozarks as a more likely accident spot than the powerful Mississippi River with its sometimes strong currents and its commercial traffic. The lake is sprawling and many-fingered, and the shore line is never very far away. But boaters pour into the resort area on good weekends, crowding the waters at Bagnell Dam, Grand Glaize and Osage Beach. These boaters are the lake's hazards.

In 1959 the Second District occasionally sent a mobile patrol boat from St. Louis up to the Lake of the Ozarks. The patrol boat flew an authoritative flag and had the restraining effect that the presence of a state-police car has on the highway, even though much of its work was merely courtesy and aid to the lake's boatmen. In 1960 no boat will be sent. The Second District does not have the money or means of transporting a boat to the lake. It is not even in a position to conduct search and rescue work on the Mississippi at its doorstep. St. Louis police, Missouri state troopers, or Sea Scouts do most of this work, when it is done.

Nor is the Coast Guard Auxiliary able to patrol Lake of the Ozarks. The auxiliary, a volunteer civilian body which does a generous amount of water-safety work throughout the country, is a very valuable aid to the Coast Guard, but it possesses no disciplinary authority. Even without enforcement jurisdiction the auxiliary has saved hundreds of lives through safety work, education in boat handling and navigation, courtesy inspections of boats and their equipment, and in answering assistance calls where they can. Auxiliarists work without pay.

Much of Lake of the Ozarks lies within the limits of Camden County, and in the office of the county sheriff at Camdenton, Deputy Sheriff Curtis Copenhaver spoke recently about new orders that had come from the state capital.

"It appears now that we are to enforce the new state boating system, maybe with the help of the state police. We're willing to enforce, but we've got to have something to enforce with. We'll need $25,000 for three boats to patrol this lake. Right now we don't have any boats, or money either."

Deputy Copenhaver, a former conservation officer, knows the lake like the back of his hand, and he is well acquainted with that small percentage of boatmen, the hot rodders who cause trouble. "They like to come buzzin' down the lake and make a turn that will throw a big wake into a line of fishermen sitting on a dock. Mostly they just knock fish poles into the water, but once in a while they can wash a fisherman off the dock. And it isn't only on shore. A boat with a water skier on the end of a rope can, if he turns just so, whip that rope right across a fisherman's boat. Then, if the fisherman doesn't duck, he's overboard, and maybe hurt too.

"They don't even take care of themselves. We had a man out here with twice the motor on his stern he ought to have, and when it conked on him, it was like a heel diggin' into the water. Turned him over backwards, boat and all."

When the Army Corps of Engineers builds a reservoir, it operates dams and locks, if any, and often has jurisdiction over the entire reservoir. In the extremely active recreational Lake Texoma, the engineers operate three patrol boats and the local Coast Guard Auxiliary is constantly at work. This surveillance may be the reason that Texoma's recent record is good. Last year only five people perished at Lake Texoma, where as late as 1956 the annual total was twelve. Since the opening of the big reservoir in 1945, eighty-six lives have been lost. The number of nonfatal accidents is not recorded.

Texoma is one of nine reservoirs operated by the Corps of Engineers' Tulsa District, Oklahoma. The safety officer of the Tulsa office is Paul Clark, a civilian, who pours out water-safety education and is still hopeful that water-sports participants themselves can be counted on to keep their sports from the scars of negligence, which accounts for more than half of all accidents.

"Boating and water skiing are sports," Clark says. "Let's hope they remain so. I would hate to see boating come under the sort of licensing system that is necessary with automobiles, and I don't believe it is inevitable."

It is easy to agree with Clark, and certainly the Tulsa engineers make an effort to keep their nine lakes safe. In the boating season fifteen or sixteen employees are regularly assigned to patrol an average of less than fifteen square miles apiece. This is better surveillance than many inland water areas receive, but it shrinks in importance when three facts are considered. First, this handful of employees must deal with 12,000 boats on these waters. Second, in the first week of spring this year there were three deaths at Fort Gibson and Tenkiller lakes in Oklahoma. Third, the Tulsa engineers recently found it necessary to distribute copies of safety regulations for water skiers and boat operators. The literature was prefaced thus: "The increase in water-skiing activities in the Tulsa District reservoirs has been accompanied by numerous complaints to this office regarding reckless and careless skiers and their boat operators. Such disregard for safe operation. . . ."

Compare these official words with the muttered remark of the leathery old fisherman on a dock in central Illinois. "The next civil war," he predicted grimly, "is goin' to be fought between honest fishermen and hot-rod outboarders with oversize motors pulling fellows on sticks. And I hear they got skin divers some places that are ready to fight both of 'em."

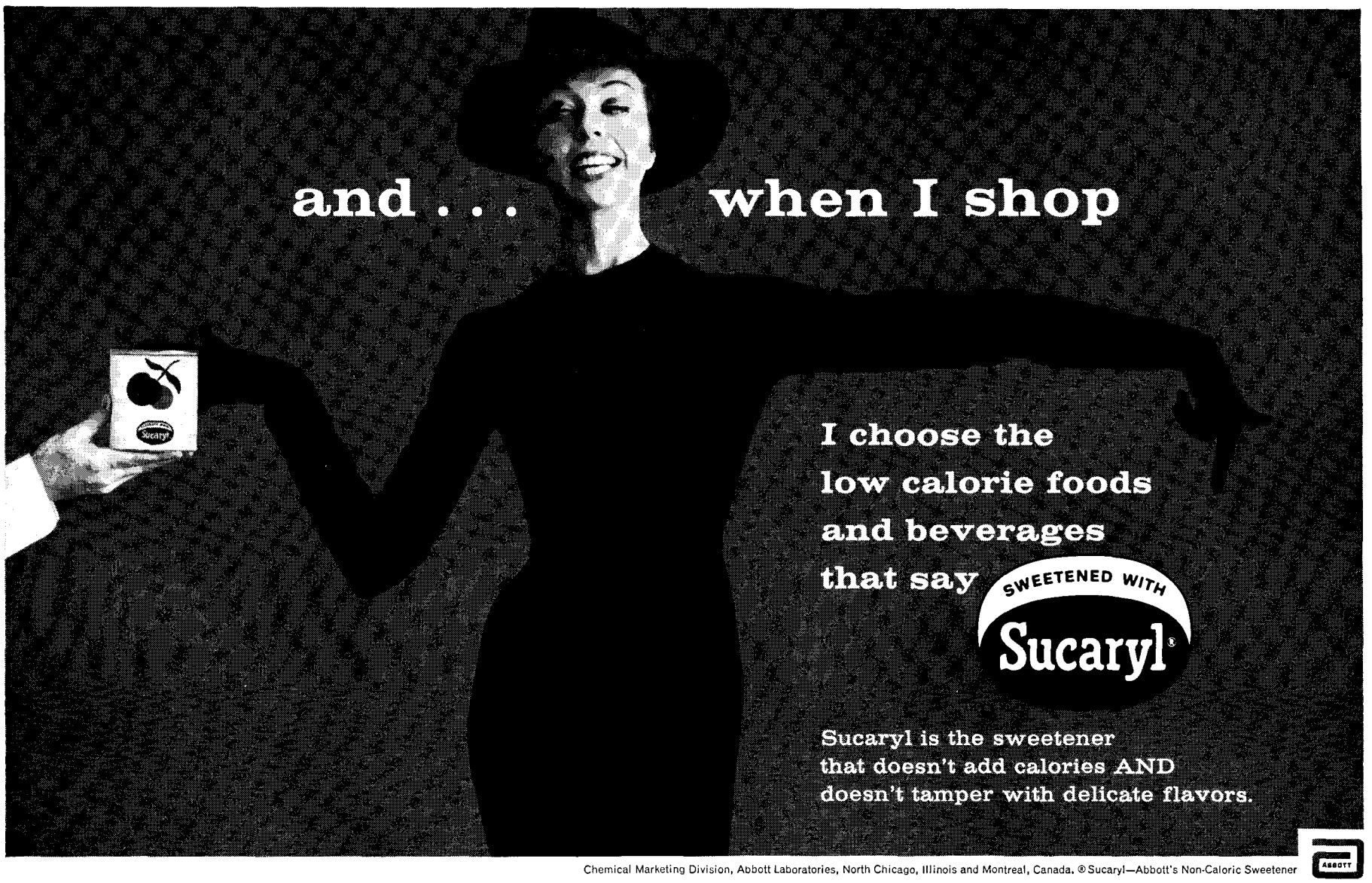
The question of oversize motors on small boats goes right back to automobile parallels. Sailboats and inboard motor craft do not figure largely in the problem. Sailboats do have their accidents, but they are not accidents in which high speed

... ...

The Flower Will Fade

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

The flower will fade
indeed.
How else should the pod
Develop the latent seed
To sow in the sod
From which new green will
climb
To disprove death's
power
By knotting the ends of
time
With another flower?


and . . . when I shop
I choose the low calorie foods and beverages that say
SWEETENED WITH
Sucaryl®
Sucaryl is the sweetener that doesn't add calories AND doesn't tamper with delicate flavors.
Chemical Marketing Division, Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ® Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener
ABBOTT

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is involved, and the number of sailboats is only a fraction of the number of outboard craft. Inboard vessels can, of course, attain considerable speeds, but normally they are vessels in which the manufacturer has placed the engine, and consequently the power is properly related to the craft.

It is the relationship of motor size to boat that is at the core of many accidents. How much the horsepower race in the automobile industry may have contributed to our disastrous highway record may be debatable. At the least it put a lot of power into the hands of a lot of people, not all of them smart enough to handle it. But in the boating industry a similar rise in the power of outboards is definitely involved with accidents. Outboard motors of eighty horsepower are available this year. It is possible for the boat owner to hitch two of these to the transom of a fourteen-foot boat, and if the weight alone does not sink the boat, it could almost fly with the power available.

Most popular and most prevalent recreational boats are the fourteen- to sixteen-foot lengths. A boat of this class can be fitted with a twenty-five- to forty-horsepower outboard and easily attain speeds of thirty or forty miles an hour. Also, there is nothing to prevent an absolute newcomer from hopping in and immediately starting to cruise in crowded waters at this speed. Or worse, there is nothing to prevent him from permitting his ten-year-old son to do the same thing.

The use of excessive power has some checks on it, but they are largely self-imposed as a result of good information or instruction. The O.B.C. publishes an elaborate manual compiled through careful tests which offers every boat operator a safe limit of power for the size and style of his small boat. This information is available anywhere and is not only used but also strongly advocated by builders of boats and motors. Unfortunately these limitations are too often ignored.

One limitation which is positive in nature is the refusal of boatbuilders to guarantee hulls that are used with power beyond prescribed limits. B. C. Terry of Little Rock, Arkansas, an official of a company which builds Arkansas Traveler small boats, says, "We use O.B.C. limits in our hull guaranties. If one of our boats is operated with unsafe power, our responsibility ceases, and this information is placed right in plain view of the buyer."

Is this effective in limiting the use of big motors on small boats? Not at all. Boat hulls are not always crushed or shattered in boating accidents. They may suffer no damage at all. The soundness of the vessel may not even be involved in mishaps where multiple deaths occur. Take the word of an insurance company, Phoenix of Hartford, Connecticut. A Phoenix claims official says, "Our hull losses have shown little change in recent years, so there has been no appreciable change in premiums. What increased claims there may have been in the small-boating field have undoubtedly been covered by the same percentage rise in volume of coverage. But liability, ah, now that is another matter."

Again we arrive at a highway parallel and again there is evidence that no one knows how many accidents occur, not even the insurance companies who pay off. Unlike automobile liability protection, which is a separate class of insurance and quickly reflects highway troubles in higher rates, small boats have always been viewed by the insurance companies as just another minor household item. The risk of a boat owner having to pay someone he may hurt with his small boat was, up to this year, included in comprehensive personal liability coverage, or homeowners' policies. There was no special charge for owning a boat.

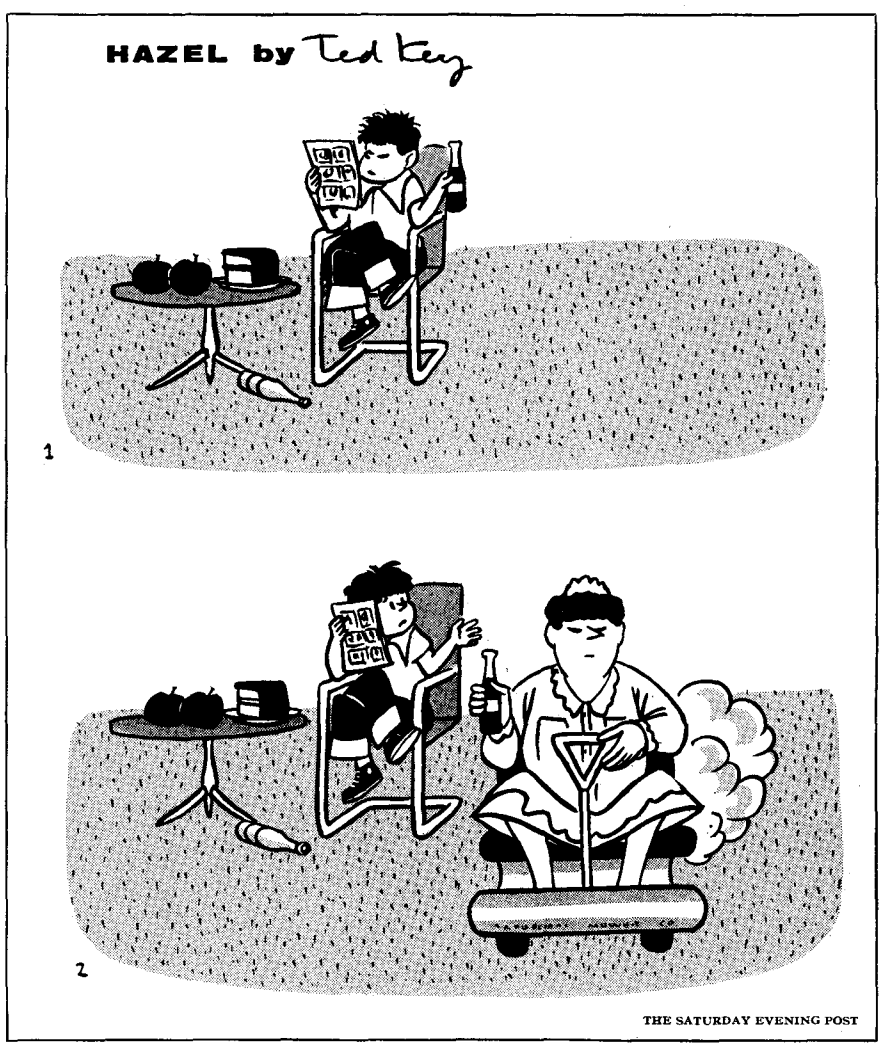
But at the end of last year, boats propelled by ten or more horsepower were pulled out of this general coverage. Liability connected with boats was made a special endorsement attached to the comprehensive policy, and new rates of ten to forty dollars were charged for boat coverage. The insurance companies had not tallied their specific losses on these small boats, simply because they were bunched under comprehensive policies which paid off on all sorts of odd accidents. Nevertheless the rate makers, National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters and the Mutual Rating Bureau, were aware of the boom in boating. They knew that the more than doubling of boat ownership since the war had greatly increased the exposure of insurance customers to boating risks. It was not hard to decide that increased exposure would create more accidents and result in more liability claims.

So they boosted the cost of protection. Whereupon the boating industry objected strongly, so strongly that the rate makers agreed to restudy the question. The boating industry did not like the classification of new rates by power levels. And there the matter stands.

As is true of the automobile and the highway, no member of the idiot fringe of reckless boat operators can be forgiven for lack of available safety knowledge or instruction. In the boating world there are dozens of sources for information and instruction which is not only offered to but pressed upon boat owners. It is hardly possible to tip your hat to a Coast Guardsman or auxiliarist without immediately receiving a bundle of safety material. The Corps of Engineers ladles it out. So do the O.B.C., the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, the United States Power Squadrons, Yacht Safety Bureau, manufacturers of motors and of boats, civic clubs, individual boating clubs and many others.

The insurance companies contribute their share. Aetna circulates a couple of boat-operating devices similar in principle to their driver-training rigs. The boat device, called a Sailorometer, is actually the front half of an open boat. The operator watches a film and maneuvers the boat according to navigation problems that appear on the film as they would on the water. The trainer automatically records a score which reflects the operator's competence and judgment.

A growing number of communities have gone beyond safety propaganda. These foresighted communities are attempting to preserve their recreational waters from hazards by separating potentially conflicting forms of water activity.



At the insistence of the Southern California Water Skiing Association, San Diego has zoned a broad course running a mile and a half for water skiing and nothing else. The reserved strip runs from Cabrillo Beach out along the San Pedro breakwater.

On Fish Lake at Sauk City, Wisconsin, water skiers have been allotted the east bulge of the lake, together with a corridor leading to a skiers' dock. Fishermen may now fish undisturbed along the west third of the 225-acre lake. At Cedar Lake in Indiana the community has gone even farther. Not only has the lake been zoned for swimming, skiing and fishing by community agreement, but just to make sure, local law-enforcement officials and interested citizens have banded together to foot the cost of a weekend patrol boat manned by volunteers.

At its Washington, D.C., headquarters the Coast Guard has assembled and classified its own accident reports for the last nine months of 1959. The accidents listed total only a fraction of all those that occurred during the period throughout the country, but there are enough to suggest the circumstances of the average water accident. It will occur under the broad heading of a collision in a wooden boat less than twenty-six feet long propelled by an outboard motor of twenty-five or more horsepower. (Average size of outboard motors has this year risen to twenty-five horsepower.) The boat will be an open boat, and the operator will have 500 hours or more of boating experience.

The Coast Guard also has classified the probable age of the boat operator. They suggest that the mythical operator will be over twenty-six years old. Here their figures vary from almost all other reports, which generally indicate that youthful operators have at least more than their numerical share of accidents. One experienced boating observer, writing in the *Casualty and Surety Journal*, spokesman for stock insurance companies, contends that highway cowboys and boating cowboys are the same sort and often the same people. He considers it reasonable to assume that "the person foolhardy enough to crowd eleven passengers into a six-passenger car will put eight adults in an underpowered twelve-foot boat."

But both the Coast Guard figures and, for example, O.B.C. figures, are in agreement on one aspect of the age of operators involved in accidents. It is a chilling category, treated a bit differently by each, but carrying the same message, even though it involves a small percentage of total accidents. In listing the age of operators of boats involved in accidents O.B.C. carries figures for the age bracket five to nine years. The Coast Guard in its age tally is slightly less specific. It merely states: "under twelve."

Anyone who finds it difficult to relate such statistics to the actuality of the sad human stories of which they are merely the mathematical expression would do well to visit a lean-faced, voluble man at Coast Guard headquarters. He is Cmdr. William Sayre, who is endlessly involved with safety work and has a very sizable fund of accident stories to relate. Also, he has more than just words. If he believes his safety messages are not getting across to a listener, he may produce the picture of a young man who died in the Ninth Coast Guard District, which includes the American shores of all the Great Lakes. The young man was killed by the propeller of a small boat. Those who have seen horror pictures of highway smashups may think that this one could be no more than mild by comparison. But there is something unexpectedly shocking in the way a propeller kills with neatly aligned cutting strokes.

Commander Sayre also has a picture of the propeller. There are two small nicks in one blade.

It is depressing even to consider that perhaps some day a state-trooper type of enforced discipline must descend on the buoyant fun of water sports unless somehow the waterways can be made safer than the highways. Perhaps the boating world can do it. It would require very little effort on the part of individual boat operators; merely to learn the rules and abide by them.

But here is the experience of a regional official of the Ford Motor Company who keeps his boat on a big Southwestern lake. The boat is a fairly large one, and the skipper is thoroughly experienced on both salt and fresh water. He is a devoted worker with the Coast Guard Auxiliary. He is meticulous about his navigation.

"When there is even a remote chance of a collision course, I sound the proper signals. And do you know that never once in three seasons have I had a real seamanlike response from a small boat. When I signal that I will pass to port, for example, all I get for my tooting is a wave of the hand from the other fellow. Half the time they call, 'Hi, fella!' They think I'm being friendly." THE END

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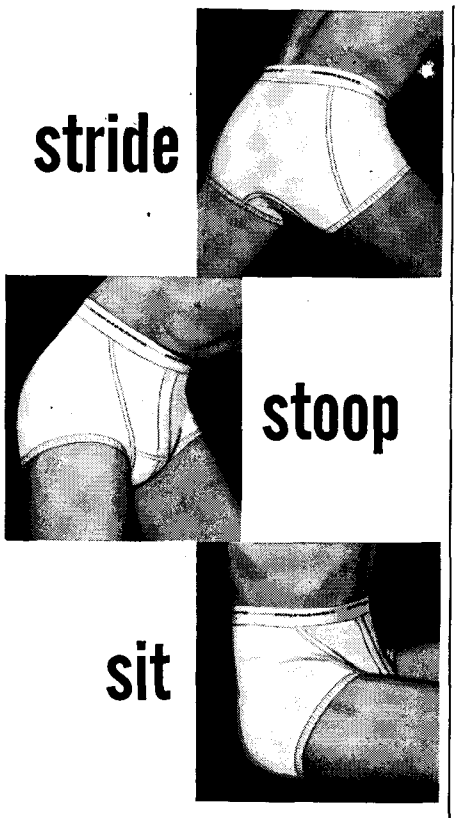

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Keeping Posted

Faces Out of the Past

Captain and Mrs. Gillen in 1928.

Illustrator Denver Gillen.

Post contributors Toohey and Toohey in 1920.

Illustrating TREACHERY'S WAKE (by **Olaf Ruhen**, page 29) was a nostalgic assignment for **Denver Gillen,** for the story brought to mind many memories of his father, the late Capt. W. H. Gillen of New Westminster, British Columbia.

TREACHERY'S WAKE concerns the heroism of a ship's officer while sailing in Australian waters on a poorly maintained, storm-battered ship loaded with lumber. "My father," writes Gillen, "sailed as chief officer on the five-masted schooner, *Laurel Whalen*, in 1917, bound for Australia from Vancouver. She was poorly conditioned, loaded with lumber and caught in a storm in Australian waters, in which she nearly foundered. As in the story, the ship made port under jury rig. The round trip took nine months. She was attacked—but not hit—by a German U-boat on the return trip. She stopped at Pitcairn Island where the men traded clothing for fresh food with the descendants of *H.M.S. Bounty*'s mutineers."

As a young man, Captain Gillen sailed on a sealing schooner in the Bering Sea. Once his longboat was separated from its mother ship in a storm off the Aleutians. He was picked up by an outbound Japanese sealer with no radio, and returned to his home port of Victoria a year later—"long after my mother, to whom he was engaged at the time, had received his death notice."

Captain Gillen explored and charted the delta waters of the mouth of the Mackenzie River; and he was the first to chart Gillen Harbour (named in his honor) on the coast of British Columbia.

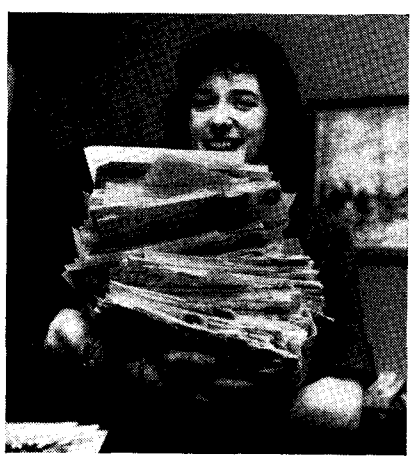
Illustrator Gillen lives with his wife and four children in a house on Connecticut's Candlewood Lake, which he occasionally explores in his three motorboats.

Our second father-son story concerns **John Latham Toohey,** who says of his first *Post* sale: "Ma will get a particular kick out of this, because forty years ago the stories of my late father, John Peter Toohey, were appearing in *The Post*." This week's Toohey was born in New York in 1916 and has been a theatrical press agent all his working life. He has one wife, three daughters, a house in Ossining, New York, and a cottage on Chebeague Island, Maine. One day he was walking along New York's Forty-second Street, muttering to himself, "If a cat may look at a king, a king may look at a cat. And if you make the cat cool, and a night-club singer . . ." The end product is HIS HIGHNESS AND THE THRUSH, of page 22.

"Bring Bodyguards"

In our February sixth issue we published the first of several articles on the state of our states—THE STRANGE CASE OF WEST VIRGINIA, by **Roul Tunley.** That article still is causing reverberations. According to one columnist, it received almost as much attention in West Virginia newspapers as the Jack Paar walkout or the Finch-Tregoff trial.

Tunley's report inspired some 700 letters from our readers. It was described in news headlines ranging in tone from WEST VIRGINIA NOT DYING (THE STRANGE CASE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST) to WE'RE NOT KIDDING ANYONE ELSE . . . LET'S STOP KIDDING OURSELVES! In a gesture of retaliation one West Virginia paper assigned a reporter-photographer team to display Philadelphia's dirty linen. (They found "filth, prejudice, squalor and slums.") The Soviet news agency Tass cited Tunley's article as evidence that "things are not so nice in the capitalist paradise." U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd rebutted the article at great length in the Senate Chamber, and West Virginia's House of Delegates literally howled down a motion that parts of the article be reprinted in the House *Journal*. The Huntington Advertising Club exhorted Tunley to "bring bodyguards" when they invited him to address the club. (He arrived without bodyguards, departed with a key to the city.) Although a bit shaken by the reaction to his article, Tunley says, "It has been fun." He seems disappointed that his July sixteenth article on New Jersey has brought mostly fan mail to his door.



Reader mail from West Virginia, escorted by Letters department secretary Joan Belcher.

In the course of researching his third state report (MISSOURI: FOUR STATES IN ONE, page 11), Tunley visited Harry S. Truman. The ex-President was very gracious, even when he recalled Tunley's 1952 *American Magazine* article, "What's Ahead for Margaret Truman?" "I was surprised he would talk to me," says Tunley, "because in that piece, essentially a friendly article, I said I didn't think Margaret had any future as a singer."

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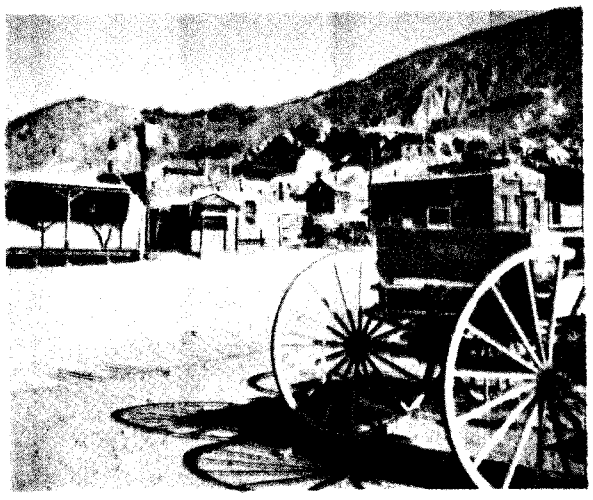
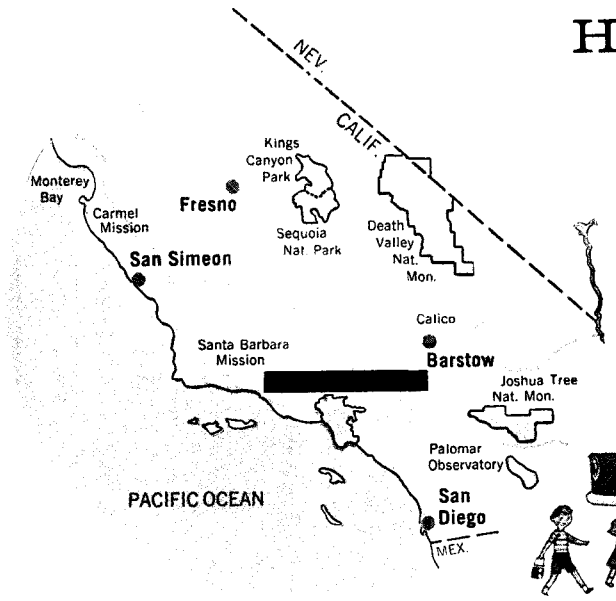


The big picture above is a view of the magnificent "Jupiter Pool" at San Simeon Castle, on the fantastic estate (now open to the public) built by the late William Randolph Hearst. BOTTOM LEFT: Sequoia National Park, a phenomenon of nature that staggers the imagination. BOTTOM MIDDLE: the historic ghost town of Calico, in the Mojave Desert near Barstow. BOTTOM RIGHT: the remarkably beautiful and impressively constructed San Diego Mission. *This, you'll find is what Magic Circles are made of—everywhere.* If you didn't recognize this Magic Circle—it's the one around Los Angeles.



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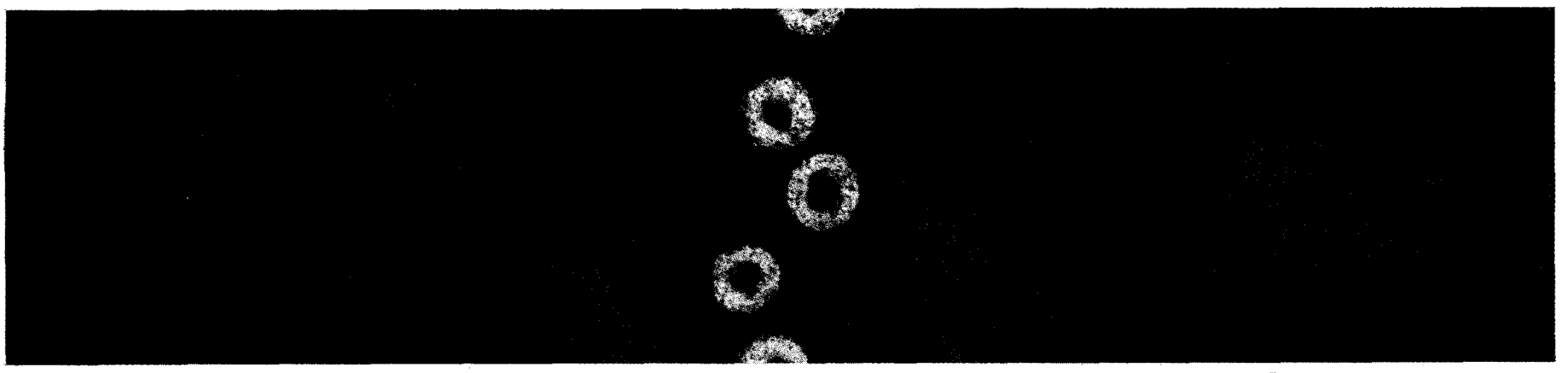

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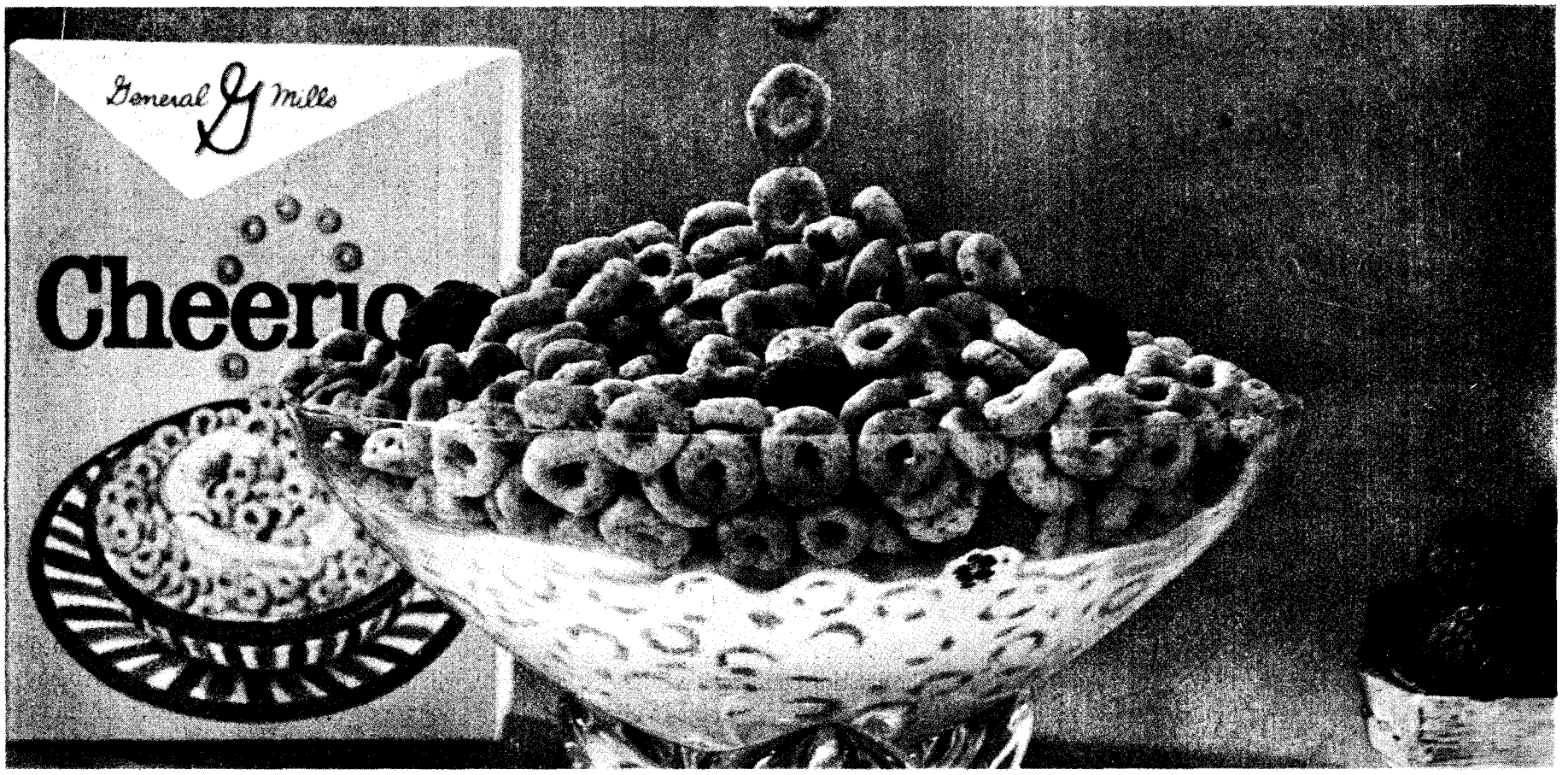

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